

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 393,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

November 12, 1938

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE



CARL SHREVE

**Authors in
this Issue:**

Anton Lind
James Bellah
Dr. A. J. Cronin
Dorothy Black
W. Kinnear
Robertson

Yet Men Dare to Laugh at Women's Dress



THE LORD Chief Justice of England in the ceremonial robes of his office. He is leaving Westminster Abbey after a special Judges' service, prior to the opening of the legal year.



IN their Mayoral glory: Sir Harry Tugford (left), retiring Lord Mayor of London at the recent ceremony of the election of the new Lord Mayor, Sir Frank Bower (right).



A LINE-UP of the Horse Guards, part of the King's Household Cavalry. Getting dressed must be a complicated process for these warriors.



SIR SAMUEL HOARE, all splendid for the occasion of his investiture as First Lord of the Admiralty in 1936.



PRIME MINISTER of Australia, Mr. Lyons, with Dame Enid Lyons before leaving for a ball at Buckingham Palace. Isn't Dame Enid's dress much simpler than that decreed for her husband?



AUSTRALIA'S High Commissioner, Mr. Bruce, steps out in official toggery for an important occasion.

In the same way some men have the right to wear plain buttons, others rosettes; some may wear a single stripe, others wear several.

Rules regulate the placing of each curl and stripe, of gold wire on shoulders, braid on trousers, cockades on hats.

Surely there is something childlike about all this insistence on tokens and signs, yet men never see it that way.

For instance, the late Justice McCordie in a summing-up dared to say: "In matters of dress women often remain children to the end. The psychology of the matter must not be overlooked . . . but . . . the law has rightly laid it down that the rule of prudence and proportion must be observed."

The Judge, as he spoke, was wearing a scarlet robe, an ermine cape, and a vast wig of artificial curls! What of prudence and proportion?

To a sex that changes its clothes to meet the varying temperatures of summer and winter, the fact that men wear much the same clothes at all seasons cannot help but seem amazing.

Especially so is this in Australia. Year in and year out summer comes in with heat and swelter; some men talk of dress reform, but few have the courage to abandon one layer of the winter swaddings.

Yet they've the courage to wear all these other fancy trappings on the most important occasions of their lives.

Weird indeed are the ways of men, strange beyond the understanding of women.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Nuffield Appointment

DR. W. T. AGAR, appointed demonstrator at the Oxford University medical school under the terms of the Nuffield Foundation, is the first Australian to receive one of these appointments.

He will do research work and teach in the department of physiology, Oxford.

For three years he has been a member of the staff of the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories, Parkville, Victoria.



Extended Term of Office

IN response to widespread appeal General Evangeline Booth will remain head of the Salvation Army until October next year. Normal in accordance with age regulation, she would have retired next Christmas, when she is 73. She has spent 58 years with the Salvation Army.

There has been much speculation of late in Salvation Army circles as to her successor. Strongest candidate is considered to be Catherine Booth, 55-year-old niece of General and daughter of General Bramwell Booth.



Host to Gloucesters

LORD FRANCIS SCOTT, uncle of the Duchess of Gloucester, and host in Kenya to his niece and the Duke during their visit to South Africa. He is a vigorous champion of the Kenya settler and strongly opposed to the surrender of the mandate.

At Deloraine Lord Francis owns one of the biggest and most comfortable farms in Kenya.

Here's The Male In All His Glory

By AMANDA LOVEL

Men are wilder in their dress than women. Look at the pictures on this page for proof, and then have a good, hearty laugh.

Women's fallallery has been the butt of male wit for generations. So there can be no hard feeling if we show by a giggle that we find theirs droll at times.

THE plain truth is that when men tog up for great occasions the extravagance of their sartorial whims is truly a thing to wonder at.

Their ceremonial dress definitely eclipses in giddy caprice anything that women wear, except to fancy-dress balls.

And the oddest thing about it all is that the right to wear such rig is man's reward for climbing the ladder of fame.

A reward, yes, not a penance!

Any sane woman with an eye to beauty and effect could conceive no grimmer punishment for any crime than to be asked to wear the Mayoral robes draped so fantastically round the two worthy gentlemen in the top centre picture.

That befeathered hat and frothing lace bib, that fur-edged robe hung round with chain of honor, and final horror of all, that pose!

Is it for this that two fine men have served so well the great City of London?

Is it a reward for our worthy Prime Minister, Mr. Lyons, that when he took his lady to Buckingham Palace she could go in an elegant evening gown while he must don white knee-breeches and stockings, buckled shoes, braided jacket, and a sword?

And does Mr. Bruce really enjoy wearing that cocked and plumed hat, and would a Lord Chief Justice ever feel slightly ludicrous in his wrappings and curls?

Not that we begrudge the men their adventures in splendor—far from it.

They provide us with a spectacle sometimes pleasing to the eye, but more often stimulating to our humor.

What we do feel justified in remarking is that these adventures should prevent the male from loudly proclaiming, as he often does, that women's vanity and their changing fashions are things outside masculine comprehension.

Famous Author's View

VIRGINIA WOOLF, the noted English woman of letters, exploited this theme in her last book.

"How many, how splendid, how extremely ornate they are—the clothes worn by the educated man in his public capacity!" she exclaimed.

"Now you dress in violet . . . now your shoulders are covered with lace; now furred with ermine; now along with many-linked chains set with precious stones."

"Now you wear wigs on your heads; rows of graduated curls descend to your necks . . . Sometimes gowns cover your legs, sometimes garters . . . metal objects cut in star shapes or in circles glitter and twinkle on your breasts."

"After the comparative simplicity of your dress at home, the splendor of your public attire is dazzling."

Virginia Woolf was of the opinion that all this fulfils the same functions as the tickets in a grocer's shop.

It serves to advertise the social, professional, and intellectual standing of the wearer.

Instead of saying "This is margarine; this pure butter; this is the finest butter in the market," it says "This man is a clever man—he is Master of Arts; this man is a very clever man—he is Doctor of Letters; this man is a most clever man," and so on.

EDITOR GIVES AWAY BEAUTY SECRET



ERASMIC
FACE POWDER

Erasmic Vanishing Cream, Tube 1/-, Jar 2/6
Delicately perfumed, smooth and light!



AT ALL CHEMISTS
AND LEADING STORES

Australians Who Shine in London Society



LEFT: Australian-born Lady Milbanke, at the Ritz, chats with Lord Portarlington. (Right): The Countess Bective, with her children, Lady Olivia Taylor and Muffet Clarke (on horseback). Lord Kenlis is by her side.

How British Aristocracy Flocks to Their Brilliant Parties

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in England.

Socially prominent Australian women in London who have married into the British aristocracy have won a reputation as brilliant hostesses.

There is a plus quality about their dinner parties, house parties, and entertainments which sends fashionable London flocking to their doors.

These half dozen or so Australians have a high place in English society. The latest to join this select band is the youthful Viscountess St. Davids (formerly Doreen Jowett, of Melbourne).

At the most brilliant functions of the season, in diplomatic and royal circles, on the Riviera, in the heart of the country, wherever smart society moves, the Australian girl plays hostess to the most distinguished members of the peerage.

The blue-eyed fair-haired Viscountess St. Davids is already one of the most popular hostesses in London. She and her husband, the extremely boyish-looking Viscount St. Davids, have taken a house in Sloane Square, which they have furnished with lovely antiques from thirteenth century Roch Castle, the St. Davids seat in Wales.

Lady St. Davids' circle of friends numbers most of the youthful members of the English peerage.

The Hon. Leigarde Phillips, her sister-in-law, the Loel Guinnesses and the younger members of the aristocratic de Laeto families are among the most intimate friends of their circle.

Informal cocktail parties in the large and comfortable drawing-rooms in their London houses are Lady St. Davids' favorite form of entertaining.

For more formal functions she has small dinner parties at her home, where the long refectory tables in beautiful polished black oak, at which generations of St. Davids have dined, reflect the armorial bearings on the walls.

These dinner parties are already making a name in smart Mayfair circles.

She chooses a fairly simple dinner, accompanied always with the very best wines, and personally supervises the making of the very excellent coffee, which at this time of the year is served in front of a huge log-fire in the drawing-room.

This good-looking Australian's charm lies in her extremely natural manner. She is unaffected, has poise beyond her twenty-one summers, a gay manner, and is a brilliant conversationalist.

About her home there is a happy intimacy which is held dear by those whose good fortune it is to share it.

Another Australian girl who married into the peerage is the dark-haired, husky-voiced Lady Dover-

dale. Formerly Audrey Pointing, of Sydney, she married the popular and immensely wealthy "Teddy" Doverdale.

Since her marriage she has become intensely interested in politics and is now numbered among the leading political hostesses.

Lord Doverdale is an active member of the House of Lords, rarely missing from his seat in the Upper House, while there are few important debates which Lady Doverdale does not attend.

At the beginning of the crisis Lord and Lady Doverdale were holidaying in Monte Carlo.

When Parliament was hastily re-assembled they made a non-stop drive to London and were present in the galleries of the House of Commons when Mr. Chamberlain made his dramatic move for peace.

Both at Westwood Park, their country home, and Arlington House, their modern Mayfair flat, Lady Doverdale's parties are noted for the brilliant guests they attract and the sparkling wit of the younger politicians is a feature of her dinner-table.

Friends of Royalty

BOTH Lady Milbanke, the former Sheila Chisholm, and the Countess of Portarlington are intimate friends of the Royal family.

Lady Portarlington's son, the handsome Viscount Carlowe, celebrates his birthday on the same day as the Duke of Kent, and each year his mother gives a party in her Belgrave Square home to celebrate the double occasion.

The amazingly youthful and beautiful Lady Milbanke is one of the Duke of Kent's favorite dancing partners.

Unlike her great friend, Lady Portarlington, who entertains mostly at home, she prefers to take her guests to dinner at the Embassy, Ciro's, or one of the other smart dinner and dance restaurants.

Lady Portarlington, who was Miss Winnifreda Yull, has a remarkable personality.

Though unobtrusive, she is a gifted hostess, and her smallest parties are perfect to the last detail. Her supper tables set the latest fashion in modern decoration.

At a recent party the decor consisted of gold tissue cloths and frosted flowers, leaves and tiny trees

LADY FURNESS at the Quorn hunt with her children, Carol and Pat.

of ostrich feathers, while for a luncheon she adopted the novel idea of having dishes of fruit instead of flowers on clear green satin cloths.

Much admired for her clear-cut profile and silver hair, Lady Furness, wife of one of the richest peers in England, is an excellent shot and horsewoman, the result of her early years in Australia, when she was a noted rider.

Most of her time is spent in her home in the Quorn and Belvoir country, where she has a string of hunters.

Lady Bective, formerly Elsie Tucker, of Sydney, is a peeress who believes in work.

From designing artistic lampshades for her friends she has turned her talent to good account and manages the interior decorating side of her husband's, the Earl of Bective, electrical business.

Goy House Parties

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Sir Rupert Clarke, Lady Bective's son by his first marriage, goes up to Oxford this year, so her house parties at beautiful Froyle Place in Hampshire are this season almost entirely for young people.

Nell Stead, who married the Duke of Manchester's heir, Viscount Mandeville, moves very much in naval circles.

She is a great friend of those charming Ashley sisters, Mrs. Cunningham Reid and Lady Louis Mountbatten.

Mrs. Charles Sweeney, one of the loveliest of England's young marrieds, is another of her close friends.

Lady Mandeville is fond of dancing and does most of her entertaining in the smart hotels.

In her circle is another Australian who is not only famous in London for her lovely skin and tall, elegant figure, but for her almost priceless pearls.

She is the Ranees of Pudukota, and was formerly Miss Molly Pink, of Melbourne.

Princess Melnikoff, another Australian hostess in London, was formerly Pauline Curran.

When in town she likes to entertain her guests at the Cafe de Paris, a favorite dancing place of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

Princess Radziwill, who was formerly Mrs. Harriet Stewart Dawson, of Sydney, has long been famous in London for the brilliance and lavishness of her parties.

Since her marriage this year she has favored small intimate luncheon and dinner parties at the Dorn-

ter Hotel, where she and the Prince are staying. In order that Prince Radziwill can make the acquaint-

Free Cooking Course by Famous Lecturer

Glorious Opportunity for YOU!

Here's a marvellous chance to learn about the very best, most modern, efficient, and economical methods of Home Cookery—FREE!

INTERNATIONALLY famous expert, Miss Frances Thompson, Director of the Canadian School of Home Science, graduate of the National Training School of Domestic Science, London, and formerly Instructress for the Education Dept. of the London County Council, is now on a brief visit to Sydney.

Miss Thompson is one of the highest-paid Cookery lecturers and demonstrators in the world. She specializes in conducting three-day schools in Home Cooking.

She came to Sydney for a holiday, but The Australian Women's Weekly felt that Australian women should be given the benefit of her amazing knowledge.

So, in conjunction with the Daily Telegraph, we have arranged for Miss Thompson to hold one of her world-famous three-day courses of lectures and demonstrations here.

The course, which will be held next week at the Town Hall, Sydney, will be absolutely free.

Lectured to Millions

In Canada, Miss Thompson's name is a household word. The School of Home Science of which she is Director has its headquarters at Toronto, but for years past she has been travelling all over the Dominion, lecturing and demonstrating.

Whatever the weather, queues of women begin to form outside the lecture hall long before the opening hour. As many as 15,000 have attended a lecture, surely a world re-

Viscountess St. Davids, formerly Doreen Jowett, of Melbourne.

tance of her large circle of Australian friends.

Both Prince and Princess Radziwill are extremely fond of music, and usually take their guests on to the Opera, where they have a box.

The crisis in Europe has prevented Prince and Princess Radziwill from visiting his castle and country estates in Poland, but now that the international situation is brighter they hope to make their long-delayed trip before the winter sets in.

See Special Portraits Page 17



Miss Frances Thompson.

cord for a cooking lecture to have achieved.

"In three years," she told The Australian Women's Weekly, "I have lectured to over a million women. My aim is to give, in my three-day schools, a presentation of life in the kitchen as I really think it should be lived."

"I am thrilled with the chance of holding a school in Sydney. I do hope every reader of The Australian Women's Weekly will come to it."

"I'm arranging for a model kitchen. When the curtain goes up on the stage I've prepared, I'm sure all my audience will be surprised and delighted. And I'm sure that every woman who comes the first day will come for all three days. They always do."

The course will open next week. For full details, see the Daily Telegraph.

Record Flights Her Idea Of Adventure



MRS. KIRBY-GREEN and Flight-Lieutenant A. E. Clouston at Croydon after their record dash to the Cape and back.

Mrs. Kirby-Green's Australian Dash With C.W.A. Scott

Champion skier, racing motorist, and heroine of the record-breaking Capetown-England flight, Betty Kirby-Green is flying to Australia with C. W. A. Scott in an effort to lower the England-Australia record.

They are using the famous Comet machine that Flying-Officer Clouston flew from England to New Zealand and back in March.

Interviewed by our London representative while preparing for the flight, Mrs. Kirby-Green said record-breaking flights were her idea of high adventure.

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

BETTY KIRBY-GREEN—young, pretty, and adventurous—was thrilled and excited when I saw her.

She had snatched a few minutes from the whirl of preparations to tell me about the flight.

"There is nothing, absolutely nothing, to compare with the thrill of high-speed flying," she said.

"And I should know. I tried other things first . . . skiing, motor racing, mountain climbing.

"Then I learned to fly, and I found it the most exciting of all."

Mrs. Kirby-Green is a most attractive person.

Her soft blonde hair curls riotously over her head; she is full of a gay joie de vivre, and her cornflower-blue eyes light up when she talks of flying.

She has announced her engagement to Squadron-Leader G. F. W. Heycock.

"We're going to be married immediately I return from the flight with Mr. Scott," she said.

"I met my fiancé at a party at a friend's home. We found immediately that we had ever so many interests in common, especially flying.

"I have a little two-seater plane which I use as a runabout. It's only tiny, but we've had a lot of happy trips in it. I just park it under a tree at Hanworth!"

"When I first learned to fly, money was my chief trouble. In fact, it always has been, because the air is still an expensive hobby."

It is only a year ago last July that Mrs. Kirby-Green secured her "A" licence. The very next day she flew to Paris for a bet of £100.

Luck and daring helped her on that exploit. She flew blind for half an hour over Paris. Suddenly saw a patch of green. Sensed it was Le Bourget, and landed safely on a 100 to 1 chance!

"I pawned my furs to hire that plane and raise insurance," she said, smiling wryly. "So the £100 was welcome."

When Mrs. Kirby-Green broke the Cape-to-London record last November with Clouston, she was not even a fully-qualified pilot. A considerable stir was caused the next month when the Royal Aero Club refused to recognise her as co-pilot. Jim Molison at the time expressed indignation.

However, the main thing to Betty was that Clouston recognised fully her part in the venture. They shared the profits equally, but more important—"He treated me like a man," she said. "I thank him for the compliment on several occasions of going to sleep while I was at the controls."

"He wrote me a note in the air when we were nearly home: 'You take the cake for toughness—half the Service pilots would be on the broad of their backs by now—after going through half you have.'"

Thrills of Danger

THAT flight to the Cape and back broke three records. The pair were in the air only three days, five hours, 48 minutes. They flew from London to the Cape in 45 hours, two minutes, from the Cape to London in 57 hours, 23 minutes, and broke the round-flight record by three days, 16 minutes.

"It was the happiest week of my life," she said. "It had its bad moments, of course. For one thing I had to work until practically the last half-hour to help pay for the plane."

"Fatigue was the worst part of the trip. We seemed to have eaten and smelled petrol for days. Even the chocolate we carried tasted of it."

"At times it was unbearably hot, especially between Khartoum and Cairo; at other times frightfully cold."

"We had some moments of fear, too, or I did anyway. After we left



BETTY KIRBY-GREEN, who has danced, skied, motored for excitement, now chooses flying.

Johannesburg on the return journey we ran into a cloudburst, hail and driving rain.

"Once while I was at the controls the starboard engine missed. For a minute I had a twinge of terror. Then it picked up."

"After we left Marseilles on the last lap there was one occasion when I thought the end was near."

"We ran into a thick bank of black ice cloud 10,000 feet up. Shut in ice clouds, unable to see ground or sky, unable to climb higher, I could see our tail plane thick with ice."

"We circled, looking for warmer air. Then, at 5000 feet, the engine and instruments picked up again."

"And so safely home to Croydon."

"But to make up for the dangerous bits there were times when we were simply happy and excited. We used to write wisecracks to one another and laugh as we read them."

"Then there was the beauty of the country from the air. I shall never forget Lake Tanganyika and Lake Victoria, with their beautiful islands and blue, crystal-clear water."

Betty Kirby-Green ran away from school to join a dancing troupe. Then she left the stage to start two social clubs.

One, the Hay Hill Social Club, was much frequented by the smart Mayfair set at the cocktail hour. The other mostly catered for luncheon snacks.

Dresses Smartly

SHE has an excellent dress sense, and knows how to set off her prettiness to advantage.

"I've just finished my shopping for the flight," she said. "Have to travel light, naturally, but everything must be just right."

"I've had a lot of fun and a bit of worry in my life," she went on. "Even on the Capetown trip I was worried about finances. Just before I left a man waited outside the half-dressers to serve a 197 writ on me."

"At that time I was never sure that gas, electric light and telephone would all function together. Usually one was cut off before the bill was overdue."

"And yet I don't fly as a money-making project. I do it for the excitement. If money were my only object, well, I'd have stayed on the ground and worked."

The Comet, which Scott and Mrs. Kirby-Green are using, holds more records than any machine ever built.

Scott and Campbell Black used it when they won the Melbourne Centenary Air Race in 1934.

Then after the Kirby-Green-Clouston flight to the Cape, Clouston and Victor Ricketts, sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, flew from England to New Zealand and back in 10 days, 21 hours, 26 minutes.

"The plane's the best mascot we could have," says Betty Kirby-Green. "It's the old trusty of the air, and will see us through."



ENJOY HOLIDAY FITNESS ALL THE TIME

● Be fit, be happy, be right in the swim this summer! Thrill with vigour and vitality and know the joy of being able to laugh at summer ailments. The man or woman who starts each day the Schumann's way has a fit, healthy body and that content of mind which comes from steady nerves and perfect physical fitness. The morning drink of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts banishes subtle poisons from the system, tones up the liver, cleans the blood stream . . . gives you a holiday feeling ALL the time!

For a Happy Mind in a Healthy Body . . . SCHUMANN'S!

● Headaches, dizziness, fatigue, loss of appetite, irritability . . . all these vanish if you follow the golden rule of good health, and START EACH DAY THE SCHUMANN'S WAY. A half teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water first thing in the morning will ward off those common ills which arrive with the warmer weather. But remember . . . IT MUST BE SCHUMANN'S! So-called substitutes will disappoint you. All chemists and stores sell Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts at 1/6 and 2/9 a jar.

★ Remember each morning when you wake—a half teaspoonful of SCHUMANN'S in a glass of warm water.



SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

OF INTEREST TO FAT FOLK

GET THE SCHUMANN'S WEIGHT REDUCING FOLDER

The manufacturers of Schumann's Salts have prepared a valuable treatise on Weight Reduction, which will be sent post free to anyone sending with their application the top of a Schumann's Salts Carton, to

The European Laboratories Company, Goswell Street, Paddington, N.W.



Command Performance

Long Complete Story

...By...

ANTON LIND

*A poignant
romance of a musician
who was forced to choose
between his recaptured
youth and fame*

THE big man at the window, leaning down, his shoulders humped, elbows resting on the window-sill, stared out into the dawn. Behind him the room was vague with grey shadows, and the woman in the bed lay sleeping.

A faint breeze stirred the curtains and the chill mist of a mid-summer dawning drifted up from the valley; but the man, wearing only a silk pyjama-suit, did not heed the freshness. He stared before him, his eyes seeing, yet brooding.

Pink sunrise warmed the broad-backed hill which faced the farm. The reaping-machine, idle on the brow, glistened from surrounding acres of corn. A red field glowing more redly drew his eyes downwards. At its foot a dusky copse was still wreathed in mist; the squeal of a rabbit sounded muffled within it.

In the little valley below him, a tiny stream tinkled. He followed with his eye its wandering course. To the right it meandered between hills, and so to the broad river with woods cascading to the water's edge. To his left, the stream lost itself in more hills and pale-purple haze.

The man's eyes left the stream and travelled up the rising slope towards the house. Sheep strayed and bleated. A few horses cropped and munched noisily and stamped. The farmyard gate creaked. From the orchard trees twittered the first sleepy song of birds.

Cocks crew in the farmyard above. The chattering of the birds swelled as the light sidled into the valley, and the mist dissolved. An inquisitive chick strutted guiltily so to the race and scrabbled about the green-painted porch just below the man watching from the window. A dog growled in his sleep; hens came pecking about the yard beside the farmhouse. Their beady eyes blinking in the golden light. More light, louder music from the birds, and steadily behind the growing wave of sound and light, the silvery surges of the brook.

High shimmering of violins; the crackling laughter of flutes; the dawning surge of brass and drums: music filled the man, music such as he had not heard in himself for many years. Was that music not dead, then, after all? Had this Devon landscape still the power to fill him with its urge, the sweetly agonising urge, to create? Still? After how many years? Twenty?

Twenty years ago, he had leaned from this very window looking out on such a dawning. That was on his honeymoon; two days before, he, John Linden, had married Mary Pawcett, and had

Illustrated by
FISCHER

brought her to this lonely farm. A little, shy wisp of a girl she had been; he, a rather gawky young man, very earnest, very passionate, dreaming of the future he would make as a composer.

How Mary had smuggled close to him in those days! How she had laughed in her delight when he had stood on the terrace and apostrophised the stars! How she had crept away when, fired by that surging music within him, he had seized pen and paper and scrawled his ideas in swiftly-drawn notes!

Those were the days when dawns and sunsets, woods and fields, rivers and seas had all spoken to him in music—the days when the world seemed his for the taking. The days, too, when discerning men whispered that this was a young musician who would soon teach the world to hear new patterns in the weaving of divine sounds.

JOHNN LINDEN sighed, and stared, now unseeing, into the brightness and warmth. Twenty years ago! Now he was forty-five, and the promise of his youth had come to nothing. True, he was successful—in the way men thought of success. Did not everyone who could listen to a wireless set, did not every cinema-goer, every dance enthusiast know his orchestra—John Linden's Orchestra? He played dance tunes for their feet to jig to, seductive waltzes to sway their bodies. He had visited every capital; feted in New York, idolised in Paris, cheered in Berlin, the way of him and his band was hung with triumphs. And, lastly, before he had left London yesterday morning, his agent had whispered with a sly wink: "Command Performance." Only a rumor as yet; but, if it should come, a crown to his career! So the world would say, so Mary had said, so he himself had thought—then.

Now—he was not so sure. He had made money, he had made his name familiar to nations. But—had he not lost immeasurably? What had he done with that clamorous music which insistent within

him, had once asked for form and shape?

Suddenly, he saw his life as a tragic waste. Through all that thronging vision of jewelled women moving with starched and laundered men over waxed floors, amid the ceaseless tinkling of chatter and cocktail-glasses, through all the adulation and publicity, the divine spark within him had hardly glowed; finally had died.

Died? Had he not, a few moments past, felt the rising and shaping of music in him? Was it, after all, not too late to catch again the old rapture? Could the golden age return?

The bed creaked. A voice a little bored said: "John! What are you doing?"

"Admiring the dawn," Linden answered, without turning.

"Silly man!" commented his wife.

Flushed and exalted and un-selfconscious, John Linden stopped, and, lost for words, stared at the girl.

"I don't know how we're going to pass the time here as it is, without lengthening the day. I've no idea why you wanted to come."

Stripped to the waist, washing in cold water in a bowl, he muttered:

"A change from Deauville and Nice, anyway."

His wife did not reply; she was almost asleep. John dressed and went quietly down the stairs. A big grandfather clock tick-tocked steadily in the tiled hall. From the farm kitchen beyond the oaken door he heard a blur of deep voices and the crackling of a fire.

Summer Idyll

"You'll catch cold. Come back to bed."

He turned, and stretched, yawning noisily. His wife regarded him critically. She was a handsome woman of forty, well preserved, and lazily accustomed to good living.

"I'm going down," said Linden. "I'll take a walk in the fields. Will you come, Mary?"

"What, at this hour?" said Mary, staring at him. "No, thanks. I'm going to sleep again."

She pulled the bedclothes over her shoulder, and said, as a parting shot:

John slipped the main-door bolt and stepped out into the porch. He breathed the clean air gladly, then passed through the little terrace-gate into the farmyard. Chickens scattered at his coming; a cat looked cautiously round the wood-pile. He opened the yard-gate, and stepped into the field. As he trod downhill, a string of ducks came solemnly up from the stream, walking in line like a deputation of town-councillors.

John reached the stream and crossed it by a plank. He climbed steadily uphill, his boots soaked

with dew. Head downward in contented thought, he looked at the tiny flowers with delight. He gathered a few mushrooms, and slipped them into the pocket of his tweed jacket, treasuring them, like a schoolboy, as evidence of his morning adventure.

He reached, at last, the high cornfield, and, the winds blowing his hair to wildness, he gazed around with joy. On the one hand, the river, and beyond the hills the sea; on the other, hills and more hills and, blue in the distance, the two towers of Dartmoor. Below, nestling on its modest hillside, the farmhouse, with its outbuildings and its narrow, red lane losing itself behind a curve of hillside.

Morning and joy of morning! How many years since he had known the freshness of early morning? Dirty-grey mornings, in wet-streaked cities, when he had come home in taxis, smoky dawns seen as he fell wearily into bed—but not for years this joy, this elation of strength upon the lonely hills, in morning wind and silence!

The man felt again that surging of wild music. He strode tirelessly across the hills, singing and shouting in his joy, the violins leaping and sobbing, the flutes dancing, urgent music struggling in him.

Please turn to Page 18

SEVEN Must DIE

By
James
Warner
Bellah

Another thrilling episode of our great serial of romance, mystery and adventure in the South Seas.

A PARTY of Honolulu tourists in search of adventure set out with Captain MacVey in his schooner, the *Storm Child*, to hunt for "King" Bradley, a South Seas pearl trader, lost, with a lifetime collection of pearls, and accompanied only by an old Chinaman.

Early in the voyage intrigue and friction become pronounced among the passengers, and on the fifth day out Bo Fanning is murdered. During the night the schooner strikes a reef, and, entirely due to the skill of the captain, the ship is beached on an island. Three of the crew are lost overboard, but the passengers are safe.

The body of Bradley's Chinaman is discovered on the island, and MacVey is convinced it is the "King's" island.

That evening Sherman Drumm sees

The Lost Horizon

I STOOD upon grey shores beside the sea,
And watched the lost horizon's truant wings
Swoop down below the steps where sunset sings
When twilight holds its mystic canopy.
Above I heard the happy homing bee,
Heavy with pollen trailed in jewelled slings,
Pilot his amber load of nectar'd things,
Jealous of honeyed joys he piled for me.
And thus the lost horizon's wing their way
Like shooting stars whose falling beams disperse:
Red roses, but the glory of a day—
Their sweet aroma in an hour disburse;
But roving bees still rummage through the way,
And timeless moons watch ageless love rehearse.
—Hedley Barron Miller.

a boat, submerged in the lagoon, which looks like Bradley's Albatross. Later, on boarding the *Storm Child* for the purpose of removing Bo Fanning's body for burial, the party find the schooner has been ransacked. This suggests that the expedition has been followed from Honolulu, and it is decided to begin salvaging operations immediately on the sunken Albatross.

As the party is leaving the schooner Dr. Mayhew strikes Captain MacVey unconscious, and Sherman, covered by a revolver, is ordered to tie his arms and feet.

Sherman is advised to join forces with the doctor, and, after the burial of Fanning, the diving equipment is removed from the schooner, and Sherman consents to go down and explore the Albatross in the hope of finding the "King's" valuable pearls.

Accompanied by Connie Yates he sets out for the wreck, where, donning diving gear, and with cold panic

in his heart, he goes down to investigate.

Characters you will meet in this story:

DAME ELLEN MELBURY, retired singer, and seasoned traveller.

CONNIE YATES, her vivacious grand-niece.

SHERMAN DRUMM, in love with her.

CAPTAIN MACVEY, master of the schooner *Storm Child*.

DOCTOR MAYHEW, old friend of Dame Ellen's.

IDA SEFTON, travelling to forget a recent divorce.

BO FANNING, of doubtful background.

KING BRADLEY, legendary figure of the South Seas.

NOW READ ON—

SHERMAN snapped up from the knees again, and there was the rail of the wing of the bridge slowly rubbing past his shoulder. So slowly. He struck it down from him with a jab of his toes and stroked for the surface, and broke surface, gulping for air and soughing it into his lungs.

Connie was leaning over him. He couldn't speak. He hung there on the edge of the dinghy by one hand, gasping and wiping the water from his eyes. After a moment, he pulled himself up.

"Sherman"—Connie reached for his arm and pulled him to her—"don't go down again—don't!"

He smiled. "We've got a fine thing down there."

"I don't care what we have. Nothing's worth the minutes I've spent here working this pump; not being able to see you, to know what you were doing."

He pointed his finger at her. "You love me," he said.

"So desperately." She held his hands. "Don't go down again."

He said: "I have to, once more."

"No, you don't have to; nothing down there is worth it; not even a million dollars."

"I'm not going down for a million dollars."

"What are you going down for, then?"

"I'll tell you— Then he saw Doctor Mayhew's short little figure on the beach. Mayhew had a rifle in his hand. He leaned it against his stomach and cupped his hands to his mouth.

"Can you hear me?" he called.

"Yes!"

"Is it the Albatross?"

"Yes!"

"Have you been on her?"

"Yes!"

"What have you found?"

"Fish and a sunken boat!" Sherman yelled to him.

"What have you found inside?"

"A lot of water!"

Mayhew said: "May I come out there and talk to you?"

"How?"

"Will you come in for me?"

"No, not now!"

"Listen to me, Mr. Drumm! Have you located the saloon?"

"I don't know! Perhaps I have!



Illustrated by WEP

Mayhew had Sherman's arm in his fingers, biting his fingers into the flesh of it, shaking it slightly, staring into Sherman's face.

There's a locked door in a cross passage just back of what seems to be the owner's quarters! I have an idea that's the saloon!"

"You haven't gone in?"

"No!"

"Are you going down again?"

"Yes, but not to break that door!"

"But you must break it; you must go in!"

"Why?"

"Because, Mr. Drumm, there is a fortune in that room!"

"Prove it!"

"I can prove it," Mayhew said.

"Not by me!" Sherman laughed.

"Then I'll go down!" Mayhew told him.

They were silent for several minutes. The girl said: "I don't know how you'll go down again, Sherman, because I won't pump for you."

Sherman looked at her and smiled. "All right," he said, "don't pump. I won't look nice drowned."

"Stop it. I want to go ashore. I've had enough of this; I won't stay out here another minute!"—but Sherman had his hands cupped, calling to Mayhew again!

"Where's that black schooner?"

"Hove to off the north reef!"

"Have you moved the camp?"

"Everything is on the peak!" Mayhew said. "And Melville is up there with Dame Ellen and Mrs. Sefton, watching the schooner!"

"Where's Lount?"

"Lount," Mayhew said, "has chucked us!"

"What do you mean?"

"He's left!"

"He's gone back to untie MacVey, you ass!" Sherman yelled. "Why didn't you stop him?"

"I didn't see him go!"

Sherman looked up at the peak, shading his eyes. He could see Dame Ellen up there, sitting where he and Connie had stood the night before. She waved to him and he waved back. He looked at Connie.

He said: "Now listen to me, please," and he took her hands in his. "I have to go down once more. I'm telling you something that I have to do and I want you to accept it. All

my life I'll consider you in everything I do—try to"—he grinned—"but there is one thing you must as well understand now: When I pay you the deference of telling you I have to do something, believe me and accept it, will you? Don't question a man too much; always give him the feeling of freedom."

"I don't want you to go down."

"I don't want to go down."

"Then don't go."

"Yes," he said.

Connie looked at him. "Why?"

"Because I happen to work here, darling."

"I don't understand you."

"I'm the survey man for Pacific Indemnity," he said. "We carry the insurance on Bradley's boat."

"Sherman—"

"I'm the detective who was following Mayhew," he smiled. "That's why I came on this junket. That's why I forced myself on your aunt in Honolulu."

Please turn to Page 40

Another absorbing incident in the series of "The Little Black Bag"



The door opened and old Mrs. Todd walked into the room. Jessie shrieked.

COUGH

Amusing story of the town's greatest miser

MIXTURE

BY
A. J. CRONIN

Author of "The Citadel"

ON a slack evening as Finlay sat in the surgery glancing through the local "Advertiser," Dougal Todd, the sign-

painter, called to see him. "A snell evening, Dr. Hishop," he began in his melancholy, sanctimonious style. "I hope I'm not disturbing ye. But, 'deed, I've just dropped in to have a word with you about my poor old mother."

He shook his head and sighed—a long thin sloping figure, with bad teeth, sandy hair streaked over his bald head, and a long, red nose with a drop at the end of it.

"Ye see," he explained, with his small eyes averted, "my mother's a real wee body, and pretty auld; believe me or not, she's eighty if she's a day. It's but right she should see our doctor once in a while. I wouldn't have it otherwise, I'm so fond of her. Forbye, I've got her in a club or two, which makes it more or less obligatory."

"Now, doctor, I was wonderin'—" his voice became ingratiating, confidential—"seein' that my mother is just a poor old woman and me so ill off myself, I was wonderin', seein' that ye're just the assistant here, I was wonderin', I say, if ye wouldna see her for half the ordinary fee."

Finlay stared at the dismal-faced sign-painter quite baffled by his sounding proposition.

"I'll think it over," he said at length, resolving to put the matter before Cameron later in the evening.

"Ay, ay," agreed Todd. "Think it

over, doctor, do! As a kindness to a poor old done woman, ye understand."

He hung about for a minute with a hesitating, meanly propitiating air, then, remarking once again that it was a snell evening, he bared his bad teeth in a smile, and scraped himself out.

That night at supper Cameron said with emphasis:

"Don't! Not on any account! If the old woman comes in of her own accord about her rheumatics or a touch of bronchitis it's quite different. Don't charge her a penny-piece. Consultation and as much physic as she needs for nothing."

"Mind ye, she'll want to pay you with the few bawbees in her purse—she's the deentest, honestest old body ye'd meet in a day's march. But if Dougal has ye in to her for his demned clubs or the like, make the fee double. He's the nearest, meanest, whingiest miser in the whole of Levenford."

The Todds lived in the High Street—"up the close" between the Mungo Clothing Company—who had taken in Brodie's old shop next door—and Leckie, the barber.

Todd was too mean to have a shop himself; he had "premises," as he put it—a big, corrugated shed littered with shavings and scaffolding—in the yard behind.

Maybe Todd's avarice was catching on to his wife, Jessie, a big-boned woman with a shrewd eye, had the

name for hardness, while Jessica, their only child, had never been known to give a sweet away.

When observed chewing in the playground of the Academy and asked by a schoolmate for a share of her piece grundy, the invariable reply of the red-cheeked little Jessica was—"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I've just put the last bit in my mouth."

From which a saying arose in Levenford—

"Never ask the Todds for anything—they've aye just put it in their mouths."

Not but what they weren't decent folks, the Todds; oh, dear, yes, they were self-respecting, hard-working, God-fearing folks!

SIX days of the week, without thought of half-holiday, Dougal could be seen in his dirty white coat attached to a paint-brush and a ladder, while on the seventh, in his decent blacks, he soberly escorted his wife and daughter to the kirk.

In this household lived old Mrs. Todd, a quiet, timid little woman, with a wrinkled, cheerful face and an almost sparrow-like chirpiness of manner.

How this modest, kindly body had ever propagated a son like Dougal remained a mystery to Levenford. All her life she had worked hard and done her best for Dougal. But now she was old, with, as Dougal sadly

remarked, little enough but himself to show for it.

She had a very small room right at the top of the house where she kept her treasures—a small bottle of cough syrup to ease her chest, a few strong peppermints in a round tin box.

Her meals, by gracious permission, were taken downstairs with the family, except when the Todds had company, but most of her time was spent in the broken armchair in her attic by the minute spark of fire—which she displayed a genius in nursing.

On rare occasions, when the weather was warm, she made a brave sortie and went out.

Dougal discouraged these small excursions.

"Now, now, mother, remember your age. Ye ought to be thinkin' about your last end instead o' jauntin' down the town."

A kindly protest. To the old woman, Dougal never was anything but kindly.

True, he would watch her with a harassed eye if she took a second scone at tea-time. "Mother! Ye oughtna to eat so much at your time of life."

And he would glower to see her laboring upstairs with the tiny scuttle of coal, from which she fed her fire; not because she labored, but—alas!—because she used his coal.

Despite his parsimony, Dougal was

not rich—in business his meanness cut both ways—but he was rich in hope.

He had insured his mother for a heap of ailler. When she was dead, the ailler would be Dougal's. The only trouble was that quite steadfastly the old woman refused to die.

Despite the most sympathetic encouragement:

"Mother, ye're lookin' unco bad the day," or "Mother, would ye not like to take to your bed and let me fetch the minister?" old Mrs. Todd went on meekly consuming food, tea, and coal, as though she meant to live to be a hundred.

Late at night Dougal and his wife would sit up, thinking of the food, the tea, the coal—of the heavy insurance payments mounting up from week to week, not saying a word, but both of them brooding over the loveliest diseases, from pneumonia to apoplexy, which might have taken the old woman off, and didn't.

About six weeks after Dougal had called on Hishop, old Mrs. Todd visited the surgery herself. It was one of her treats—which she enjoyed so much and experienced so seldom—a jaunt "down the town."

She had bought herself some tape she needed at Jennie McKechnie's (fancy goods and millinery) and enjoyed the long crack with Jennie into the bargain.

At Low's she had got herself two-pennyworth of black striped balls—less delicate in their flavor than the peppermints, but infinitely more lasting. And now, tired but triumphant, she dropped in on Hishop at Arden House on her way back to her garret.

"I've heard tell of ye so much, doctor, I just had to come and see ye. Would ye give me a drop cough mixture for my hoast? I've a tickly in my tubes at nights."

She beamed on him with her dark, sparrowy eye—a cheerful taking little body—withered, perhaps, like an apple that has been kept, but sound to the core for all that.

Finlay liked her instantly.

"Certainly you'll have some cough

mixture. And strong at that."

He rose, mindful of Cameron's remark about expense, and added:

"In fact ye needn't bother about the chemist. I'll make it up for you myself."

"Something to warm my chest, doctor," she suggested, coming out of her shell.

"Ay, ay!" he agreed heartily. He

gave her the best, a good stiff

chlorodyne concoction, fit, as he

assured her, for the queen herself.

Please turn to Page 10

An Intriguing Short Story

THERE was a song being sung everywhere that spring, the tune of it ground out of barrel organs at street corners, the air of it sent hurtling into the sunshine by the shrill whistle of carefree boys. It was a nice enough song, but it always gave Stephen Grant a cold and sick feeling. For he felt he was the man that song was written about, and it is no fun having your misery set to a tune the whole world hums.

The song was all about a wedding, a honeymoon, and then, later, the little fellow, the son, getting all the love and kisses, whilst the older fellow, the husband, was sort of pushed out into the cold, and it never failed to give Stephen a heavy sinking feeling.

Of course, the correct thing for a husband to do when his wife ignores his existence in favor of her child is to go all gay and flaunting, and show you don't care. Then, before you know where you are, your wife begins to love you again. Or so they say.

Stephen's was an old, old story. Deirdre's heart was not big enough to include both father and son, and so Stephen had had to take a very poor second place. She had forgotten the moonlight nights, and all their love. She had forgotten the dreams they had dreamed and the plans they had made. She had forgotten that he, too, needed a little fawning over and a little love. A grown-up man can hardly put his head back and howl to his lungs' capacity for attention, like Donald did. But Stephen often felt like it.

The barrel organ was playing that tune again as he turned into his own gate one evening and walked up the path through the pretty little garden. The grass was too long, but it wasn't his fault. Whenever he wanted to mow it on Saturday, Donald was asleep. Stephen came laden with a good many parcels. There were oranges—for Donald, who had to have orange juice. There was some sort of glutinous mess in a bottle. There was fish—the most expensive, for Donald lived on the fat of the land. There was wool, for Deirdre was knitting him a little coat of a color too rare to be matched locally.

Stephen found himself whistling the song as he went through the little hall. Once Deirdre used to meet him there, but now she never did. She was upstairs, and she called to him over the banisters:

"Don't whistle, Stephen, please. Donald is just going off."

She came down presently. She did kiss him, but it was the useless sort of kiss that does a man no good. Automatic as posting a letter. He washed, and took the evening paper into the garden. As he passed through the dining-room he noticed that it was cold mutton again.

AH, well, no use brooding. He opened his paper, and a word flashed out at him, spread gaily over the whole of one page.

CARNIVAL.

"Coming to Littleton," it said. He read on, and gathered that it had something to do with the hospital. "Dancing. Cabaret. Flood-lighting. Come and bring your Best Girl with you. Lucky Dip." He sighed. Two years ago he would have taken Deirdre, and they would have had such fun. The students came down from the University for these shows, and were very gay and very silly.

Deirdre came into the garden. So pretty she was that his heart ached when he looked at her.

"Let's go to this carnival, Deirdre," he said. "A night out together again. It would do you good."

She read the announcement listlessly.

"What day is it? Wednesday. No good! Wednesday is Joan's day out, and I can't possibly leave the house alone."

"Hanging it all, tell Joan she's got to stay in for once."

Deirdre primed her lips, and raised her eyebrows.

"Hardly the way to keep maids, is it, Stephen, these difficult days? You know how hard they are to get."

He looked at her. He wanted to say:

"What about husbands, Deirdre—is it the way to keep them? Remember, they don't exactly lie around the highway like fallen leaves, either."

"I see," he said ominously, hoping that Deirdre would read in his voice all he could not bring himself to say to her.

Needless to tell, she didn't.

"Well, I think I shall go out for a bit alone."

He waited for her to be surprised, for he never went out alone. He eyed her, hoping she would think it odd, hoping all kinds of wild things.

But all she said was: "Don't bang the door when you go out. Donald has gone off at last."

Such a spring night it was, the air soft with the scent of flowers, a little neat new moon admiring its own beauty in the dark mirror of the sea. He wandered down on the sea front. There were many girls gay as carnival confetti in their bright frocks.



WYNNE DAVIES

Stephen caught hold of one of Chloe's little white hands and held it hard.

His suite was luxurious and immensely untidy. Also, astonishingly—since in Littleton no man ever had more than one woman on hand—there were no fewer than five highly ornamental and attractive ladies, besides one quite distressingly handsome young man, loitering about, apparently doing nothing but waiting for Bill.

"Where have you been, darling?" they cried with one voice.

Stephen stood, slightly bewildered and a little shy. They could not all be Mrs. O'Neal, unless Bill had embraced outlandish customs since he grew older. Stephen waited for them to be introduced. Bill did this presently, but not helpfully.

"Here you are, Rosemary, Chloe, Sadie, Cherry and Maynie—this is Stephen. Stephen, meet Joe."

Then he said: "You haven't dined, have you?"

Stephen thought of the snack he had had off that cold mutton and the wisp of that too familiar ham. He did not feel he lied when he said "No."

HE had forgotten food could be so exciting. He had forgotten about fun, and flowers, and wine. His life had been rather bounded by fish, and oranges to make orange juice, and various colored wools. The ladies, to whose identity he still had no real clue, sang songs and played on instruments they produced from under sofas and behind chairs. One of them danced. The young man, Joe, began to sing, accompanying himself with great skill at the piano, the lamplight shining on his black patent-leather hair.

He would, of course, choose that popular song, and his soft, deep voice gave it a hateful poignancy.

"Oh, not that song! Please!" said Stephen, hastily.

Bill looked at him suddenly with narrowed eyes. Bill said nothing, but he started some-

thing with a gayer refrain. He looked at Stephen from time to time speculatively.

"A grand evening, Bill," said Stephen, as he said good-bye presently under a summer sky in which the dawn—a thing he hadn't seen for years—was rosy breaking. "A grand evening, I say, which is Mrs. Bill?"

"Oh, those? Why, none of them," said Bill. "They're just the troupe. The Cabaret, you know, for the Carnival. You must come. No nonsense, now. Come and sit at our table. You'll be amused."

Stephen went home, feeling suddenly wanted, and gay, and defiant. If Deirdre would not go to the Carnival with him he would go alone—and he would tell her so. He hoped she would be waiting for him in the hall, for indeed this was a nice time to get home. She would be quite right when she pointed that out. He hoped she would be armed with a rolling pin, like the wife in the comic pictures. He would know how to deal with her. He'd stand no nonsense. Spring was in his blood.

He marched into his own house, making as much noise as he liked. He slammed the door. He took off his shoes with a defiant plump. He seated himself on the camp bed in his dressing-room with a careless whang.

Nothing happened. No one said, "Haui!"

Then he saw the note. It was propped against his hair brushes.

"Donald seems feverish, and I don't want him disturbed. So have him in with me and have made up a bed in the dressing-room for you. Love, Deirdre."

His little spurt of bravery and defiance petered out. He had been ready for the rolling pin, but not for this. Not for Deirdre turning him out of his last stronghold and putting Donald in his place there instead. Going off to sleep, and not caring when he got back.

He was unable to sleep. The dressing-room camp bed was an old one, of the batty variety. It played an unaccustomed chord each time he moved. He heard the hours strike one by one, to its unfriendly music.

WYNNE W.
DAVIES

CARNIVAL

by

DOROTHY BLACK

All the next day he felt horrible, heavy-headed and depressed. To make it worse, there was a spell of glorious weather, good for carnival, but bad for the headache. The sun was a golden clock that ticked the hours away. Towards tea-time Stephen was swamped by a sudden wave of contrition. He told himself he was being mean and silly and jealous, that the whole thing was of his own imagining, and that his behaviour of late had been sufficient to make any wife a trifle off-hand.

He left the office earlier than usual, and bought a great bunch of flowers to take back to Deirdre—white lilies, the kind that smell sweet and seem to be the only bouquet allowed to angels in pictures. He bought her, too, a box of her favorite chocolates. Perhaps, melted by all this, she would relent, and tell Joan to stay at home for once, and come with him to the carnival and meet Bill and the troupe, and have some fun again as once of old.

Deirdre and Donald were out in the little garden, under the pink almond tree that was foamy with blossom. The baby lay in his pram covered with a blue rug. Stephen stood for a moment adoring them both, for they were his and he was very proud of them.

Then he crossed the lawn and laid his cheek against Deirdre's hair, and the lilies in her no.

"For you, darling."

She looked up, but there was no pleasure in her face, nor did she notice the lilies. She laid them aside on the grass. Her face was anxious and puckered.

"Stephen, I'm so worried about Donald. He's lost a whole pound. I weighed him at the dentist's, and he's lost a whole pound. In less than a month. He seems to have a sort of pinched look, and he's feverish again to-night."

Stephen bent to look at his sleeping son. His own conviction was that Donald could spare another pound or so and never miss it, but he did not say so.

"Aren't you fussing, rather, darling?" was all he allowed himself.

"Sometimes," she said, furious. "I don't think you have any heart at all. Sometimes I don't think you care for your child in the least."

She picked up the slumberous Donald and carried him indoors. She left the lilies lying, and the chocolates beside them. She had not even thanked him for them. That showed how much she cared. He went indoors, the old desolation enveloping him like a cloak.

"You might go round and tell Dr. Brown to look in," said Deirdre, a few minutes later.

"I'm going to the Carnival. I'll call in on my way."

"You're going to the Carnival, when your own child is probably dying?" gasped Deirdre. "I don't believe he is anywhere near dying."

Deirdre stared at him. She said: "Well, of all the—"

And then words failed her. Something had happened to Stephen. Never had he

behaved like this before. She waited, sure he would relent, but he did not relent. The door slammed behind him.

Donald slept, making occasional little whinnying noises in his sleep, like a hunting puppy. Deirdre walked in the little garden all alone, under the young spring moon. She stumbled over something. It was a bunch of white lilies, the kind angels hold in pictures. They were faded now. It was rather doubtful if being put in water would revive them again.

She stood with them in her hand, and their crushed sweetness seemed to have a message for her, though just then she could not understand what it was.

Meanwhile, down town, Carnival held sway in a shower of confetti, paper streamers, roses and lanterns. There was whoopee in the old town that night, and the students from the University were there in force, all making a noise. Round the dancing floor little tables were arranged. Stephen found himself by Bill's arrangement sitting at one of them with Chloe, who seemed a bit older than the rest.

"Be nice to him," Bill had whispered to her. "He's got domestic indigestion. Cheer him up."

BILL was busy signing autographs and kissing allcomers, as requested, with the hearty offhandness of an uncle doing his duty by nephews and nieces. Bill was the most impersonal kisser that Stephen had ever seen. To Stephen a kiss was something sacred. It was something he had always kept for Deirdre, but probably he had been wrong.

He tried so hard to be gay, but he could only think of Deirdre. He would have liked to flirt defiantly with Chloe, but his heart was not in it. She was pretty and sweet, and she seemed to understand.

"Try to enjoy yourself, Stephen, and cast dull care aside. A little carnival is good for the soul," she said.

He couldn't help it. Before he knew what he was up to he was telling her all about it—about Deirdre, who did not love him any more, and Donald, who now filled her heart.

And while he was in the middle of it, out came the chap with the patent-leather hair, and must needs sit in an Easter Egg of lime-light at the piano, and sing in his soft and distressingly tender voice the very song Stephen hoped he wouldn't.

seemed to understand, for she patted his arm kindly.

"Have a little patience. You'll find things will come right presently, Stephen. Women are like that. They go off the deep end for a while, but then they usually swim to shore, dear."

So kind, she was. So understanding. He wondered how she managed to be so understanding, for hers did not seem to be the kind of life likely to make one wise. She went off presently to join in the Cabaret. Carnival girls, gay as colored confetti, and just as unreal, thought Stephen, as he watched them go through an intricate dance with the young man, Joe now dressed as Harlequin. When it was over, Chloe came back to him.

"Come and dance," she said.

His spirits rose. He could not be the dull and uninteresting fellow Deirdre made him feel, if he attracted a beautiful thing like this. His feet began to follow the music with new-born zest.

"Boy, can you dance!" said Chloe.

They sat out in a bower of paper roses. For once he did not talk of Donald or Deirdre. He told her of himself, and old dreams he had had of going abroad and making a fortune. But his father had died, and he had had to take over the family business, and that was that.

"You're too good. Far too good," said Chloe, matter of fact. "The good ones usually get a dirty deal. What women like is the man who's a devil with women."

She laughed softly, and bent forward and pressed her lips to his forehead.

"Poor boy," she said softly. "Poor boy."

She patted his shoulder and left him. She had to dance with the Cabaret again. Stephen got up and went away, his heart beating wildly, shame engulfing him. Here he was a married man, his only child sick—perhaps dying—at home, while he gallivanted with other women, and played carnival, and let strangers kiss him.

He let himself into his house quietly. Deirdre would not be waiting for him, since she did not care. He would be sleeping in his dressing-room alone, so he would disturb no one.

He hung his hat up on the hat-stand, trying not to think of Chloe. And then a little noise made him turn.

Deirdre stood there, wearing her old blue dressing-gown. Her hair, fluffed out round her face in her go-to-bed fashion, made her

Lyric of Life

Library

THROUGH closed windows
a shaft of sunlight falls
Into the dusty silence of
the room.
Breaking the quiet years of
gathered gloom
To sudden brightness on the
book-lined walls.

This is the shrine of what
men thought and felt.
Of dreams grown tangible
and legends told.
Of science and pioneers,
love and gold.
These are the gods to whom
the world has knelt.

And yet for all we've done
and learned, the fields
we've ranged.
It seems to me the HEART of
man is still unchanged.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

look ridiculously helpless and childish and young. Love and shame flooded his heart. In her hour of trouble he had deserted her, left her all alone. He said, thickly:

"Donald—is he—?"

She stared at him, white-faced, with trembling lips. She stared at him in the oddest way, and then burst into tears. He dared not touch her. Something terrible had happened, and she had been alone. He said, stonily:

"What is it?"

Then, miraculously, she was in his arms, her face against his shoulder. She was sobbing bitterly.

"Oh, Stephen, Stephen! This fright you gave me! I thought you were—were never coming back. I thought—"

He held her close, bewildered, but glad she thought that, and hoping she would never guess how funny was her fear.

"What happened? Donald? What did Dr. Brown say?"

"He said I'd been over-feeding him shockingly. He—he gave me a long lecture, and said it was you who needed feeding up—that you looked very ill and sadly neglected. And suddenly I realised, I knew. And then you never came. And then—"

She burst into fresh sobs.

"Oh, Stephen! Is it too late?"

He hadn't any idea what she was talking about, so he gulped and said:

"No, it's not too late."

"I'll be kinder, I swear I will, if only you will give me another chance, Stephen!"

Another chance! Bewildered, too glad to think clearly, he held her close. Another chance? That was really laughable, if you could possibly bring yourself to laugh just now.

"We're still friends, aren't we, Stephen? Real friends?"

"Of course we are."

And then she began to cry again, distressed as a lost child, her cheek against his shoulder.

"Then—tell me who it is. Who she is that you've been kissing?"

"Kissing?"

THEN it was he caught sight of himself for the first time in the strip of mirror in the hall. He gave a little gasp, and stood quite still. On his forehead, for all to see, clear as a transfer, scarlet as a strawberry, was the imprint of Chloe's artfully painted cupid's bow lips. Pressed there in that very carnival kiss.

In public. She had done that on purpose. He was about to laugh aloud with relief and tell her when something stopped him short. The voice of wisdom whispered in his ear. Women, said Chloe, who probably knew, like men who are devils with women.

He wasn't one of those men. He never would be one. His heart wasn't in it. But Chloe, bless her, had given him his opportunity. He would take it.

"No," he said quietly. "It's not cricket to kiss and tell, dear. But it's all over now. All over. I have given her up and come home."

She clung to him.

"But she may not have given you up."

He stiffened. He had not thought of that. Supposing Chloe thought—

"As long as you love me, I don't want anyone else," he said hoarsely. "It's only when you don't seem to care what happens to me—"

"I do care. Oh, I do. And if that woman comes here, darling, I'll—I'll tear her in pieces!"

They need not have worried. Driving back in the rosy dawn, Chloe had her head on the Harlequin's shoulder.

"Had a good evening?"

"Not bad! Did you?"

"I carted a dowager around, darling, and gave her a whirl!"

"I took on Stephen Grant, Bill's boy friend. He's suffering from an overdose of domesticity poor fellow. The kid's still a baby."

"Blessing when they grow up, I thought ours did rather well to-night, didn't you, darling? No one would ever think you were the mother of four grown up daughters. Cherry grows more like you every day."

(Copyright.)



Invitation to pamper yourself

Obey the impulse to "feel luxurious" . . . to make yourself look as though price doesn't mean a thing to you . . . in these luscious little 'jamas. They're cut to enhance slimness . . . with a high-waisted tunic that's tailored and topped with French Satin Motifs and fine net edging to match . . . And peep at how the swagger 'jama trousers are very, very swaggerly flared. Lovely tanings of Sky, Peach-glow, Lettuce . . . Ask for Pyjamas No. 741. **13/11**

Bond's

SILK UNDERLOVELIES

Nighties * Slips *
Jamas * Scanties * Vests

"AND the dose—it's two teaspoonfuls at night," he announced, licking on the label.

"What's that ye say, doctor?" she inquired, and then, with a comical simplicity: "Ye ken, I've turned that deaf since I broke my spectacles."

He roared with laughter. It was so infectious that in a minute old Mrs. Todd joined in.

"Ye've a joke in ye, doctor," she complimented him archly, as he showed her to the door. "Fine! Fine! I aye likit a doctor with a joke in him."

Next morning, which was Saturday, the Todds sat down to breakfast in the kitchen.

Porridge was supped in silence by Dougal, his wife, and Jessica. Old Mrs. Todd had not appeared.

"Can that mother of yours not get up in time for her breakfast? I've put up with plenty from the same old faggot—and for long enough and all. Things are coming to a bonny pass. She'll like to have me runnin' up with trays to her, no doubt."

"I don't think she's even out of her bed yet," said Jessica taking her cue from her mother, and tossed her head. "Auld lazybones!"

Dougal steered a spoonful of egg past his lugubriously drooping moustache.

"It's a waste o' guld gas," he masticated glumly with an eye on the meter, "to keep things warm for her."

"Here, dearie!" cried Jessie to her pet in an access of spite. "Run upstairs and shake her out of bed this very minute."

Silence—silence above and below. Then a sudden wall, a wild scampering, and Jessica flung back into the kitchen.

"Aw, maw!" she blubbered.

Dougal exploded a mouthful of tea back into his saucer; Jessie drew bolt upright in her chair.

"Dead, blinny," she whispered gently. "Did you say—"

"Ay," Jessica whined with a wisdom beyond her years. "That's what I did say. She's streiket out stiff as a poker."

A long exhalation that might have been a sigh came slowly from Jessie's bosom. At the same moment Dougal thrust back his chair.

"Come on."

He made a masterful gesture to his wife. They hurried up to the top floor. They burst into the attic. Then, suddenly, they paused.

The old woman lay on her back with her mouth fallen open and her cheeks fallen in. Her eyes were gummed, her nostrils pinched.

"Mother!" exclaimed Dougal, lifting her hand. But it slipped out of his grasp and fell stiffly on the bed.

There was a pregnant pause while Dougal and his wife stared at the rigid figure on the bed. Then from over his shoulder Jessie whispered reverently:

"It's all over, Dougal! Ay, ay, she's by with it all now."

And taking the end of the sheet she solemnly covered old Mrs. Todd's pallid face.

Dougal looked at his wife, sniffed, and whined:

"Oh, dear, oh dear! My poor mother's deid."

"She's with her Maker, Dougal," said Jessie, turning up the whites of her eyes. "We mustna question His will." And taking him by the

Cough Mixture

Continued from Page 7

arm she led him gently downstairs. But in the kitchen Dougal sank into a chair.

"Pity me!" he groaned. "My poor mother's deid at last."

"Ye canna reproach yourself, Dougal," said Jessie firmly. "Ye were aye a good son to her. And aye I did my best for her myself. A decent old body she was. She had to go sooner or later. And what a peaceful end. Will ye have a drop spirits to steady you up?"

Dougal groaned again, and shook his head. But it was no time for economy. Jessica fetched the bottle from the parlor dresser, and with a show of repugnance Dougal took off a good four fingers.

"That's better," said Jessie. "Ye maun draw yourself together, man. There's plenty for ye to do. There's a doctor's certificate to get, and the undertaker to see, and the insurance—"

Dougal lifted his head. "Ay—there's the insurance." He sighed deeply. "Ah, weel, I'll better get on with it—though it's bitter, bitter work to do."

He got up, took his cap and went.

He went first to the doctor's, where Janet answered the door.

"Janet! I want the doctor," Dougal blubbered, for the whisky had intensified his grief. "My dear old mother—she's passed away in her sleep."

"POOR body," Janet exclaimed involuntarily; then, inspecting him sternly, "Ye canna have the doctor the now. They're both of the two of them out. I'll send up Dr. Hislop when he comes in from Marklea." And she slammed the door in his face.

At Gibson's, the undertaker's, he ordered the coffin—a nice coffin, a beautiful coffin, fine value for the money, and not too dear.

Sam Gibson was a good lad with a kind word, and a fair promise of five per cent discount for cash.

It was dinner-time when Dougal got home. Jessie had been busy; she had made a beautiful steak-and-kidney pie. That and a baked custard stood on the table. The whisky was there, too.

Jessie exclaimed sensibly:

"At a time like this we've got to have our food. What with the shock and one thing and another—"

They sat in.

"I don't feel like it," Dougal protested, but he accepted his plate. Then as he put a large tender piece of steak below his moustache: "But I suppose we maun keep up our strength."

Jessie said:

"Come to think on it—what was the insurance—up to date?"

"Near enough five hundred," Dougal answered solemnly, and forked a promising potato.

"Dear, oh, dear. It's a heap of money."

"Ay—it's a heap of money."

The door-bell rang. It was Dr. Hislop, who had come directly upon his return from Marklea, worried and rather upset that the old woman should have died so soon after consulting him.

Jessie met him in the lobby.

"Ye don't mind if I don't come with ye, doctor. The shock of it

has fair upset us all. The very idea of entering the poor old body's room's enough to make me grieve. In the left-hand door i' the top landing."

Finlay went up and into the room alone. He snapped up the blind. Then, on the table by the window, the first thing he saw was the chlorodyne mixture. He stared at the bottle. One-third of it was gone.

Quickly he went over to the bed, lifted the old woman's eyelids. Pinpoint pupils. He took her wrist, held it. Then a faint smile came to his face.

From his bag he took a phial of strong spirits of ammonia and held it under her nose.

For a moment nothing happened. Then, with great enthusiasm, the dead woman sneezed.

Drowsily she opened her eyes, stared at him, and yawned while he shook her.

"Doctor, doctor—what are ye doin' here in all the world? But oh, I've had the maist wonderful sleep."

Bending over her he bawled in her ear:

"How much of that medicine did ye take?"

"Eh, what? Two tablespoon-likes ye telled me."

"No wonder ye slept," he shouted.

"But now I'm thinkin' it's high time ye were up."

He corked the chlorodyne, thrust it in his pocket, and went downstairs.

"Will ye have a wee half, doctor?" Dougal asked him mournfully in the kitchen.

"I think I will," said Finlay heartily. "Though it's the first time I've heard you offering anyone a drink Dougal."

The bereaved son shook his head pathetically.

"It's the occasion, doctor. My poor old mother! I'm heart-broken she should be taken from us!"

"We're all heart-broken," Jessie echoed piously.

"We'll here's health, Dougal," said Finlay.

"Your good health, doctor," said Dougal sadly. "We'll want four certificates. I had her in four societies the poor old body!"

There was a loud noise upstairs followed by the banging of a door.

"Good sakes!" cried Jessie, turning pale. "What's that?"

"Grand whisky this, Dougal," with great heartiness from Finlay.

There was the sound of someone coming downstairs.

"Do ye hear it?" cried Jessie again. "There's something coming down the stairs."

The door opened, and old Mrs. Todd walked into the room. Jessie shrieked.

Dougal spilled the good whisky all over his dickey.

Paralysed, they watched the old woman draw in her chair to the table, and help herself to pie.

First she yawned, then she tilted—then, with a look at the pie, the custard, and the whisky, she exclaimed:

"It's a grand dinner the deid! And I'm fair famished with hunger!"

She began to eat with a rare good appetite. And at that Finlay left her to it.

(Copyright.)

SALESGIRL

"OF COURSE I LIKE SWEETS—THAT'S WHY I CHEW WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT!"

A.5.21a

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen;
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"May I try on that lemon-colored hat in the window?"

"I'm sorry, Madam. That hat's a lampshade, but we could convert it for you."

NUGGETING NATURE: (4) THE LYRE BIRD . . .



It's no use expecting to get the equal of a Nugget shine from anything else but Nugget, for there's nothing quite so good as Nugget whether for smartness or to make the shoes last longer. And it comes in Black, Dark Tan and various other shades of Brown and Tan. Also Nugget White Cleaner.

NUGGET SHOE POLISH

It's the **NATURAL** Choice!



BURGLAR (on telephone): Your husband won't be home till late, Madam. He's tied up at the office.



MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead

GLADYS PARKER

"Look over there and see if that man's looking, but if he's looking don't look."



DICTATOR: There's something odd about you this morning. Why, for the first time since I've known you, you've left off your medals.

CHIEF LIEUTENANT: Jupiter! I forgot to take them off my pyjamas.

Don't let unpleasant laxatives cause tears and tantrums.



Use this Child's Laxative—PLEASANT, MILD IN ACTION

When your youngster is out-of-sorts — obviously in need of a thorough intestinal cleansing — and still "fights" taking a laxative, don't set it down as stubbornness. Maybe you are guilty — of thoughtlessness. For when a child objects to such medicine, there's often good cause. The taste may be offensive, or the action harsh and unpleasant.

So is it ever fair, or even kind, to force such remedies on your youngster, thus taxing an upset condition still further?

Fortunately, there's no need to resort to such measures. You can get a real child's laxative — "California Syrup of Figs" — "Calfig" — thoroughly pleasant both in taste and

action. Youngsters really like it. In favour, "California Syrup of Figs" is as delicious as pure fruit syrup. And, because of its gentle vegetable ingredients, it is mild and agreeable in effect. Doctors recommend it. And in thousands of homes where it is used, "California Syrup of Figs" has proved an equally suitable laxative for others in the family — young or old, especially for women — with whom it is important to avoid the shock of stronger, harsher drugs.

"California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/4 or 2 1/4 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say "California" and look for "Calfig" on the package.

'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"HAVE you an opening for a smart Public School boy?"

"Yes, and don't slam it on your way out!"

HE (not a brilliant conversation-alist): Something came into my mind just now and went away again. She (bored): Perhaps it was lonely.

VICAR: Congratulations, Mrs. Brown. It's been a pleasure to christen your child. I've never seen such a well-behaved baby before.

Mrs. Brown: Well, my husband and I have been practising on him for a week with a watering-can.

"IT can't be done," said the girl despondently.

"What can't be done?" asked the policeman, who was pulling her out of the wrecked car.

"Light a cigarette, use your lipstick, powder your nose, and steer the car at the same time," she sighed.

"IS your fiance progressive or conservative?"

"It's hard to say. He wears last year's clothes, drives this year's car, and lives on next year's income."

An Editorial Why These 12,000 People Did Not Marry!

NOVEMBER 12, 1938

ART OF LIVING IN AUSTRALIA



ONE of the criticisms consistently levelled against Australians is that they do not understand or practise the art of living.

By this it is meant, apparently, that we lack the cultivated manners, the super-civilised habits of dwellers in Europe, and in the larger metropolitan cities of America.

To some extent this is true. We have not the superb polish that comes from centuries of social life. Our conventions have not become instincts as they have abroad.

But perhaps we have an art of living of our own.

The best judges of this are the English, European, and American visitors who have lived among us for years.

All of them find faults in us—as they find faults in their own people.

But all of them agree that for genuine hospitality, frankness, and natural good fellowship the Australians are not bettered by any race on earth.

Foreigners in general like to live here. Not merely because the climate is pleasant, but because the people are so easy to get on with.

That is an art, just as much as social polish is an art. And the Australians have the art of easy living.

From years of getting on together under conditions that at first were harsh, and until recently were never soft, we learned to be human beings first, individuals afterwards. We should be proud of this achievement.

But, at the same time, let us not neglect to study the social habits of ancient civilisations. It is inevitable that they should have something to teach us.

If we combine our own honest, natural friendliness with something of the sophistication of the highly civilised communities, we should be a community more pleasant to live with than any on earth.

—THE EDITOR.

NOT ENOUGH MONEY WAS THEIR CHIEF REASON

By Air Mail from Our New York Office. Exclusive to the Australian Women's Weekly

THE greatest barrier to marriage to-day is lack of money.

The second greatest barrier to matrimony is the lack of opportunity of meeting people of the opposite sex.

These facts are the amazing findings of a nation-wide marriage survey just held in America.

Ten thousand women and 2000 men replied to the query: "Why have you not married?"

Thirty per cent. of American spinsters are unable to marry because their prospective husbands are unable to support them, and forty per cent. of bachelors because they have not permanent employment at a living wage.

Twenty-eight per cent. of the spinsters and 18 per cent. of the bachelors are still single because they have no opportunity to meet eligible partners.

It was the women, however, of all ages and walks in life, who wrote the frankest and most candid letters to the survey headquarters.

All but one per cent. of the women do or did want to marry—whereas eight per cent. of the men admit that they like the security of bachelorhood too well.

Youth and Career

TAKE, for example, the "career woman," found in the big cities of the U.S.A.

Women who put their professional or business careers ahead of marriage wrote in large numbers to the Marriage Survey.

It is interesting to note that the seventeen per cent. of "career women" who bravely place their professions first are between the ages of 18 and 20!

In the case of women from 20 to 30 years old, this percentage drops to four. Marriage becomes much more alluring in the twenties.

As the women become older, and the Lohengrin March becomes remoter, the desire for a career grows stronger again. In the 30 to 40 bracket, the figure climbs up to 10 per cent.

Altogether, 4 per cent. of the 10,000 place careers first.

But only 3 per cent. state that they do not marry because they make more money than the average man of their acquaintance.

Unexpectedly, this reason is not given by the young girls of 18 and 20—who are generally in the most confident financial position, as compared with boys of the same age.

The Marriage Survey lists nine other principal reasons why the women have not married.



THIS GIRL is Miss Alma Archer, and she's the principal of a New York marriage school. She doesn't find life partners, but advises her clients on how to be happy though married. "Over-dress on the part of a woman," says Miss Archer, "should be grounds for divorce."

Seven per cent. of all ages have not met the Right Man.

Six per cent. are afraid of marriage—afraid of unhappiness, confessed the majority of this group. Economic conditions make others afraid.

Over 11 per cent. of bachelors are, however, debarred from matrimony because they have to support their kinsfolk.

A reason cited by women from all social classes and from every part of the country was that they "can't meet decent men." This reason, unexpected again, totalled 5 per cent. of the whole—only 1 per cent. less

WHY THEY HESITATED!

IN a questionnaire entitled "Why didn't you marry?" 10,000 American spinsters (out of a total of 12,000 replies by men and women) gave the following reasons:

Economic Insecurity	30%
No Social Opportunities	28%
Supports Family	11%
Likes Security of Single Life	9%
Disappointed in Love	6%
Can't Find Right Man	7%
Prefers Career	4%
Religion or Racial Differences	4%
Nothing to Gain	1%

than the men who cite the same factor.

Parental opposition has kept 7 per cent. of the women between 30 and 40 from marrying, but, astonishingly enough, is entirely absent in the teens-age.

Disappointed in Love

AGAIN, it is the older women, of 40 and up, who confess that disappointment in love has kept them from the altar. Eight per cent. of middle-aged women give this as the reason for their spinsterhood. Six per cent. of men of all ages remain single for the same cause.

Religious and racial differences form only 4 per cent. of the feminine whole.

Some pathetic letters came from girls and women who are either deaf or crippled, 2 per cent. of those between the ages of 20 and 30 find that physical disability keeps them outside normal happiness.

IN an inquiry which laid bare the emotions, prejudices and dreams of 10,000 feminine minds, only 1000 women declared that they were man-haters. And every one of these 1000 was above 40 years.

Again and again, however, the 10,000 letters harked back to the two main factors—economic insecurity and lack of opportunity. And these conditions were the same in every part of the nation, in country and city as well.

Letter after letter told of valiant attempts to save a few shillings, so that young people could get married on incomes (which is too aristocratic a word for a non-living wage) of £2/5/- and £3 a week.

One working girl wrote: "I'm a private secretary, 29 years old and still unmarried, although I would like to be more than anything else in the world."

"I think one reason I have not married is that I have not had a home since I was 16 years old and most of the early years were spent trying to keep body and soul together."

"And, of course, a girl alone, living in a boarding-house, doesn't meet the kind of man she would care to marry. At least I didn't."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



Old King Cold and His Merry Men



The Fable of Pneumococci and the Microscope

Once upon a time there was a little boy called Hector. His father was a carcase butcher, and his mother gave the profits to the local S.P. bookmaker.

Well, on this occasion it was Hector's birthday and his parents gave him a real microscope as a present.

HECTOR had heard about the thousands of wogs to be seen in a drop of water, so he decided to look at them through his microscope. They were there all right, but Hector had forgotten something. The wogs could also see him.

The result was that all the wogs lined up, gazed back at him, and

hypnotised him through the microscope.

The next thing he knew was that he was in the drop of water along with the wogs.

"What do you mean?" splashed the King Wog (no relation to King Zog).

"What do you mean by leering at us through that contraption!"

"Well," glooped Hector. "I didn't think you'd mind."

"Hmmp," splashed the King. "Hooley!"

By
L. W. Lower

Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated By WEP

Talking under water makes you glop and splash your words.

"Well, now that you're here you can assist in the iron foundry."

So they grabbed Hector and marched him off to the iron foundry where he was put to work in the rolling mills.

He noticed that all the wogs were different shapes. The wog working next to Hector had 38 legs.

"My word," Hector said to him, "you must have a lot of bother lacing up your boots in the morning."

"Aw, you get used to it. Look at the foreman. He's got 20 heads. It takes him three hours every morning to shave!"

"Yea, I suppose it could be worse. Where do you get the iron? There's no mines about here."

"We get it from the insides of waterpipes. By the way, where do you come from?"

"Fitzroy!" replied Hector.

"Never heard of it," said the wog. "I'm an old Burrinjuck man myself. I was born dammed, so to speak."

"Stop that gabbling and get on with your work!" yelled a voice, and a wog approached waving all its arms at once.

"That's the foreman," whispered Hector's mate. "Ignorant brute, he is. He can only count on his fingers, but as he always forgets to count the fingers on the hand he's counting with he thinks he's got five fingers less than he's got, if you get what I mean."

Kingly Courage

JUST then there was a terrific crash from behind them. "What's that!" exclaimed Hector.

"It's Pneumococci. We call him Cock-Eye for short. He's just smashed the steam hammer. He's always doing it. Hot tempered like most of these Southern Europeans. He'll probably get evaporated for this. Still, I suppose we've all got to go some time or other. Have you ever been drunk?"

"Gracious, no!" said Hector. "I'm only twelve."

"I had a brother once who was drunk—or is it drunk? Anyhow, he found himself in the dark in some strange place, but he settled down and raised a little family of about 60 billion. Just as everything seemed to be going all right down came a deluge of rain, and it kept on coming down until it practically wiped out the whole family. By the way, do you believe in the reincarnation? I mean to say, condensation after evaporation?"

"Yes," said Hector stoutly.

"It's nice to have faith," sighed the wog. "I don't care myself."

All at once there was another

"What do you mean by leering at us?" demanded King Wog.

terrific crash, and the whole steel-works shot into the air.

"I knew that would happen," said Hector's friend.

"An earthquake!" cried Hector, clinging to his friend.

"We've been mopped up. I hope it's a dish-cloth mop-up. Well, I suppose it's down the sink for us. We've still got a rough chance if we can find a clogged drain. Here we go—down the sink—and here comes old King Cold."

"Well, Wogs," he said, "let there be no panic! Remember we've always got a chance in a drain."

All the wogs cheered like mad at this philosophic and courageous speech.

After a couple of minutes, Hector's friend said, "Well, if that's not a bit of luck! We're in the gutter, and we've struck a place where we can stick if we want to."

But Old King Cold had other ideas.

"Come on, men!" he shouted. "All up except those on the reserved list."

And, led by the rich bass voice of the King, they rose up from the gutter singing:

We float through the air with the greatest of ease,
Giving 'em diseases and making 'em sneeze.

We shall waft round the town on each little breeze.

Hooray for our Jolly King Cold!

It was then that little Hector woke up with a stiff neck and was later put to bed with pneumonia, caused, his mother said, through sitting in a draught.

But Hector knew better. A few of his friends had come to board with him for a while.

Personally, I prefer mumps. They're more spectacular.

How does she keep her LOVELY FIGURE

SHE'S the kind of figure which shows off her swim suit to perfection—but once she'd a tendency to put on weight, to lose those graceful lines, until a friend recommended her to take Bile Beans. Now her figure's as lovely and slim as ever it was.

Don't envy her, but get that slim, fashionable figure for yourself by taking Bile Beans nightly. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system, ensure internal health and melt away all surplus fat.

BILE BEANS

IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE WITHOUT DIETING



"As a friend told me that Bile Beans are splendid for eliminating waste fat and keeping one fit I started taking them nightly. My weight reduction has already amounted to 16 pounds and my health is wonderfully improved. I am altogether delighted with Bile Beans."—Mrs. N. Keen.

"I owe my slim figure, clear complexion and youthful appearance to taking Bile Beans regularly. I now enjoy such splendid health that I am able to get full pleasure out of life."—Miss M. C. Windrim.

Your Dog

What are YOU doing to keep him healthy?
He needs a Blood Purifier

regularly every week. Give him
BARKO CONDITION POWDERS



Whenever your dog's coat becomes dull, loose, or ragged—when ever his nose is warm and he is moody, miserable, listless, loses his appetite and is constantly scratching himself—you should lose no time in starting him on a course of BARKO Condition Powders. This is the one sure way of keeping him healthy and fit. BARKO Condition Powders purify the blood and tone up the whole system.



LOOSE COAT

A regularly conditioned dog possesses a dense gleaming coat which reflects his perfect health. If your dog's coat is loose, if he leaves hairs wherever he has been sitting, you can be certain that his health is poor and that his coat is not receiving nourishment from clean, healthy blood. BARKO Condition Powders will quickly remedy this condition, and by purifying his blood will give your dog a beautiful coat within two or three weeks.



WON'T EAT

It is not natural for a dog to refuse food. If your dog won't eat it is a sign that his system is out of order. You can quickly work a happy change in him by giving him a course of BARKO Condition Powders. They will tone up his system and in a few days he will be eating again with his old healthy appetite.

BARKO Condition Powders are an effective tonic and are particularly necessary when a dog is recovering from any sickness or after worming. They are pure, safe, tasteless and easy to give.

BARKO CONDITION POWDERS

Price—1/8 per box of 20 Powders.
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES. 1/15



ARE YOU SURE You're Not Offending?

There is only one way to be sure of your freshness. Prevent underarm perspiration before it starts... Keep the underarm dry! A deodorant that merely takes the odour out of perspiration without checking it—doesn't protect your clothing from ugly stains and that stale, lingering odour. Odorono gently checks underarm perspiration—a habit practiced and recommended by doctors.

ODO-RO-NO



Ugly Pimples Disappeared

HER SKIN NOW CLEAR AND FRESH

"My face and neck were covered with red blotches and pimples," states Miss E.J.D., Wardang Island, S.A. "For years I suffered anaemia, nervousness, bad headaches and tiredness. I had no energy for work or pleasure. My color was pale and skin blemishes were unsightly. I tried many blood tonics without avail.

"At last I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking a few bottles I noticed with delight that my skin was clearing and the headaches were less frequent. Now, after a short course of these splendid pills, my skin is quite clear of blotches and pimples and I have gained a natural color. The headaches and tired feeling have completely gone. I feel full of energy and my nerves are fine."

A natural rosy complexion free from vexatious blemishes, sparkling eyes and abundant energy are a few of the rich gifts of good health that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give to young girls and women. These pills always help to enrich the blood, which is the secret of their universal success. If your blood is poor, your head and back ache and your skin is full of blemishes, your urgent need is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle.

Bring your crochet TO LIFE with—

COATS' MERCER-CROCHET

IN WHITE AND OVER 30 FAST-COLORS.

Your local needlework shop will show you instruction leaflets with many easy-to-make designs.

MC5

What Women Are Doing

In Ballet Abroad

MISS DOROTHY HUTCHINSON, talented young Melbourne dancer now abroad, has just completed a season as solo dancer in the ballet at the Nice Opera House. She was engaged by Borokin, who visited Australia with the last Russian ballet.

For the Christmas season Miss Hutchinson has been engaged to dance, play second lead, and understudy the principal in the pantomime at Glasgow.

Before going abroad three years ago she possessed a small but charming soprano voice, and on arrival in London immediately began studying with the late Ann Williams, and made two appearances as a singer under her wing.

Awarded Red Cross Medal For Long Service

RECENTLY Miss Emily Gore, of Brisbane, was awarded the Red Cross medal for 21 years' service.

During the war Miss Gore worked as a member of a Voluntary Aid Detachment at the Kangaroo Point and Rosemount Hospitals for Returned Soldiers, and has continued this work ever since.

For the last four years Miss Gore has been on the executive committee of the Junior Red Cross in Brisbane.



Miss Gore.—Portrait

Helped Arrange Wildflower Show

SEVERAL South Australian women have been receiving congratulations on the part they played in connection with the recent wildflower show in the Adelaide Town Hall. Among them was Miss Constance Eardley, curator of the herbarium in the Department of Botany at the University of Adelaide. Miss Eardley, a youthful scientist, was in charge of the Waite Agricultural Research Institute exhibit.

The Malacological Society of S.A. contributed another interesting exhibit arranged by two women, Mrs. G. Edmeades and Miss C. Pea. Included in this display was a portion of the collection of Mrs. L. Elliott, who is recognised as having perhaps the largest private collection of shells in South Australia.

Organising Pageant Depicting History of Nursing

MEMBERS of the Florence Nightingale International Appeal Committee in Melbourne have decided to present next March a pageant of nursing, depicting by means of tableaux and pageants the history of nursing in Victoria.

President of the committee is Miss E. Conyers, Matron-in-Chief of Army nurses during the war, and Miss E. Lang, of Epworth, is honorary secretary.

Metropolitan training schools for nurses, including the Alfred, Royal Melbourne, Children's, Women's and other hospitals, are co-operating, and each has been asked to prepare a history from the time of its foundation to the present day.

TO LIVE IN CANBERRA

AN interesting new-comer to Canberra is Mrs. R. R. Sedgwick, wife of the new official secretary to Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, High Commissioner to the United Kingdom in Australia. Mrs. Sedgwick holds an arts degree in English literature and languages.

She was a member of the Economic Intelligence Department of the Bank of New South Wales in London until a few months before leaving for Australia.

She is keen about amateur theatricals, tennis, and golf.

Takes Active Interest in Hospital and Welfare Work

AS far as equipment and work go, Australian hospitals have no need to be ashamed of their standards, according to Lady Leitch, one of Victoria's pioneer women doctors, who has just returned from a tour abroad.

While in England Lady Leitch revisited many leading hospitals with whose work she was familiar during Sir Walter Leitch's term of office some years ago as Agent-General for Victoria.

Lady Leitch has always kept up her interest in medical and hospital work and is a member of the executive committee of the board of management of the Women's Hospital, Melbourne, one of the largest hospitals managed by women in the southern hemisphere. She is also on the committee of the Victorian Baby Health Association.

Secretary of Art And Literary Circles

ONCE a year members of the Art Circle of the Brisbane Women's Club organise a function to raise funds for the purchase of a picture or piece of pottery, the work of a Queensland artist, which afterwards beautifies the club rooms.



Mrs. Cress.—Bridget Riley

Mrs. J. R. Cress, of Brisbane, is secretary of this circle. Mrs. Cress is also honorary secretary of the Discussion Circle, one of the liveliest activities of the club, members of which meet once a month for keen discussions on various subjects previously chosen by ballot.

The Dickens Fellowship is another of Mrs. Cress' interests. For it is an essay convener. The fellowship runs two essay competitions a year, one for members and their children and the other for pupils of all Queensland schools. This latter is quite an undertaking, as sometimes there are more than 100 entries. For the last three years Mrs. Cress has been class secretary for Professor Scott Fletcher's philosophy and psychology class in Brisbane.

Obtained Certificates For Almoner Training

FINAL certificates for almoner training were awarded to Misses Marjorie Carr, A. Wyndham, and Barbara Johnson at the recent first annual meeting of the New South Wales Institute of Almoners. These newly-fledged almoners have all received hospital appointments.

An evidence of growing interest in the work of almoners, it was mentioned that three of Sydney's hospitals already employing almoners had decided to increase their staffs, and that several hospitals were considering the establishment of such departments when trained and experienced almoners were available.

Miss Helen Rees, almoner in charge of training, spoke of the importance of an intellectual background based on a study of social sciences to support the practical work almoners were required to do.

Formed Music Club in Melbourne

ABOUT three months ago two Melbourne girls, Miss Lesbia Dobson and Miss Rene Morrissey, both members of the National Theatre, Melbourne, decided to form a music club to encourage the knowledge of musical form and history, and the lives and works of the great masters.



Miss Dobson.—Ronald Kaiser

Called the Glynn Rhoyn, the club is making good progress, and already has a small chamber orchestra.

Miss Dobson, who lectures on Musical Appreciation at the National Theatre, arranges the programmes, and Miss Morrissey is the pianist.

Attended Wounded Under Fire

WHEN acting as ship's surgeon on a Norwegian boat, an Australian woman, Mrs. Laurence Nash, was the heroine of a Spanish War incident. Off the coast of Spain the ship on which she was travelling with her baby daughter from Hongkong to England was attacked by an aeroplane using bombs and machine-guns.

With the rest of the passengers Mrs. Nash was down in the saloon. Then one of the crew was wounded and she rushed up on deck to attend him. "I was nearly killed," Mrs. Nash said, in describing the incident on her recent arrival back in Australia, "but after all I was the ship's surgeon and I had to go up."

Mrs. Nash, who was formerly Dr. Gwen Bradley, of Sydney, has lived in China since her marriage. She did Government and Public Health work in Hongkong. Her husband, Rev. Mr. Nash, has been appointed secretary of the Church Missionary Society in Melbourne.

Interested in Women's Organisations

AN American visitor much interested in Australian women's organisations is Mrs. S. R. Harlow, wife of Professor Harlow, Professor of Religion and Biblical Literature at Smith College, Massachusetts. Mrs. Harlow is a graduate of Radcliffe College, U.S.A., and president of a section of the League of Women Voters in the United States.

While in Adelaide she addressed a gathering of the Women's Non-Party League members and attended the recent conference on International Relations held at Mt. Lofty.

Enthusiastic Worker For Day Nurseries

AN enthusiastic worker for the Day Nursery Association in Sydney is Miss Clarice White, formerly of Brisbane but who now lives in the New South Wales capital. She is a member of the Forest Lodge Day Nursery committee, and as a member of the house committee assists with the checking of accounts and the supervision of the food which is prescribed by a dietitian.



Miss White.—Noel Maitland

Miss White gives one day a week to helping at the tuck shop at the Technical College, which the Day Nurseries run with voluntary help.

In Brisbane Miss White was interested in Red Cross work. She was a member of the staff of the society and president of the Junior Red Cross link.



Michel

Good Enough To Eat!

★ Of course you really wouldn't eat a lipstick. But certainly you want one that's pure and good enough to eat!

MICHEL Lipstick passes every test for purity and quality. You know it's superior because it spreads evenly—because it gives a feeling of freshness to the lips—because its colors are clear. Michel chemists leave no stone unturned in testing and checking the quality of the ingredients that make this famous lipstick pure enough to eat.

6 ENTRANCING SHADES

Blonde : Cherry : Vivid
Copacabana : Raspberry : Scarlet
ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Relief from PILES



Thousands of sufferers have found quick and lasting relief from this distressing affliction by the use of Rexona Ointment. The soothing medications reduce the inflammation and provided a course of laxative is taken with the Rexona treatment a complete cure will result except in such rare cases as require surgical treatment. The regular use of Rexona Soap, containing the same mild but effective medications as the Ointment, is recommended for bathing.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMISTS' OR STORE NOW!

LOSE UGLY FAT LIKE SHE DID

"I feel so pleased with YOUTH-O-FORM that I must write and thank you," says Miss D.E.C. in her letter. "My legs and butt were so ugly fat and a huge nuisance. My skin made my face look fat and ugly. I was wearing the nice rounded figure of a friend of mine, and she laughed and told me how fat she used to be until she took YOUTH-O-FORM. She praised it so much that I determined to try it myself, and it is all she claims for it—and lots more. The ugly fat has disappeared from my thighs and chest, and people are telling me how much better I look. I am delighted with the change YOUTH-O-FORM has made to me." Don't suffer the discomfort of obesity. Redness by this simple, pleasant, natural way. A capsule of famous

YOUTH-O-FORM at bedtime banishes ugly fat. No nasty salts, no starvation diet.

DOCTORS AND ALL GOOD CHEMISTS & C O M M E N D

Full 8 weeks' Treatment 20/- 10-day Carton 5/6

YOUTH-O-FORM



A Great Recovery

—AFTER A HARD GAME

Vickers restores lost energy after a long game in the sun, makes you feel fresh and eager again.

A delicious Vickers long-drink for tennis parties is "Vickers Sunshine," as served at one of Australia's most exclusive Golf Clubs. It's made like this:—Take 1 measure of Vickers Gin, and add 1 measure Italian-type Vermouth, 2 measures Orange Juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ measure Grenadine, $\frac{1}{2}$ measure Lemonade, and $\frac{1}{2}$ measure Soda, then shake well and serve iced in long glasses . . . at your next tennis party! What a success the party will be!

For booklet of twenty other invigorating long-drink and cocktail recipes, send one penny stamp to The United Distillers Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box No. 759, Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, C.I.

VICKERS GIN

FAMOUS
SINCE
1750





Reviewed by . . .
ESME FENSTON

You can't blame the author who is also a doctor for writing a book about doctoring. It's certain to sell.

WE all itch to know what goes on in the medical mind behind the non-committal cough and the guarded utterances that are all we get in return for the most palpitating confidences.

So when a doctor writes a book about doctors we rush it in the hope of getting more for our half-guinea than we fancy we've ever received in the consulting room.

These morbid expectations are not fulfilled in Francis Brett Young's latest novel, "Dr. Bradley Remembers."

It's a marathon of memory—745 pages, of which about 250 are superfluous—but it's quite innocent of medical sensation.

This tale is a monument to mediocrity.

Francis Brett Young is doubtless justified in giving us a sympathetic picture of the hard-working, long-suffering general practitioner. The poor old "G.P." has been the target for considerable sharp-shooting.

But, while admitting the virtues and values of such worthy men, we cannot help but be more fascinated by the side of medicine represented in the book by Martin Lacey, Dr. Bradley's friend.

Martin Lacey is inspired by the white-hot passion of scientific research.

Not for him the plodding service of general practice, nor the joys and sorrows of family life.

He is the essential scientist, and as he pops in and out of Dr. Bradley's memory he tantalises us with the thought that to follow his saga

of surgery would be more fun than following that of John Bradley's worthy but dull dispensing.

We may admire Bradley, but we can't be thrilled by him.

We are introduced to a Dr. Bradley, of the ripe old age of 75, on the evening before a brisk young purchaser of his practice takes over.

Sitting in reverie before his fire he harks back to childhood, and then traverses the years of happiness, struggle, and tragedy which have brought him to the quiet wisdom and resigned peace of old age.

The Tale Dawdles

THE book suffers greatly from this method of treatment. Every scene is tinged with the gentle melancholy of old age, and the figure of the nodding old man walks beside his youthful counterpart all the way.

And they walk at the pace of a fireside reverie.

The book lacks the stimulation always to be found in accounts of current medical problems.

But distant echoes of controversies over the innovations of Pasteur and Lister have their interest. Con-



GILBERT FRANKAU, whose latest novel is "Royal Regiment." The tale is all about the love of a Major for his Colonel's wife, and it is written with the customary Frankau finish.

sider this revealing picture of an operating theatre of the time:

"There was only one theatre at the Prince's in those days; a small room, with a wooden floor sprinkled with sawdust, and whitewashed, unwashable walls.

"No running water was laid on." The surgeon and dressers could wash their hands or their instruments, if they were so minded, in the basins of lukewarm water faintly purpled with Condy's fluid, which stood on a long side-table.

"Attached to the wall next the fire, in front of which Cartwright (the surgeon) would stand and flap his coat-tails until the patient was 'under', ran a line of hooks, from one of which was suspended his operating-coat, an old garment . . . threadbare with ten years of use . . . in the pocket of which he kept the favorite scalpels and bistouries, which the theatre-sister had wiped moderately clean after the last operation. . . .

"While he operated he snorted and muttered through his moustache over the wound. When he wanted to tie a cut artery the house-surgeon would hand him a length of silk or whipcord, a wisp of which he always carried in his buttonhole."

Is it any wonder that patients in

those days turned pale at the prospect of an operation? One in three died. That was considered a satisfactory average!

"Dr. Bradley Remembers," by Francis Brett Young, Heinemann, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Books in Brief

THERE is real beauty in the writing of "Images in a Mirror" by Sigrid Undset. It is the study of one woman, with the distillation of youth's fine hopes for its theme and its mood a sad one. There is a laughter in this story, but there is a delicate balance indicative of an artist at work. (Cassell).

FIVE children stand and watch before the "Wooden Angel," the figurehead of an old ship standing in an English harbor town. Tradition has it such wishes come true. In "The Wooden Angel," Julia Forest traces the course of the lives of the five, and though smothering sudden death, and lots of love are included the book is a dull one (Hodder & Stoughton).

£150 in PRIZES
Tek Smile
COMPETITION

If YOU CAN SMILE YOU CAN WIN!

Smile your way to a prize. All you need do is send in your photograph—either snapshot, professional, or Leicagraph photo—as instructed in the entry form and you may win. There are three sections—men, women, and children—and anyone may win. In addition to the main prizes there are prizes for the best photographs received each month.

Get your entry form and full particulars from your chemist now and enter for the TEK SMILE COMPETITION.



Tek the best
TOOTHBRUSH money
can buy

TEK's short curved-out head is shaped to fit everywhere in your mouth. It cleans every tooth, leaves every crevice clean and safe. TEK has better shape and better bristles that keep active after long hard use. Six colours. Bristles hard or medium. 1/6 (extra hard 1/9).



1/6

ENTER NOW AND WIN THE ADDITIONAL MONTHLY PRIZES . . .

IN THREE SECTIONS: MEN WOMEN & CHILDREN

For Summer Bedgood's New Punchings

Coolness and comfort without loss of dash and style are the outstanding features of the newest Summer designs by Bedgood. Here are two models selected from the wide range of styles. If you have difficulty in obtaining the models you require write to Bedgoods, Agnes St., East Melbourne or Grace Building, Sydney, who will advise where they can be obtained.



6862 (at left). A genuine White Turkey Pigskin shoe model punched right through. Art leather heel. Price 10s.

6863 (at right). An attractive new Buck court model also punched through for coolness. Soft toe for comfort, high heel made on the popular Leda last.



Bedgood



Australian Hostesses In London Society



LADY FORTARLINGTON, who was formerly Miss Winnifreda Ysill, is an intimate friend of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, whose home in Belgrave Square is near here.



LADY MILBANKE, formerly Miss Sheila Chisholm, of Sydney, revisited Australia last year. She is also a friend of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.



LADY ST. DAVIDS, formerly Miss Doreen Jowett, of Melbourne, is one of the youngest Peeresses in the realm. Although married only a few months ago, she is fast becoming a leading London hostess.



LADY DOVERDALE, who married Lord Doverdale in 1933, was Audrey Pointing, of Sydney. Her week-end parties at Westwood Park are famous.



THE BEAUTIFUL silver-haired Lady Furness was formerly Miss Enid Lindeman. Her favorite entertainments are the house parties which she gives in her country home.



THE COUNTESS OF BECTIVE was Miss Elsie Tucker, of Sydney. This season she is entertaining a great deal at dances and house parties for her son, Sir Rupert Clarke, who has just gone up to Oxford. Her first husband was the late Sir Rupert Clarke.

THE RANEE OF PUDEKOTA, formerly Miss Molly Fink, of Melbourne, is seen here wearing her famous pearl necklace, valued at £20,000, and earrings worth £20,000. She entertains on a lavish scale.

Command Performance

Continued from Page 5

It was two hours later when he ran down the hill and crossed the brook. In his pocket he carried scraps of paper scrawled with themes. He banged across the plank, whistling, watching the clear, cool gurgling stream as he crossed.

Suddenly he became aware of somebody in front of him. He looked up. It was a girl.

Flushed and exalted and unself-conscious, John Linden stopped, and, lost for words, stared at the girl.

She wore a smock, and she was bare-legged, her sturdy feet hardly protected by gaping sandals. She was strong and shapely, with the unconscious grace of an animal.

The girl dropped her eyes, abashed by the man's bright gaze. He remembered, and became the urbane civilised man again.

"Good morning, I'm not trespassing. I'm John Linden."

"Yes, I know. I saw you go out. I'm Annette."

"Oh! You were only a child when I came here last."

The girl blushed again.

"Yes, I was three. I remember you a little."

John laughed.

"Really? It must seem an eternity to you. It makes me feel an old man."

Annette laughed, too.

"I came to get the butter for your breakfast."

"Do you still keep it where your mother used to?"

"Yes, in the well."

She smiled at him and went down to the stream. A tiny reed-fringed cavity in the bank revealed a bubbling spring. Quite hidden by overhanging grass was a shelf.

She reached down, carelessly standing in the stream, and brought out a slab of butter on a dish.

He took it from her. Dish and butter were ice-cold. Together they walked up the slope to the house.

"When last I heard of you," said John, "you were at college, nearby."

Your father wrote and told us that you were studying for . . . well, he didn't seem sure what."

Annette laughed and flung back her wind-blown hair with a toss of her head.

"Daddy has a very vague idea of it all. I wanted to be a teacher."

But I soon tired of the ways of the older girls; they were so stupid, so sure of everything, so earnest and pedantic."

She looked at him, her eyes shining: "I love this life. I love the early mornings; the work late on summer evenings. I love the animals, too."

She stopped suddenly, then called shrilly: "Choo-kee! Choo-kee!"

From far down the field came, in answer, a long-drawn bleat.

"You see—he knows me," she said and laughed gaily.

She fondled an inquisitive pony, and they went through the farm-yard gate.

"Do you love it, even in winter?" asked John rather lamely.

"Of course! If you love the country you love it all the time. It's like loving a person; even if the person's cross and sulky, and black-tempered, you can't help loving him . . ."

She skipped off. She reached the kitchen, then turned back quickly.

"My butter!"

She ran back, took the dish from John, laughed and blushed, and hurried into the kitchen. Half-a-dozen fluttering geese scattered and shot out-of-doors as she cried "Shoo!" to them.

AS he walked to the terrace gate John heard the rattling of pails in the cowshed, and the hiss of the milk. The sun was warm now, and he stood, legs apart, on the little terrace. Then he went through the porch and along the cool passage. He glanced into the dining-room. Mrs. Withycombe, the farmer's wife, neat, grey-haired, and toll-worn, was laying the breakfast.

John went upstairs. He went into his bedroom. Mary was still asleep. He found his pipe and lighted it.

He walked over to his drawer, found some sheets of music paper, and, spreading them on a little table in the corner of the room, he began to sketch out ideas for orchestrating the melodies.

He had been working for an hour when his wife awoke. She blinked drowsily.

"What are you doing now?" she asked, a little acidly.

"Writing music," he said.

"Oh!"

There was a tap at the door. The farmer's wife came in, bearing a large tray with silver teapot, immense jug of creamy milk, and large cups of good china.

She said "Good morning!" in a bright voice, and, leaving the tray, went out. John and Mary drank their tea, he still scribbling, she sitting up in bed wearing a silk bed-jacket.

"Where have you been?"

"Walking. I met Annette. You remember her—only a kid when we were here last."

"She must be twenty-three, now," commented Mary, and lost interest in the subject.

John finished his tea, and, gathering up his sheets, said:

"I'll wait for you downstairs, Mary."

Mary nodded, her mouth full of biscuit.

John went down, and entered the dining-room.

Three-quarters of an hour passed before Mary opened the door. She

TEACUPS

I know these fragile things have known

The delicate caress

Of someone with unpainted lips.

Who wore a long, hooped dress . . .

She held them in her mittened hands

As gently as a flower,

And softly breathed her secrets sweet.

At every teacup hour . . .

I know their lovely misty-blue

Was taken from her eyes;

They heard her trilling laughter

And soothed her weary sighs . . .

So . . . I shall pack them far away

That they may hear no more

The chatter unfamiliar

Of golf and bridge—at four.

—JO. HOWARTH

was dressed smartly in marked contrast to her husband in his grey slacks and khaki shirt, and looked very handsome.

When breakfast was over, John walked to the window. There he turned.

"Mary," he said, "I'd like to go for a long walk to-day."

She looked up from the paper.

"Why? I thought you'd come here for a rest."

"Oh, I suppose the country has got into my bones."

Mary looked peevish.

"Where, pray, are we going?"

"You need not come, my dear."

"Oh, I'll humor you this once," said Mary, returning to the paper.

They set out an hour later. The sun shone hotly, but the wind was freshening, and a purple bank of cloud lay like distant mountains.

Mary shivered slightly.

"I don't think we ought to go, John. It will rain."

"No. Come along," said John, obstinate as a schoolboy when he had set his heart on a project.

They walked steadily for two hours. The sky became overcast.

Mary began to limp and complain.

"You should put on sensible shoes for walking, my dear," said John, who was glowing, and was not feeling sympathetic.

They had lunch at a farm. In the afternoon, they continued their walk. Suddenly from the sudden sky there was a downpour of rain. There was no house near. They were both soaked before they could reach a clump of trees.

Please turn to Page 20

FREE! 1938 PONTIAC SEDAN



We have selected this big, beautifully streamlined six cylinder Pontiac Sedan for our first prize because we consider it the very latest word in mechanical perfection and beauty of design.

REGISTERED FOR ONE YEAR

AND 111 CASH PRIZES!

2nd prize: £100, 3rd prize: £50

Best Girl's Entry (under 16 years):

1st: £10, 2nd: £3, 3rd: £2

Best Boy's Entry (under 16 years):

1st: £10, 2nd: £3, 3rd: £2

Best Entry (over 60 years):

1st: £20, 2nd: £5, 3rd: £3

and 100 Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

WIN! START NOW!

Think of it—a brand new 1938 Pontiac Sedan, just waiting for someone to drive it away. Why not you! And £308 in cash prizes too. Just a few words from you might do it!

2 simple conditions—

that's all!

1. Just write your TITLE under the picture of this advertisement. Fill in the address form with your name and address, etc., and pin it to your entry or entries together with the required number of labels. (See Condition No. 2.)

2. Any person may forward any number of entries provided each attempt is accompanied by a label from a 2-oz. jar of Vegemite. Two or more 1-oz. jar labels are not acceptable. The label from a 4-oz. jar entitles you to send in five entries, and the label from an 8-oz. jar entitles you to send in four entries.

Competition Closes

5th December

This Competition will close on 5th December, 1938, at 5 p.m. The Competition will be judged in the presence of the press by the official adjudicators, who will be the Managing Director of the Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd., and the Advertising Director of the Australian Women's Weekly. Winners will be announced in the Melbourne Herald, Sun Pictorial and Argus, the Sydney Morning Herald, and the Daily Sun on December 14. Also in the Australian Women's Weekly on December 23.



There's nothing to it! Here's an example: "He'll lose more than one limb soon!"

Write your titles here:

★ Important! It is unnecessary to include the word "Vegemite" in your title.

SEND THE LABEL—SEE RULE No. 2

If the label does not pull away smoothly, stand the jar in water for several minutes. Mark your envelope "VEGEMITE 'Give It a Name' COMPETITION"—and address: G.P.O. Box 1988, Melbourne, C.I., Victoria, or G.P.O. Box 4201XX, Sydney, N.S.W. I am enclosing my entry(ies) with the requisite Vegemite label(s) as per condition No. 2. I agree to abide by the judges' decision as final and legally binding.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

AGE

SEX

V&A

WON £500 IN 1st VEGEMITE "GIVE IT A NAME" COMPETITION.

"I could hardly believe my eyes when I read the telegram" says Mr. W. Milne of 9 Vernon Road, Wangaratta, Victoria. "But there it was. I actually won the first prize of £500 in the Vegemite 'Give It a Name' Contest. That was my lucky day, all right!"





Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, joins up with
GRUNTZ: Theatrical producer, and becomes star turn
 of his revue. He befriends
MARY: Penniless dancer, and gets her a job in the revue.
 By his attentions to Mary he arouses the jealousy of
LILLI: Temperamental torch-singer, whose boy-friend,

THE STORY SO FAR:

NORVELL: Has the knife-throwing act in the revue. He
 in turn is embittered against Mandrake, and helps
SHORTY AND SLIM: Two ruffians, to kidnap him. Lothar
 comes to Mandrake's rescue and Shorty and Slim are
 put in gaol. Norvell takes fright and is caught by
 Mary and Lilli cracking Gruntz's safe for money for
 a getaway. To hide this crime, he kidnaps the two
 girls. NOW READ ON.



Mandrake Book, now on sale, contains 72 pages, 1303 pictures. Price 1/-. All Newsagents.

ACID STOMACH

First Dose Gives INSTANT RELIEF



If you are suffering after-meal penalties—heartburn, sour, acid stomach, gripping pains and a wretched feeling of semi-suffocation, you must not neglect these symptoms or you may be faced with the danger of dyspepsia or gastritis.

Here's the quickest and surest way to end indigestion and the pain and danger caused by acid stomach. Start with De Witt's Antacid Powder at once. The first dose gives instant relief and before long you have ended indigestion misery for good.

The two letters given here afford proof positive that with De Witt's Antacid Powder there is no long waiting to see results. This fine remedy for indigestion gives quick, lasting benefit, as letters such as the following prove.

ONE DOSE LED TO PERMANENT BENEFIT

Mr. L. A. Carlson, of 3 De Lisle Street, North Fremantle, writes: "I have been a sufferer from excessive acid in the stomach with bad burning pains. I received a small supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder, and after taking one dose I had instant relief. I have used two tins of the remedy and have not been troubled with stomach complaint since, in fact, I have never enjoyed such good health."

ONE DOSE ENDED THREE YEARS' SUFFERING

Mr. F. O. Smith, of 23 Dorking Street, Cabarita, Victoria, writes: "Having suffered from indigestion, heartburn and dizziness for the past three years, tried everything, with no results, I thought I was just about done. I gave De Witt's Antacid Powder a trial and the first dose gave me immediate relief. I am now able to do work which I could not do before, and get a wonderful night's rest—all thanks to De Witt's Antacid Powder."

De Witt's Antacid Powder is the finest remedy for acid stomach and all digestive troubles because it—(1) Protects the stomach wall. (2) Neutralises acidity. (3) Actually helps to digest food. (4) Heals and strengthens the weakest of disordered digestive organs.

TAKE DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation and Gastritis.

Of all chemists, in the famous sky-blue canisters, price 2/6

Friday night duty...



for
all the
week
beauty

Settings Made Easy!

You can give your hair a perfect setting at home, easily, quickly, inexpensively with a few drops of Amami Wave Set. Simple instructions with the bottle will help you hit the top note in fashionable hair-dressing.

AMAMI WAVE SET

★ If unable to obtain Amami products please write to Geo. Ripley & Co., Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney.

There's real loveliness for your hair in a regular Amami Shampoo. Prove it! Have your first Amami Shampoo to-night. Notice how fresh your scalp feels; how gloriously your hair shines; how perfectly it sets afterwards. 47 health and beauty ingredients in every Amami Shampoo account for Amami's 30 years world-wide success. If you are Brunette use Amami No. 1. If you are Blonde, use Amami No. 5.

AMAMI SHAMPOOS

★ FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT ★

Command Performance

Continued from Page 18

THE rain forced its way through the leaves and dripped on them. Mary, in her thin frock, became chilled. The rain ceased suddenly.

"I'm going back," she said, stepping out of the reach of the sodden, dripping branches.

"But, Mary..."

"I'm cold. I'm going now."

She set off in a high temper. At a village nearby, they caught a local bus to the market-town, and another which left them within a quarter of a mile of the farm.

When they reached the house, the farmer's wife bustled about in concern. Mary had begun to shiver violently, and the old lady ushered her up to bed. Mary dried herself on a big towel, grumbling at the absence of a bathroom. For the second time that day, husband and wife drank tea together.

John, seated at the little table, wrote down the music that still rose and sang in him. He ruled sheets swiftly, scribbling in his thronging interplay of instruments. He was absorbed, yet all the time conscious of the teeming life outside the window.

The rain had ceased. Every blade of grass glistened. Slow drops gathered on the eaves, and fell swiftly. Freshness and fragrance rose like perfume in the golden evening. The birds in the orchard trees twittered and trilled.

Suddenly, John asked himself passionately how he had ever endured twenty years of life without this. Here was life, full, simple, direct, ecstatic. He stood up and looked from the window.

He was still watching as dusk sobered all the hues of the valley. He lighted the lamp, absorbed in a little living pool of light.

"I suppose they'll have electricity here soon," said Mary, watching him fumbling with the lamp-glass.

"H'm! I suppose so."

He placed the lamp, turned up the flame, and, as Mary settled herself to read again, he went out quickly. He felt his way down the stairs in the darkness, and trod softly along the passage. He stood on the terrace, and looked on the valley. All its glowing colors were subdued to pastel shades. He rounded the ivied wall, and loitered by the farmyard gate.

The sounds of the farm were dying down to faint clucks and grunts. Occasionally a bird twittered a solitary night greeting from behind him. Near the cow-house a big dog leaped forward and crouched by his foot. He turned his head. Annette was standing there. She was holding a huge boot, scraping the mud from it with a knife.

"The men had to give up cutting to-day," she said.

He nodded. He was still staring at barn and hill, watching them as they became vaguer, the grey turning to the deep purple of a summer night. He breathed in the fragrance of night and rain-washed earth.

"This is beautiful," he said.

She had been watching his profile.

"Do you love it, too?" she asked softly.

"Yes. Why shouldn't I?"

"I had a different idea of you."

"How?"

"Oh, I have heard you on the wireless, and read all about your triumphs. I imagined you slim and slinky with crinkled, black hair. Something like a hothouse plant, unable to live in a cold wind out-of-doors."

He laughed.

"Annette, I've been dead for twenty years. I don't know how I've existed without all this beauty. D'you know, Annette, I used once to think I should be a great composer."

"Oh, I know that," she said.

John looked at her in sudden surprise. In the dimness of remaining light he saw her blush, and her eyes shone. Then she looked down and spoke slowly, chipping away big flakes of half-dried mud.

"You see, Mr. Linden, you wrote a piece of music when you were here last; it was called 'The Silent Hill.' I found it in our drawing-room and managed to play it when I'd deciphered the notes. It was a dreadful scrawl. Mother said you wrote it one evening sitting in the porch with your hair falling over your eyes."

John laughed. Annette made one last flick at the boot and banded it on the low wall. Then she picked up a big iron pail standing nearby and went in.

John lighted his pipe and strolled over to the door of the dairy. In the passage was the long iron handle of the well. Annette clattered the pail down under the nozzle.

"Shall I draw it for you?" asked John.

"If you like."

He raised and lowered the heavy handle, while the water shot in gushes into the pail. The wide stone-floored dairy had two large coppers. On them four flat pans, filled with milk, were warming. Annette looked at them and returned.

"Cream for your lunch to-morrow," she said.

The kitchen door opened. Mrs. Withycombe called in her gentle voice: "Annette!"

"Yes, mother?"

The old lady stood in the doorway. She saw John.

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Linden! How is your wife?"

"Better, thank you."

"Won't you come in?"

John walked into the kitchen. The lamps made islands of yellow light in its brown darkness.

The men were at the table. A loaf of bread was there, a huge piece of cheese, a jug of home-made cider. In an open fireplace burned crackling logs. Bacon hung from the rafters; two hares were slung on a chair. Three dogs slept on the stone floor.

John sat with the farmer, his son and his men at the bare table. The old lady hovered near her guest a little nervously.

"Shall I lay your supper, sir?"

"May I stay here? And have the same as the other men?"

"Yes, Mr. Linden, yes."

John ate his bread and cheese and drank his cider. He talked with the men; they were lean and brown, and spoke with the deep burr of the countryside.

ALL the time John was conscious of Annette. She moved swiftly, serving the men, building the fire, attending to the bread in the oven. John watched her as she carried out a tray with his wife's supper. She was so graceful, so sure of herself, yet without coquetry or vanity.

Her mother saw the glance, and said:

"She's a good girl, Mr. Linden."

"Yes," said John, "I see that. By the way, Annette told me that you still have that piano piece I wrote when I was here last."

"Yes, yes," said the old lady, eagerly. "Now, wouldn't you like to play the piano? I had it tuned specially."

"I would," said John.

Rising, he bade good-night to the company, and followed the farmer's wife. She put the big lamp in the drawing-room. It was a small room; there was an old rosewood piano, a table and a few chairs. On the table were some scraps of cloth and sewing materials.

She dusted the keys and went out. She returned.

"Do you mind if I leave the door open a little? We'd like to hear you."

John began dreamily caressing the keys. Some scraps of his exultant musings of the morning returned. He began to hear it all, orchestrated as he wanted it. He commenced to extemporise in the inspired manner of composers, performing miracles of fingering, hearing, not ivory communicating with wire, but the fearless braggadocio of trombones, the love strains of oboes, the ripple of the harp.

He exulted as he played. It had all come back to him. Twenty years had fallen from his shoulders and he was a young man again.

He ceased, and walked to the window.

The door opened. "Why did you stop?"

"I have to stop sometimes."

Please turn to Page 28

Here is the golden rule to follow in buying gifts for women

Buy something that every woman loves... buy Charmosan 1938 Christmas gift caskets, for you know the name Charmosan means something pretty important to millions of women and that the face cream, powder and hand lotion are thrillingly acceptable to them, be they 17 or 70.

Think how you yourself get a kick out of receiving the sort of present you want, then reverse the process and figure out how the woman you are going to buy presents for this year will get a kick out of these lovely Charmosan 1938 Xmas gift caskets.

It's a mighty big relief this year to be able to go into any chemist, draper's or store and buy these Charmosan gifts and know that "chewing over the matter" of what to buy is a thing of the past.

The caskets this year are covered with the very latest papers from Paris—the last word in smartness indeed. The cream, powder and hand lotion need no introduction—they are the World's best.

So winter along to your retailer and see the 1938 Charmosan gift caskets.

Give Charmosan 1938 Christmas gift caskets

NO STYLISH CLOTHES WOULD FIT HER

So Fat She Looked Enormous

She couldn't wear anything pretty for nothing smart would fit her. She tried ordinary "salts" without avail. At last, a friend persuaded her to try Kruschen, and—well, read her letter—

"A few months ago, I weighed 11 stone 2 lbs. and my height is 5 ft. 6 in. I really had got 'enormous.' It was impossible for me to walk into a shop and buy anything really pretty to wear. One day, a friend said, 'Why don't you start taking Kruschen?' I replied, 'haven't I been taking salts for months?' 'I know you have,' she said, 'but not Kruschen Salts, which makes all the difference.' She was so serious I bought a bottle on my way home. I am so happy to tell you I weigh 11 stone 1 lb. I am naturally a large person, but I found that as I gradually lost weight, I got more and more energetic."

Before the first bottle of Kruschen is finished, the fat starts to go. The month after month, the scales tell the same story—a few pounds less of superfluous flesh to burden the body and endanger the health.

Try This for Seven Days for Eczema

Thousands of people who suffer from itching skin, Eczema, and unsightly eruptions will be glad to know that Moore's Emerald Oil, the clean, powerful, penetrating, antiseptic oil, will banish their trouble in seven days or less.

For years you may have been using ointments and salves and while these helped to relieve the itching, soreness, and pain, they often choked the pores and did not allow the poisonous matter to escape.

Moore's Emerald Oil overcomes this objection for the oil penetrates down through the pores to the cause of the trouble and leaves the pores open and free to discharge all poisonous secretions. Emerald Oil is highly concentrated and only a few drops are required at an application. You can get it at any progressive chemist's, and if it doesn't end your trouble in seven days the cost is promptly returned.

BABY NEEDS

soothing, creamy-lathered olive oil soap... doctors, clinics and nurses recommend Castile No. 4. It prevents chafing or rawness, banishes cradle-cap and dandruff, keeps the skin supple and smooth. Castile No. 4 is the SAFE soap to use.

CASTILE N° 4
GENUINE OLIVE OIL SOAP, APPROVED BY THE BRITISH PHARMACOPEIA

THE MOVIE WORLD

November 12, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1. INTRODUCING the "Yam," new dance sensation. Executed in the rooms of Dr. Astaire, psychiatrist and hypnotist.

2. RALPH BELLAMY loses some of his inhibitions, while Jack Carson, Astaire's assistant, restrains him.

3. THE STARS in serious mood. Despite hypnosis, they fall in love.



4. GINGER holds hands with Bellamy, whom, under hypnotic influence, she consents to marry.

5. INDUCED by Bellamy to visit Dr. Astaire for treatment, Ginger shows herself sceptical.

6. BELLAMY attempts to reason with the hypnotised Ginger. Paul Guilfoyle looks on.

Moviedom Gossip

From JOHN B. DAVIES, and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood

Costing for Kipling

IDA LUPINO and Ray Milland, both British, draw the major roles in Paramount's screen version of Kipling's "The Light That Failed."

Ida, who has been ill for many months, seems to be coming to the fore again, for she has also signed for the feminine lead in "Duke of West Point" opposite her off-screen boy friend, Louis Hayward.

Louis plays the ice-skater role Jack Dunn was preparing for just prior to his tragic death.

Sub-Deb. Discovery

M-G-M. lost no time in signing up Loni Lynn, 13-year-old singer, who was recently accorded an enthusiastic reception at one of the famous Sunday evening floor shows at the Trocadero.

Loni's schoolmates in New Jersey took up a collection to raise the money for her fare to Hollywood so that she would have a chance to sing for movie talent scouts. She managed to get a spot on the Trocadero's Sunday floor show which is attended by scouts from all the major studios.

After her song, Loni was rushed by the studio representatives, finally signing up with Metro.

"Dancing Lady" Again

THE burning ambition of Joan Crawford to better herself is remarkable. In "The Shining Hour" she again emerges as a "Dancing Lady," the type of role in which she scored her greatest successes. She is going through daily dance routines with amazing energy and zeal.

Shearer with Gable

NORMA SHEARER and Clark Gable will get together again after all, even though it won't be as Scarlett and Rhett in "Gone With the Wind." Production of "Idiot's Delight" begins at once, that is, as soon as they can get Clark back from Canada.

He had just started on a hunting trip when the studio decided to recall him for this dramatic comedy.

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine scored a great success in this play on the Broadway stage.

Cinderella Story

ELLEN DREW, as Terry Raye, two years ago rolled into Hollywood in a disreputable old automobile in which she would spend the night because she couldn't afford to put up at an hotel. Her first job there was as salesgirl in a candy shop.

To-day the girl who scored a hit in "Sing You Simmers" rides in a high-powered limousine, and when she left town the other day to visit her family in Illinois she had 13 pieces of handsome luggage.

Rainer in Full Career

LOUISE RAINER is putting on weight, and looks rosier than she has since the days she starved herself haggard for "The Good Earth."

As soon as she finishes "Dramatic School" she leaves for New York where she has permission to remain for six months. It is still her ambition to have a stage success, and she plans to appear in a play in New York. However, it is hardly likely that it will be one of Clifford Odets' plays, as they had once planned.

Astaire Rejoins Rogers

AFTER eighteen months, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers go into their dance again for R.K.O.'s "Carefree," a merry tale of a psychoanalyst (Astaire), with a rare ability for hypnosis, who falls in love with his patient (Rogers). Medley of dance and Irving Berlin song hits.

Woman Without a Country

SIGRID GURIE, Samuel Goldwyn player, was recently refused a passport to travel to England for an Alexander Korda picture.

Immigration authorities could not decide whether Miss Gurie was an American or Norwegian, because she was born in New York, of Norwegian parents, taken to Norway at the age of three and reared there.

In writing up the incident, newspapers referred to her as "A Woman Without a Country"—and that will be the title of the film Miss Gurie will make for Sam Goldwyn in place of the Korda film.

Goldwyn scenario-writers have whipped up a yarn based on the star's own experience with the immigration people, and the picture will soon go into production.

Screen Comeback

CONSTANCE BENNETT's screen comeback is now definitely established, and she is busier than ever. Having completed "Service de Luxe" for Universal, she joined Hal Roach to do "Topper Takes a Trip," sequel to the hilarious "Topper," with which she started her comeback. Her next film will be for 20th Century-Fox for a role in "Tailspin," the film about women flyers, starring Alice Faye. Myrna Loy was the original choice for the Bennett role in "Tailspin," but was not available at the last minute.

Evalastic Permanent WAISTBAND

IN PANTIES · SCANTIES · BLOOMERS

GUARANTEED TO LAST THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT

created by LUCAS



● At a Hollywood preview recently: Two of Hollywood's best-known bachelors escorting three attractive movie damsels. From left: Simone Simon, Michael Brooke (Earl of Warwick), Jinx Falkenberg (tennis player), Merle Oberon, Doug Fairbanks, jun.

Social Stag Line of Hollywood

CONSIDER THE BACHELORS OF THE FILM COLONY, THE HEART-WHOLE, FANCY-FREE CAVALIERS OF CELEBRITIES

TO every one man there are three girls in Hollywood, they say.

This is an unofficial estimate, but it will give you some idea of the difficulties that beset the conscientious hostess in Hollywood—and the busy time the fancy-free, eligible bachelor has in squiring movie damsels round town.

There aren't a great number of bachelors unattached, and with all the social graces, because there are so many attractive young women about to stabilise their affections. But there are some, and these are nobly coping with the situation.

Buarest young man-about-town and one of Hollywood's big social successes is David Niven, the young Englishman, who is making much headway in films by simply portraying himself as he is in real life—jaunty, debonair, and humorous.

When he first came to Hollywood a few years ago he was known best as the devoted swain of Tasmanian-born Merle Oberon. He was seen everywhere with her; engagement and secret marriage were hinted at.

Then suddenly everything was over. Niven was seen no more with Merle. Instead, he squired a number of charming young ladies, including Loretta Young, Olivia de Havilland, and Simone Simon, to popular gatherings.

His tastes are catholic. He can enjoy grand opera, gay Trocadero dances, and enters into the spirit of the now popular back-to-childhood parties. He wields a good average tennis racket, plays squash, badminton, and in general is a highly useful member of Hollywood society.

Another young gallant is Doug Fairbanks, jun., who returned from a four years' absence in London about a year ago, and is making remarkable progress in pictures.

For a while he had hostesses worried by his audacious attentions to Marlene Dietrich, but now he has joined the stag line, and is frequently seen escorting Merle Oberon, or, alternately, Norma Shearer, Paulette Goddard, Ginger Rogers, and others.

Doug, however, has become intensely British in outlook, and intends to return to London to live. He is suspected of a serious romantic attachment in England.

Moving in a different circle, but none the less popular, is Cesar Romero, the suave young ballroom dancer who was given a gun when he came to Hollywood.

For years he has been playing gangster roles, but coincident with new comedy parts he has been discovered by Hollywood

hostesses, and is now one of the most popular young men on the social stag line.

As a rule he escorts young women from his home lot—Fox—Sonja Henie, Loretta Young, Ethel Merman, and is greatly in demand because of his suave charm and his impeccable dancing.

He was good friends with the Franchot Tones before they separated, and is now Joan Crawford's most constant escort.

But he also still takes out Sonja Henie and Ethel Merman to various functions in between times.

James Stewart is another young actor who is making progress, socially speaking, simultaneously with his rise to importance as a leading man.

Some of the young ladies he has taken out include Ann Rutherford, Simone Simon, Joan Bennett, Joan Fontaine—and, of course, Norma Shearer.

It was he, not David Niven or Doug, jun., who took her to the famous preview of "Marie Antoinette," and handed the cakes and sandwiches round at the celebration party afterwards.

Then there's newcomer Richard Greene, who has been seen alternately with Sonja Henie at the Ice Palace, Loretta Young at important parties, and manicurist

Arleen Whelan at quiet suppers a deux. Gossip-writers have wearied of reporting on his romances, and he, too, has become another "extra" man without serious attachments.

Tyrone Power has joined the stag line since Adrian, famous dress-designer, began to hold hands with Janet Gaynor.

For months past Tyrone monopolised Janet. Now he escorts Norma Shearer and Sonja Henie occasionally, but is mostly seen making up parties or dancing at the Trocadero in foursomes.

Michael Brooke (the Earl of Warwick) hasn't done much for himself in pictures, but is one of the best-known young men about Hollywood town. Paulette Goddard, Olivia de Havilland, and June Lang have all come in for his attentions, but there aren't any serious rumors.

This completes the list of the best-known bachelors of Hollywood.

There are, of course, many other personable young actors. But their unwavering romantic attachments bar them from the eligible lists.

These include Robert Taylor, who is never seen with anybody except Barbara Stanwyck; Cary Grant, engaged to Phyllis Brooks, and planning to marry at the end of the year; and Alan Lane, interested in June Travis.



● Foremost cavalier of Hollywood: David Niven, young Englishman, former beau of Merle Oberon, and now a favorite escort of Norma Shearer, Olivia de Havilland, Loretta Young—and some others.

Foretelling Their Futures

FOR FUN, CHECK UP ON THESE PROPHECIES FOR FAMOUS FILM STARS BY A POPULAR FORTUNE-TELLER IN HOLLYWOOD

From
BARBARA BOURCHIER
Hollywood

MOST people long to know what is in store for them in the future.

Although the charm of life rests on its unexpectedness, people would go to any lengths for an insight into future joys and sorrows, and to safeguard their approach to life.

None are more interested in their future welfare or more anxious to safeguard it than movie actors, and for this reason fortune-tellers thrive in Hollywood.

Most popular seer of all in Hollywood is Madame Lola. To her come many of Hollywood's most famous stars, not once, but many times.

It usually takes three to four weeks to get an appointment. On rare occasions you may get to her sooner—if there is a cancellation. Stars form a line and wait humbly for their turn. Motion picture directors, producers, and other important executives consult her, as do famous lawyers, writers, and the socially prominent.

Madame Lola lives in a beautiful house in a fashionable neighborhood between Beverly Hills and Hollywood, very near to Fay Wray's home.

Mistake to Marry

PEOPLE are amazed at her accuracy. "I am correct in ninety per cent of my readings. I may be a little off as to time, but not often."

Here are a few of Lola's prophecies for her star clients. You can check on them, just for fun, to see how correct she is.

Take Joan Bennett. I believe there are rumors that she will marry the famous producer, Walter Wanger. I know she is seen about with him, but it will be a sad mistake if she marries at this particular time.

"It won't last if she does. I have a feeling that she and Gene Markey (her former husband) will go back together."

Dolores del Rio will marry in 1939. It will be a man from another country.

John Barrymore is back on his famous feet—and how. He will continue to distinguish himself in character parts, and I see no reason why he should not be with us for many years to come.

He will remain with Elaine. But he must watch his health at the end of this year.

Past Prophecies

I TOLD Fay Wray a year ago that she would be divorced. It is best for her to forget her past. She should go back into pictures.

She will marry again, and the next time will be a successful one. Before this happens she will return to the stage and sign a big contract.

I also predicted an early separation for June Lang when she married Vic Orsatti. I cannot see another marriage for June for some time, but I can see a prosperous career in films.

Eleanor Whitney will meet a man from Chicago. They will marry.

Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor! I've read for both of them many times.

Ruth I believe is now making pictures in England, successfully. She should stay in Europe. Hollywood is not the place for her—for her happiness or the furthering of her career. She must watch her health.

I told Mary Astor before she knew it herself that her new husband would be Manuel del Campo. They are well suited. That marriage should last.

William Hopkins comes to me often and I go to her home. She is a fascinating personality.

When I said one day, "You will marry a man with the initials A.L."



● Louise Campbell, attractive Paramount player, whose latest film is "Men With Wings." A rosy future lies ahead of Louise if predictions are correct.



● Glamorous June Lang, youthful Fox player. According to Madame Lola, she would be wise to concentrate on her screen career for the immediate future.

she wouldn't believe me. She has married Anatole Litvak.

"Louise Campbell is a young player from the New York stage, as yet little known, but for whom I see a rosy career in pictures."

"I predicted that Katharine Hepburn would sign with new studios—Seiznick and M-G-M. If Hepburn marries Howard Hughes, the marriage will not last."

"I predict a definite matrimonial break for Edmund Lowe."

"Wendy Barrie is going to marry and settle down this year."

"Marlene Dietrich will make a come-back at a new studio—with Columbia or Fox."

"Lola Lane is on her way to a great deal of success and big money. So are her attractive sisters."

"I told Hedda Hopper about the newspaper job which she now does so successfully long before she got her syndicated column to do."

"I told George Brent he would not marry Garbo."

"I told Helen Hayes' mother not to leave Hollywood on a 4 o'clock plane. She changed her reservations to a later one. The 4 o'clock one was wrecked."

Charlie a Recluse

"PAULETTE GODDARD and the Earl of Warwick (Michael Brooke) are much more interested in each other than anyone realizes. Charlie Chaplin will make one more picture, and I believe he will become a recluse. There will be no more marriages for him."

"I am worried about Carole Lombard. She is going to have a siege of sickness. At this time I speak I am afraid her marriage with Clark Gable will not take place."

"Clark Gable—there is danger coming to him in an aeroplane."

"Douglas Fairbanks, Jun. will

marry again, but to a girl he has not yet met. His career jumps by leaps and bounds to greater success."

"Dolores del Rio is to stage a triumphant come-back."

"Jeanette MacDonald should not make any more pictures with Nelson Eddy. A younger man, such as Allan Jones, would be a much better combination for her."

"Gary Grant and Phyllis Brooks. What about them? It is in the air for them to marry, but they should wait a year."

"Lili Damita and Errol Flynn. I give them six or seven more months of marriage."

Back to Stage

"ALICE PAYE will go back to the stage in a particularly triumphant, happy success."

"Loretta Young will marry, in a year and a half from now, a man who is a complete stranger to her at this time."

"Deanna Durbin's fourth picture will be a negative one, but her fifth will be a winner. She is one of the greatest of all stars in Hollywood. Her future is a beautiful one."

"Bette Davis should keep her temper out of the pot for the next six years."

Madame Lola shook her head.

"They come to me so fast I don't remember very much about them. But this I do say. I like them to make notes as I talk. I want them to check up. It pleases me to know how close I come to the truth."



GLAMOUR

lives in clear eyes—dull, tired eyes ruin the most perfect make-up. "I.L.O." makes front eyes brilliant and clear, with whites free of veins or redness, in thirty seconds. "I.L.O." is the formula of a famous eye specialist—it soothes, clears, strengthens, and is prescribed for eye strain. Age signs begin at the eyes—"I.L.O." arrests them and maintains youthful clarity and charm at a cost of a few pence per week.

I.L.O.
EYE LOTION
ALL CHEMISTS

♦♦♦ **ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD**—Smashing action entertainment in brilliant technicolor, with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland in the legendary roles. (Warners.)

♦♦ **ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND**—All Irving Berlin's famous tunes share stardom with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, and Don Ameche in an orchestra story which covers years of entertainment history. (20th Century-Fox.)

♦♦ **ALGIERS**—Brilliant and brutal drama, set in native quarter of Algiers, reveals how criminal Charles Boyer is lured within the law's reach by Detective Joseph Calleja. Notable for superb masculine acting and startling feminine beauty of newcomer Hedy LaMarr. (United Artists.)

ALWAYS GOOD-BYE—Mother-love drama de luxe, with Barbara Stan-

PRIVATE VIEWS

[Alphabetical Guide to All Films]

wyck marrying Ian Hunter, instead of Herbert Marshall, for the sake of her child. (20th Century-Fox.)

AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—Edward G. Robinson in an odd and sometimes effective mixture of science and crime. The whole from a London stage success. (Warners.)

BARONESS AND THE BUTLER—A wooden and colorless Annabella makes a disappointing Hollywood debut in a plushy story of Hungarian politics. William Powell steals the show. (20th Century-Fox.)

♦♦ **BLOCKADE**—Realistic scenes of civilian suffering in the Spanish War redeem a routine drama about a beautiful spy. Henry Fonda and Madeleine Carroll present. (United Artists.)

BLONDES FOR DANGER—Gordon Harker's sardonic taxi-driver cannot save a befuddled thriller. (Herbert Wilcox.)

BOOLOO—Good animal-photography from Malaya cannot save a ludicrous melodrama. (Elliott Special.)

★★ Two stars—
above average
★★★ Three stars—
excellent

CHASER—Drama of American rackets, with newcomer Dennis O'Keefe. (M.-G.-M.)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE—"Street Singer" Arthur Tracy sings well in bad film. (Ass. Dis.)

CONDEMNED WOMAN—Hospital nurse saves brother from gall sentence in frank, rank, and effective melodrama. Sally Blane the girl. (Monogram.)

♦♦ **COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN**—Crooner Dick Powell tries to buy New York, and is found out by Pat O'Brien. Priscilla Lane with a Western accent helps rowdy, musical fun. (Warners.)

CRIME OF DR. HALLETT—Mind drama about medical research in the jungle. Ralph Bellamy wears the white coat. (Columbia.)

♦♦ **CROWD ROARS**—Tough, exciting boxing drama, with Robert Taylor playing a fighter from the slums and giving quite a believable performance. The ring scenes are grand. (M.-G.-M.)

♦♦ **DAD AND DAVE COME TO TOWN**—Bert Bailey and other firm favorites fine in new Australian comedy from the Steele Rudd books. Dad goes to town in a modern streamlined plot to mix city business with his own rich brand of broad humor. (Cinesound.)

DANGER ON THE AIR—A murder to miss. (Universal.)

♦♦♦ **DRUM**—Adventure on the North Western Frontier, in fine color with native star Sabu heading as excellent English cast. Rogers Livesey wins international stardom, and the story is A. E. W. Mason. (London Films.)

ESCAPE BY NIGHT—Country life reforms crook. Ann Nagel helps. (Republic.)

♦♦ **FOUR DAUGHTERS**—Life and loves of a charming household with the Lane sisters and two really exciting newcomers—enigma Jeffrey Lane and brilliant John Garfield. One of those "different" films. (Warners.)

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Broad musical in luxury hotel setting. Pat O'Brien out-talks Margaret Lindsay but doesn't out-sing John Payne. (Warners.)

GO CHASE YOURSELF—Joe Penner, more or less comic. (R.K.O.)

♦♦ **HOLIDAY**—Throws a new and charming light on romance involving two wealthy sisters and one poor young man. Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn the lucky—and likeable—stars. (Columbia.)

I'LL GIVE A MILLION—Good farce idea marred by wide-eyed whimsy concerns a Riviera search for a millionaire in tramp disguise. John Carradine and Peter Lorre match film from Warner Baxter and Marjorie Weaver. (20th Century-Fox.)

IT'S A GRAND OLD WORLD—The exuberant personality of Larry Cashline comedian Sandy Poppo makes a poor film forgivable. (Ass. Dis.)

JURY'S SECRET—Kent Taylor and Fay Wray in just another crime drama. (Universal.)

♦♦ **KENTUCKY MOONSHINE**—Laughs and lunacy from the Hart Brothers, who burlesque everything in sight, from hillbillies to Snow White. (20th Century-Fox.)

KIDNAPPED—Sugary travesty of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous adventure, with Warner Baxter as aged Alan Breck, and Freddie Bartholomew a petulant David. (20th Century-Fox.)

♦♦ **LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY**—Latest and best in the Judge Hardy Family series. Mickey Rooney, assisted by Judy Garland, separates his Christmas holiday romance. (M.-G.-M.)

MADemoiselle Docteur—Sip drama set largely in Salonika with oddly-effective atmosphere, and pretty effective performances from Dita Parlo and your old friend Erich von Stroheim. (United Artists.)

(Continued on Next Page)

Why don't you try it?



1 HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN since you tried a completely different way of fixing your hair? With your ringlets brushed high like this, we bet he would look at you with new interest... with an adoring new gleam in his eye! A beguiling hair-do has been known to change a woman's whole life! Why don't you try it?

2 AN ARTIST LOOKING AT YOU might advise you to wear some of the very colors you think are unbecoming! A fixed notion about certain colors has made many a woman miss being the sparkling, vivid person she could be. Some new shade might do wonders for you! Why don't you try it?

3 MAYBE YOU'RE ONE OF THEM! One of the women who still buys the same brand of sanitary napkins you started asking for years ago! Then lady—here's good news! There's something better now. Modess is so much SOFTER... so much SAFER... it is changing the buying habits of women everywhere! Why don't you try it?

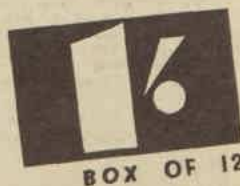
Get a box of Modess this very day—and discover for yourself the amazing difference! See... feel... the fluffy soft-as-down cotton that films Modess Sanitary Napkins on all sides... and know why Modess can never chafe.

Modess, too, is safer. For only Modess has a moisture-proof backing which gives you "Certain Safe" protection... freedom from all fear of embarrassment. Yet, for all its greater comfort and security—Modess Sanitary Napkins cost LESS than other kinds. Modess is economical.

Ask for

Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS



Ask also for

VEMO

(Deodorant Powder)

A soothing, absorbent, and mildly astringent powder for personal hygiene. Sprinkle freely on sanitary napkins.

A PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

BOX OF 12

PRIVATE VIEWS

[Alphabetical Film Guide—CONTINUED]

NEW THIS WEEK

VALLEY OF THE GIANTS

(Best Release of the Week)

A GREAT, slashing melodrama of timber thieves, set in California's logging country, gives the public action in entertainment. Its plot revolves about the activities of a land-grabber, Charles Bickford, who has designs upon the rich redwoods country owned by Wayne Morris.

Its fast-moving action takes in timber-drives, dynamited dams, and wrecked logging-trains—and is filmed in dazzling Technicolor among the magnificent scenery of the mountains.

Claire Trevor, beautiful and vital, contributes the romance. Alan Hale, as a giant, swashbuckling logger, and Frank McHugh, as a timid little gambler from the East, divide the splendid comedy.

Readers of Peter B. Kyne's book will not find much of his story left. But, for once, the screen version is as amusingly entertaining as the original.

••Break the News. Unexpected, satirical comedy for Maurice Chevalier and Jack Buchanan, who take straight roles as two gentlemen of the chorus. (G.B.D.)

••Breaking the Ice. Bobby Breen sings merrily in an odd story which ranges from rural communities to city ice-skating. Charlie Ruggles as a fine supporting role. (R.K.O.)

••Madway Musketeers. Big city romance and high melodrama for Ann Sheridan, Margaret Lindsay, and Marie Wilson. (Warners.)

••On Probation. America's probation system for first offenders illustrated by slightly lurid fortunes of Jane Bryan. (Warners.)

••Madame X—Remake of old sob-stuff melodrama with Gladys George featured. (M.-G.-M.)

••Mannequin—Glamorous drama with Joan Crawford as the shop-girl, Spencer Tracy as the millionaire she married, and the season's most glittering wardrobes. (M.-G.-M.)

••Marie Antoinette—Norma Shearer, lovely, emotional, charming, returns in a blaze of glory and a stupendous period drama. Film follows career of French queen from plebeian to guillotine: lays forceful emphasis upon romance, realism, and human appeal; and allows a group of Hollywood's finest character actors to be outshone by English Robert Morley as Louis XVI. Whole production glitters and gleams. (M.-G.-M.)

••Meet the Girls—Flatly unimpressive introduction to new comedy film series, with Lynn Bari and June Lang. (20th Century-Fox.)

••Men are Such Fools—Young Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris in newly-weds. (Warners.)

••Nerily We Live—Antics of an eccentric household that are not nearly as funny as they hope to be. Olanice Bennett and Brian Aherne starred. (M.-G.-M.)

••My Bill—Sentimental mother-love for plummy-gowned Kay Francis. (Warners.)

••Mr. Satan—English "quickie" on arguments. (Warners.)

••Mysterious Mr. Moto—Chinese detective in London crime. (20th Century-Fox.)

••Nurse from Brooklyn—Sally Stern involved in sleuthing as well as nursing. (Universal.)

••Of Human Hearts—Polignam true study of American first pioneers, with Walter Huston magnificent in lead. (M.-G.-M.)

••Oh, Mr. Porter—British farce for Will Hays. (G.B.D.)

••Owd Bob—England's best for some time, this staunchly human sheep-dog yarn is set in the wilds of the Cumberland. Will Fyfe outstanding for his shrewd study of a wily Scots shepherd. (G.B.D.)

••Panamint's Bad Man—Smith Ballew's best Western and Stanley Fields' comedy chance. (20th Century-Fox.)

••Paradise for Two—English musical frolic with Jack Hulbert and Patricia Ellis. (London Films.)

••Parnell—Clark Gable most uncomfortable as the Irish statesman of 19th century English politics, and Myrna Loy a Hollywoodian Kitty O'Shea. Altogether a mistake. (M.-G.-M.)

••Perfect Crime—but not a perfect film. (Warners.)

••Perfect Specimen—Joyful tale of sheltered heir handled by Errol Flynn and Joan Blondell. (Warners.)

••Personal Secretary—Stupid story of astrology and murder, with William Gargan somewhere in the middle. (Universal.)

••Port of Seven Seas—Human story of Marseilles waterfront, with unusual cast headed by Wallace Beery, Maureen O'Sullivan and a sympathetic Frank Morgan. (M.-G.-M.)

••President's Mystery—Henry Wilcoxon scores in ingenious story, simply told, of millionaire who deliberately disappears into small-town business. (Republic.)

••Pride of the West—Fine example of the Hopalong Cassidy series, aided by a new twist to the old coach-robbery theme, a lively Bill Boyd, and an even livelier George Hayes ("Windy"). (Paramount.)

••Prison Farm—Tough, Lloyd Nolan and innocent Shirley Ross in tough melodrama. (Paramount.)

••Radio City Revels—Good songs and poor players. (R.K.O.)

••Rage of Paris—Introduces the saucy, captivating and French Danielle Darrieux in gay comedy, supported by Douglas Fairbanks, Jun. Mische Auer, Helen Broderick. (Universal.)

••Rascals—An irrepressible Jane Withers plus a gipsy band, and Borrah Minevitch and his harmonica players. (20th Century-Fox.)

••Reckless Living—F.a.q. race-track story for Nan Grey and Robert Wilcox. (Universal.)

••Return of the Pimpernel—Barry K. Barnes in unfortunate sequel to original Baroness Orczy adventure. (London Films.)

••Road to Reno—I. A. R. Wyllie's romantic drama altered out of almost all recognition into a comedy with lavish farce touches. Randolph Scott plays opposite Hope Hampton. (Universal.)

••Saint in New York—New type of detective thriller, based on the Leslie Charteris books, with Louis Hayward making an attractive rogue out of the central figure. Killings abound. (R.K.O.)

••Screen Test—Semi feature-length film on Hollywood try-outs has had Australian section added by Charles Chauvel. (Universal.)

••Secrets of an Actress—Kay Francis and Ian Hunter in another misunderstood drama. (Warners.)

••Shadow—Second-rate murder in sixth-rate circus. (Columbia.)

••Shopworn Angel—Polignant drama of a Broadway actress, her manager friend, and an idealistic private, in 1917 New York. Jimmy Stewart flawless, Margaret Sullivan fine. (M.-G.-M.)

••Sing, You Sinners—Pleasantly mad tale about pleasantly mad family, consisting of Fred MacMurray, Bing Crosby, and Elizabeth Patterson, with newcomers Ellen Drew and youngster Donald O'Connor added for very good measure. Plot moves from home-town to race-track, with cabarets thrown in. (Paramount.)

••Sky's the Limit—And so is this musical. (Ass. Dis.)

••Slight Case of Murder—Broadly funny burlesque of gangsters, in which Edward G. Robinson

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Charles Bruno



ERROL FLYNN WORE COMFORTABLE MOCCASINS IN ALL DANCE SEQUENCES IN WHICH HIS FEET WEREN'T PHOTOGRAPHED.

THE GOWN WORN BY BETTE DAVIS IN BALLROOM SCENES IN "THE SISTERS" IS ONE WORN BY HER MOTHER IN 1904. BETTE FOUND IT IN A TRUNK IN THE ATTIC.

J. CARROL NAISH, SCREEN BAD-MAN, BECOMES A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR IN "KING OF ALCATRAZ."

takes off his own sinister self. (Warners.)

••Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs—Walt Disney's first feature-length cartoon, based on the well-known fairy-tale, is sheer enchantment—and a new milestone in screen history. (R.K.O.)

••South Riding—Staunch and staunch drama of English provincial life, which makes Ralph Richardson new popular star. (London Films.)

••Stolen Heaven—Novel drama set to classical music tells how a band of jewel-thieves are reformed by an old concert pianist. Setting is Continental, stars are fragrant Olympe Bradna, veteran Lewis Stone and Gene Raymond. (Paramount.)

••Strange Boarders—Tom Walls blends impudent entertainment with the thrills of stolen political documents. Co-star Renee Saint-Cyr is French and charming. (Ass. Dis.)

••Swing Your Lady—Breezy farce of hillbilly wrestlers, concerning Louise Fazenda and Nat Pendleton. (Warners.)

••Test Pilot—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy in drama which zooms from romance on ground to thrills in the air. Best shots of plane adventure in many years. (M.-G.-M.)

••Texans—The struggles of Southern cattle-ranchers after the American Civil War, presented on a grandiose and exciting scale. May Robson the best player. (Paramount.)

••Three Comrades—Beautifully haunting performance by Margaret Sullivan in heart-shaking drama of youth lost in a post-war world. Franchot Tone, Robert Taylor, and Robert Young all fine as ex-soldiers.

••Three Loves Has Nancy—Breezy comedy of two New York men and one country girl, with Janet Gaynor scoring in a perky role, and Robert Montgomery fighting Franchot Tone for audience applause. (M.-G.-M.)

••Tovarich—Suave comedy of Russian exiles in Paris, starring Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer and witty dialogue. (Warners.)

••Touchdown Army—Mary Carlisle and John Howard handle young love and fast football at West Point. (Paramount.)

••Toy Wife—Lulie Rainer as the frivolous belle of old New Orleans, who coquettes herself into tragedy. Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young, exquisite setting—and all for those who like tearful entertainment. (M.-G.-M.)

••Trader Horn—Revival of African-made adventure film with Harry Carey and Duncan Renaldo. (M.-G.-M.)

••Tropic Holiday—Mexico contributes gay tunes and settings to the love-stories of Dorothy Lamour

and Ray Milland, and Bob Burns and Martha Raye. The comedy is riotous. (Paramount.)

••Typhoon Treasure—Melodramatic Australian adventure filmed on Barrier Reef by Noel Monkman, remarkable for fine backgrounds and easy acting by Gwen Munro, Campbell Copelin, and Joe Valli. (United Artists.)

••Valley of the Giants—Peter B. Kyne's well-known story freely adapted to a rousing, red-blooded drama of timber-stealing in California's redwoods country. Wayne Morris and Claire Trevor lead a fine cast. (Warners.)

(See Special Review)

••Vivacious Lady—Delightful comedy of young marrieds wins new fans for Ginger Rogers and James Stewart. (R.K.O.)

••We're Going to Be Rich—Robust drama with song, set in Australian and African goldfields, with Gracie Fields in a new type of role, assisted by Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy. (A.T.P.)

••When Were You Born?—For astrology fans only. (20th Century-Fox.)

••White Banners—Uplift drama by author of "Green Light," with Jackie Cooper present. (Warners.)

••Yank at Oxford—Bubbling comedy made in England with Bob Taylor and other American stars. (M.-G.-M.)

••You and Me—Sylvia Sidney and George Raft in uneven drama of young love on parole from American gaol. (Paramount.)

••Young Fugitives—Civil War veteran plays fairy godfather to boy and girl. (Universal.)

••You're Only Young Once—The Judge Hardy family on holiday at Catalina Island. (M.-G.-M.)

News Flashes

MARGOT GRAHAME and wealthy Allen McMartin are off on their honeymoon, destination probably Bermuda. It is said that Margot's ex-husband sent her a wedding present of \$40,000 in cash.

VIC McLAGLEN's son is 6 feet 3 and still growing at 18.

HEDY LAMARE, who overnight became Hollywood's favorite glamor girl, will soon take out her American citizenship papers.

LAWRENCE TIBRETT is back from his trip to Australia. Several studios are bidding for him.



THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures]

"THE BOY FROM BARNARDO'S" is an M.-G.-M. Picture you must see, when it comes to your favourite theatre. Telling about the character-building of British Youth, as sponsored by the Dr. Barnardo's Homes, this is the sort of a film that will make you proud you are a citizen of the British Empire.

The work of shaping boys' characters is much the same in all of the Dr. Barnardo's Homes, but the one shown in "THE BOY FROM BARNARDO'S" is the Russell Cotes Nautical School in England. You'll admire Charles Coburn as the head of the school, and you'll love Herbert Mundin as the boys' unofficial guardian, but best of all you'll enjoy the boys themselves.

Freddie Bartholomew is the boy who, saved from a reformatory, is sheltered by the Barnardo authorities until he learns the true difference between right and wrong. His lessons form the vigorous action, lively humour and absorbing drama of the story, and he learns most from another boy—portrayed perfectly by Mickey Rooney!

Freddie and Mickey together prove to be a grand team of lads for good screen entertainment, but it is still another boy who looms up from the excellent cast to capture your hearts completely.

Terry Kilburn is his name, he's 10 years old, he's the son of an ill-ford bus driver, and he speaks with the most captivating North-of-England accent you've ever heard. His appealing expression is merely the basis of an exceptional acting ability, and it's our tip that Terry Kilburn, the latest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer find, makes such a magnificent debut in "The Boy from Barnardo's" that overnight he'll be one of the most popular youngsters in film!

So, once again, M.-G.-M. brings you a new screen personality in one of the year's finest pictures!

Yours for the best in entertainment, LEO, of M.-G.-M.

Asthma Cause Killed in 24 Hours

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing and wheezing Asthma by killing the true cause, which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendocan starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. Mendocan is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 34 hours, and to stop your Asthma completely in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendocan from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you.

Rid Kidneys Of Poisons And Acids

Your Kidneys are a marvelous structure. Within them are 9 million tiny tubes which act as filters for the blood. When poisons and acids attack them you suffer from Burning, Itching, Pain, Getting Up Night, Leg Pains, Headaches, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nerviness, Circles under Eyes or Swollen Ankles, etc. Ordinary medicines can't do much good. The cause must be removed. Cystex rid Kidneys of poisons and acids in 2 hours, therefore a speedy end to kidney troubles. In 24 hours you'll feel better, stronger, and than for years, in 8 days, complete health is restored. Cystex is guaranteed to put you right or money back. Ask your Chemist for Cystex today. The guarantee protects you.

TIVOLI TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 8

CHANG

Wicked Man of the East with his 24 workers in Magic; also EMILE BOREO, PEG LEO BATES, BOY BENE ("MO") and RADIE GALE; also 26 on the stage.



Exactly What you would Look for in a PIANO

Touch, tone, beauty and a world-famous name—these are what everybody looks for... what you will find in the piano you buy at Nicholson's. Why delay ownership? A small deposit and easy terms will enable you to secure immediate possession of an instrument which will give you a lifetime's happiness.

Write for Catalogue and Price Lists.

Sole Agents for: STEINWAY, THURMER, DANEMANN, KLEIN, SHILLER, FEURICH, CHOWN, BRINSFORD, ZIMMERMAN, CONCORD, and GEO. ROGERS.

Nicholson's PTY. LTD.
"The Musical Firm"
416-418 George St. Sydney

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION
Say goodbye to clumsy corn-picks and risky razors. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Dries up corns and calluses, root and all. Contains pure castor oil, corn-aspirin, and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. 1/6 bottle saves untold misery. The chemist refunds your money if NOXACORN brand Corn Remover fails to remove any corn or callus.

Betty's "Racey" Narratives

In Melbourne They Tax Losers Now, So Beware!

By BETTY GEE, from Melbourne

WELL, I've done one thing for lady racegoers. Mr. A. V. Kewney, the secretary of the V.R.C., has promised that his committee will construct accommodation for the women who go to the Cup.

It will cost £10,000, and that's a lot of money to lay out to meet demands for just one peak day of the year. But it's got to be done.

At last the Committee of Victoria's racing club has realised what our sex means to racing. They can breed their good horses, put up £10,000 stakes for the Cup, and provide beautiful gardens, but what would racing do without us?

Their Cup would fall very flat if we weren't there.

Listen to this! There were 23,500 women in the grandstand enclosure at Flemington on Melbourne Cup day. The men numbered only 18,000.

Primitive Sydney

WHEN race clubs realise the importance of catering for women race attendances will improve, and that goes for Sydney, too, where things are primitive beyond imagination. Places put up 50 years ago and have never been improved won't do for us to-day. Yet, club executives haven't the nous to know that unless they make things more attractive for us their attendances must suffer.

When I get back I'm bringing this before the Housewives' Association.

Most race-club executives in Melbourne have realised that they must make their courses attractive to women, and you can get some pleasure out of going to racing—as long as you keep winning.

And what a giddy whirl Cup time is. Racing every day last week and the week before, and more racing this week.

Williamstown holds its Cup, worth

£3000, next Saturday, and then the following Saturday we slip back to Caulfield for the Eclipse Stakes worth £2500.

Owners who have not yet won a big stake hang round to pick up one of these as consolation.

Mr. Joe Cook, the owner and the trainer, told me at Flemington on Oaks Day that he intended keeping St. Constant here for the Williamstown Cup. He says he will be hard to beat, too, over a mile and a half.

I shall stick around for Williamstown if in the meantime I can trap the bookies for my board and lodging for another week.

But there's a horse called Judean entered for this Cup. He hasn't been tested as a stayer, but I've had the whisper that he's being got ready for this race. He won on Melbourne Cup day, and I'm saving some of my winnings to play up on him.

He's owned and trained by a Mr. Bert Downey, one of Victoria's shrewdest turf men, yet one who merely makes training a hobby. He's a big shearing contractor out west of Victoria, and has a substantial farm and orchard of his own. His horses are just his hobby, but he's made it a payable one, winning race after race with Somerset and Judean.

And how much do you think he gave for them? Why, £17/10/- for Somerset, and £23 for Judean. Fancy getting a Flemington winner for £23!

That puts good horses within the reach of the smallest purse, doesn't it? But, of course, the thing is to pick the right bargain from the remnant counter.

I've heard that Mr. Downey is a wizard at this, though. He can see something not apparent to the ordinary eye, to show whether the horse is worth the money or not.

By the way, you mustn't bet with too great a degree of opulence in Melbourne.

There's a betting tax of a shilling on £5 bets and 2/- for £10 bets, and works up to 10/- for £250 or any sum over.

And the punter has to pay it! And she pays it whether the horse wins or loses!

That's a bit of a smack in the eye, isn't it?

Not that I intend putting £250 on horses.

But sometimes I will lay £5 to £4 on, and then I fork out one shilling to the greedy Government, so if you hear anybody crying you'll know I've backed a beaten horse, tax and all.

The only thing to do is keep on



Pine Peak is the Bell Hop's tip for the Welter at Williamstown on Saturday.

backing winners and then a person doesn't mind paying the taxes.

I wouldn't mind paying them the 10/- on a £250 if I knew a guaranteed, lay-down misere certainly that couldn't lose.

But I was going to tell you what a nice course Williamstown is. It's right on the bay, about 12 miles from Melbourne. When you sit in the grandstand watching for your horses across the course you gaze out to sea and see stately ships come and go. All the liners pass by, and you visualise a winner getting you a passage on one of those floating palaces.

Peter Pan did his final gallop there for the 1934 wet Melbourne Cup, when it was impossible to work on other tracks.

Luxury Picnic Racing

THERE'S an alfresco air about Williamstown like picnic racing. But nothing rustic about its appointments. Stands, refreshment rooms and other accommodation were erected on luxury lines only a few years ago, and it is one of the most up-to-date courses in the Commonwealth now.

An old friend from Albury, Jack Nagel, is secretary. He's made it a rich going concern, providing stakes which attract the best horses. Why, Ajax has raced there often.

Mr. Nagel has given me all the tickets to get in everywhere except the judge's box, and if I could only get at those numbers for two races I'd be a rich woman.

Unfortunately I've had two tips for the Hawdon Stakes. This is a rich event for youngsters, and Harry Telford says he'll win it with Aurania, who won the Marlborough Plate at Flemington. But Mr. G. L. Scott says his colt Aspire will land the beans. Well, perhaps it will be possible to back both to a profit.

And Pine Peak is the Bell Hop's tip for the Ozone Welter, right off the ocean beach.

Why Rush Into Divorce?

Domestic Problems Dramatised for Radio Series

There is a growing feeling the world over that divorce is all too often the result of a hasty decision, prompted by antagonism that has never been examined in the light of cold reason.

As a result 2GB has arranged a series of stimulating dramas dealing with such domestic problems. These are now being broadcast from 2GB under the challenging title, "I Want a Divorce."

THERE is no end of material for the playwright in these perennial problems of the married state.

The divorce courts everywhere are filled with those unable to unravel their particular tangles, the failures in a career that can usually be saved by a little unselfish attention to the other fellow's point of view.

There is the pair, for instance, who pursue separate careers, and find their marriage foundering because there is little left of it but a few tired hours of companionship at the end of the day.

Must the wife surrender her career to make a full-time job of marriage?

Another common problem is the wife-secretary triangle.

A wife, disappointed in some way, becomes a poor companion for her husband. He finds sympathy and understanding at the office and the quite innocent office friendship becomes warmer and threatens the marriage.

Just sheathing home the blame is no help in such a case. It must end in reconciliation or divorce.

And there are a thousand and one variations on the triangle theme.

Domestic Salvage

THE establishing of courts of domestic relations in many countries shows the close attention given by Governments to domestic salvage.

Adelaide now has such a court, and the New Zealand Government is considering the establishment of courts to effect reconciliation rather than divorce.

The New Zealand Under-Secretary for Justice, Mr. B. L. Dallard, produced figures which showed that in New Zealand under the existing system one in every seven marriages is severed.

The "I Want a Divorce" series will re-create the problems that provide material for the courts.

Many a reality being enacted in some home will be put on the air, and each dramatic episode will sug-

gest a way out that would lead to reconciliation with its promise, or at least hope, of happiness.

"I Want a Divorce" is broadcast from 2GB at 8.15 each Sunday evening.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, 6.45 p.m.

CHARLIE

With the Compliments of Grace Bros. Ltd.

2GB

"I WANT a DIVORCE!"

Dramatic entertainment which challenges your thought and challenges divorce!

2GB

Sundays 8.15 p.m.

With the Compliments of AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC LTD.

Fine Quality GIFTS for users of SIREN SOAP

Extra Large BATH TOWELS
23" x 48" Coloured or White Admiralty.
48 BLUE CROSSES
Pure Irish Linen
GLASSCLOTH
Size, 23" x 22"
24 BLUE CROSSES
Hemstitched PILLOWSLIP
Size, 21" x 31 1/2"
24 BLUE CROSSES

Splendidly finished SAUCEPAN
2 1/2 pt. Coloured heat-proof knob.
54 BLUE CROSSES
TABLE KNIFE
DESSERT KNIFE
34 BLUE CROSSES EACH
TABLE FORK
22 BLUE CROSSES
4 BLUE CROSSES WITH EVERY LARGE BAR
1 BLUE CROSS WITH UTILITY TABLET

DESSERT FORK
DESSERT SPOON
24 BLUE CROSSES EACH
HAIR BROOM
Fine close-set bristles
104 BLUE CROSSES
CASSEROLE
9" in diam., made of 90% pure Aluminium
104 BLUE CROSSES

HERE ARE THE SIREN QUALITY GIFTS

ASK YOUR GROCER HOW TO GET YOUR GIFTS

FARMER'S

Mail Orders to P.O. Box 497
A.A. Sydney. Tel. M 2403.

Farmer's is air-conditioned throughout summer to a cool and constant 75 deg.



Woven in Ireland! Sheerest

LINEN BLOUSETTES

A. White, blue, pink, yellow or tan Irish linen with a convertible two-way collar, cool as a breeze. You'll like the neat little pocket. Sizes SSW, SW, W. At 9/11

B. Contrasting gold, navy or white with coloured early stripes as trimming to make these fresh blouses as gay as a garden. SW. and W. only. 8/11

Blouses on Ground Floor



Amazing "Dri-Line"

BATHING CAP

The only bathing cap of its kind, absolutely guaranteed to be water-tight. Inner band keeps the water from reaching your hair, no matter how rough the surf. By "Kleinerts," 5/11

Escalators on Fourth Floor.



DRIP CATCHER

Keeps bottles clean and unclogged. It is impossible for sticky contents to pass the drip-catch. Packet of twelve for 9d.



VACUUM CAPS

These caps prevent the contents of vacuum flasks from becoming affected by the taste and smell of cork. 18 for 1/3

Stationery on the Ground Floor



BELOW HALF

USUAL 6/11. A special two-way stretch "lastex" step-in, gives good control and tube to perfection. 14 inches long with 4 suspenders. Sizes small, medium and large. For phone and mail orders. 2/11

Suspender Belt Section Ground Floor.

MISS JEAN ABBOTT AT FARMER'S

Miss Abbott will be at Farmer's for two weeks only, to advise you on all sanitary problems. "KOTEX" SPECIAL for two weeks. Usually 1/6 doz., now 1/4 by purchasing a 3 dozen packet for only 4/.

Ground or 4th Floor.



"Dip-So" Bonnets

WASHABLE AMERICAN WAFFLE PIQUE

For keeping the sun in its place, a luxurious bonnet that lends an air of casual comfort. Comes from the wash like a new pin, time and again. Buttoned 13/11. Plain, each 11/6

Escalators to the Third Floor



FAN FANTASY

Back to the charming simplicity of generations ago with fans suggestive of regal periods in French monarchy... being a magnificent gesture to your new evening frock. Clever little things, 9d to 3/6

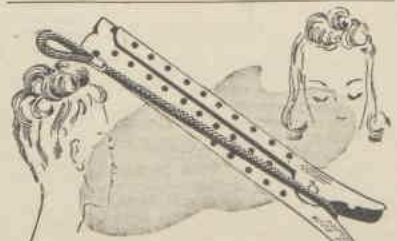
Fancy Department, Ground Floor.



Massage Gloves

The wonder massage glove for bathtime that increases and regulates blood circulation, providing a natural and harmless means for slimming. Of crepe rubber with coloured binding. 2/3

Haberdashery on Ground Floor



IN THE EDWARDIAN MANNER

Dry, fast-end curlers give your hair glamour, after the Edwardian style. Big, soft Puff curls at side or top make you a person of intrigue... all with a few deft twitches of this wonder curler. Small, medium, large, giant sizes, per card. 2/-

Hair Accessories—Ground Floor



New specialised section for

MATERNITY FROCKS

now ready for service

A step inside Farmer's Pitt-Market-Street-corner entrance is the elevator that takes you directly to this new section. Here, on the second floor, you will see Sydney's first complete collection of specialised Maternity frocks. No longer need you regret those months before baby comes... you can shop, bridge or tea, confident that the secret is all your own. Here are frocks cleverly designed to preserve youthful lines (although fully adjustable), frocks subtly flattering to the figure though moderately priced (5/- to £6/16/6). Above are just two from the hosts to choose from in our large range of sizes and styles.

CROSSOVER, 63/-. Sleeveless coatee to wear over frock. Florals on light or dark grounds, or plain navy. Sizes SSW, to SOS. Priced at 63/-.

ONE-PIECE FROCK, 45/-. Light or dark florals, also plain navy, tan or green. Wide revers. Sizes SSW, to SOS. Moderately priced, 45/-.

Escalators to the Second Floor



500 BAGS HERE FROM THE CONTINENT

Farmer's clinches a hard-to-believe purchase of 500 perfect handbags... brought direct to you from the Continent. The selling embraces patent leathers, calfs, gabardines, tapestries and suedes... in styles you'll be needing right through summer. In black, brown, navy, red and green. Each. 6/11

Handbags—Ground Floor. A Lay-by?

SWIFT ESCALATOR SERVICE at Farmer's, from the Lower Ground to Fourth Floor. Six new streamline escalators have been added to the four installed in 1937, with each bringing comfort and quick, noiseless transport to over 6,000 shoppers per hour.

*Then the very first in all Australia.



ANDREWS IS FAR MORE THAN JUST A SALINE!

All that a healthy outdoor life can do for you is more than offset by the evils that come from neglecting inner cleanliness. To correct a digestive system disordered by wrong eating, neglect of bodily duties or the lazy functioning of liver and bowels you need the natural, safe assistance given by Andrews Liver Salt.

By OSMOSIS—one important way in which Andrews works

- Andrews Liver Salt has a fourfold action, mildly stimulating or gently soothing each organ in the digestive system as the need may be. As a result, the whole of your body is toned up, and the vim and vigour of youth are maintained.
- (1) Andrews corrects stomach acidity without causing excessive alkalinity. Its minute bubbles of carbon-dioxide soothe the inflamed linings of stomach and bowels.
 - (2) Andrews eliminates waste by osmosis, or the flow of fluid through the bowel walls from surrounding tissue. This flow cleanses without harming the delicate bowel lining.
 - (3) Andrews has a moderate stimulating effect on the bowels—neither the drastic purging of harsh purgatives, nor the irritation of rough patent foods.
 - (4) Andrews has also a directly beneficial action on the liver, increasing the flow of bile necessary for digestion. Andrews is far, far more than just a saline, as results prove.

ANDREWS

LIVER SALT

The Ideal Tonic Laxative

EFFERVESCENT - PLEASANT-TASTING - THOROUGH

LARGEST SALE OF ANY EFFERVESCENT SALT IN THE WORLD



YOU, TOO, CAN PERMANENTLY BANISH SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

I will tell you how, FREE

As the young wife of an officer in India, I suffered for many years from the torture of mind that accompanies a hideous growth of ugly, unwanted hair. I grew a moustache about a beard, and so awful did it look that I had to wear a veil continuously. I tried all kinds of "cures," including the painful and expensive electric need, but none of these gave me more than a few days' relief. Life was sheer misery. Then, just as I had come to the stage of hopeless despair, a "miracle" happened. My husband saved a poor Hindoo soldier from death. In gratitude he revealed to his rescuer the arduously-guarded secret which keeps Hindoo women free from any trace of superfluous hair. In desperation I gave it a trial. Ever since that time—now years ago—I have not seen even a sign of superfluous hair, either on my face or body. I watched daily for months, expecting the effects of this remedy to be merely temporary, as with the others. But the glad fact is that my cure has been permanent, and, as you will see from my photograph, my clear, unblemished skin, you can hardly believe that I suffered so much in those dreadful years. If you suffer from unsightly, superfluous hair let me help you as I have helped scores of other women since I myself was cured. Post the coupon, or a copy of it, with your name and address, and I will gladly send you this secret—free. Please enclose three penny stamps for my outlay on postage, etc., and state whether Mrs. or Miss. Address: Fredericka Hudson (Ltd. E.137), No. 1 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1, Eng.

THIS FREE COUPON or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d. stamps. Mrs. HUDSON Please send me free your full information and instructions to banish superfluous hair. Address: Fredericka Hudson (Ltd. E.137), No. 1 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1, Eng.

Important Note—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family long in society, and is the widow of a prominent Army officer, so you can write her with every confidence to the above address, where she has been established since 1916.

Command Performance

Continued from Page 20

"I HOPED you never would. It was lovely."

"Why don't you play, Annette?"

"I?"

"Well, play my piece."

"You'll laugh at me."

"Never!"

She sat down nervously, and looked at the keys.

"Did you memorise it?"

"Yes, I had to. Your pencil notes have faded."

He stood silent, his back to the window. She made a bad start, reddened, and began again. As she played, she forgot his presence, while the yearning notes dropped from her fingers. It was not expert playing, but it had an emotional quality which sometimes escapes even expert pianists.

She ended and twisted round on the stool.

"There! I've made a fool of myself."

"Not a bit, Annette. It was beautiful. You seem to understand just what I meant when I wrote it. There's a tinge of heartbreak in all beauty, isn't there?"

She nodded. Tears welled in her eyes. Suddenly she went from the room. Surprised, he waited, then turned out the light and went silently upstairs. The clock ticked loudly.

His wife was asleep. He blew out the lamp, dropped his clothes on the floor, and slid silently beside her.

The clock below struck ten.

The cocks crew as John made his way downstairs. Mary was still sleeping, flushed and breathing rather heavily. He lighted his pipe, took his thick stick from the hall, and went out.

He jolted down into the valley and followed the wide meadow to the river.

"Coo-ee!"

He looked around, startled. A crouched figure, a quarter of a mile down the valley, waved to him. It was Annette. He jumped the gate, and stepped through the soggy meadow. As he drew nearer, he saw her, wearing a big raincoat and top-boots, sitting on a stool in the middle of the stream picking water-cresses. He came up to her.

"Good-morning. I see you everywhere."

She laughed and went on gathering her watercress into little bundles, tying them deftly and stacking them in her basket.

"This is my hobby," she said. "I make my pocket-money this way."

With his stick in his two hands behind him, John watched her quick fingers. She looked up suddenly, and he flushed almost guiltily.

"How is your wife?"

"She was asleep when I left."

Annette stood up, and squelched out of the stream. They walked back together, in silence for a while. Then she said:

"I saw you stop and write something."

"You have good eyes. I was scribbling musical themes. This place makes me want to compose again; almost forces me to. I haven't felt like that for many years."

She did not answer, and in a few minutes they were back at the farm before he realised it.

John found his wife feverish. As there was no telephone at the farm he had to walk a mile to the main road. There he telephoned to a doctor in the town.

It was afternoon before the doctor arrived—an ancient man in an ancient car. He examined Mary. She had a temperature, he said; she was to be kept in bed for a few days. He would come again. And he rattled off down the winding little lane in a cloud of red dust.

JOHN took the local bus into the town, and returned with half a dozen new novels from a circulating library. The weather was hot, the sky cloudless. While Mary sorted over the books he had brought, he stared out of the window. He turned.

"Can I do anything, Mary?"

"No," said Mary. "You go out. I'm all right."

He kissed her lightly and went. He had his tea below, and then set off for the cornfield. As he crossed the farmyard, the reaping machine started up its clattering swish from the far upland field. Instantly, the dogs, seemingly asleep in the sun, bounded up, and set off racing across the fields. John laughed and ran, too.

When he came into the field the dogs were panting, tongues out, watching the corn, the golden uncut square. The stubble, dull gold and pale green between, was sharp underfoot. There was a swish, a cry, and off shot the dogs in pursuit of a panicky, twisting rabbit. The men stacking the sheaves gave him a "good day."

He looked down into the valley, where the house lay. Up here, in summer silence, against the sky, men were doing the elemental work of man. While cities flourished and fell to ruins, this would go on—sowing, tending, gathering.

A tiny figure was climbing up the hill. It was Annette, bringing the men's tea. When they saw her, they left their work, to eat and drink what she gave them in a corner of the field. Only the farmer's son, driving the reaper, finished his courier before joining them.

John met the girl as she returned. She still carried something in her basket.

"I've brought my own tea," she said. "This is my rest."

"Why don't you have it with the men?"

"It embarrasses them. They feel more natural without me."

Beyond the hedge she put down her basket and sat down. John stood, hesitating. He decided to walk on. Annette looked up at him and said:

"Will you have some tea?"

"Yes," he said, and sat down beside her.

She poured tea from a vacuum flask, and gave it to him in a cup, using the cap of the flask herself. They drank, not speaking. The sun glowed like a benediction on the land. The birds sang. Insects hummed. He stared at the tiny enamelled daisies on the bright green turf.

"Have you been writing more music?"

"Yes," he answered, and brought from his pocket the scraps of music paper.

She leaned slightly forward towards him and tried to make out the snatches of melody. He shook his head and smiled. Holding the paper in one hand, he beat out the notes with the other, humming the tunes.

"That's lovely!" she gasped, after one of them.

As he hummed through the melodies she bent further towards him. He saw from the corner of his eye her long lashes, her face set in rapt attention. A wisp of hair brushed his cheek. His heart bounded. He finished humming, and sat in confusion, a war in his mind.

IT would be so easy to slip an arm round the girl as he sat. There was some sympathy between himself and the girl, something commingling, something at one with the sunlight and the song and hum of the wide fields around. He must not spoil it by a movement which might be the beginning of idle flirtation.

Annette, puzzled by his expression and his silence, asked:

"What is it, Mr. Linden?"

The mode of address brought him to his senses. With a swift shattering, the reaper started up again. The girl exclaimed, and stood up. John did the same, clumsily, and took her basket. Side by side they went down the hill, not speaking.

John found Mary still reading.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"I've been up in the cornfield," he said, and told her about the behaviour of the dogs. Mary yawned in the midst of the telling, and, politely waiting till he had finished, returned to her book.

Then, until dusk gathered, John again sat in the window and wrote down the music which had come to him that day. The bright day finished in glory; red splendor steeped the hills.

When darkness had come and the lamp was lit, John went downstairs again. On the silent terrace he stood, and looked at the starry sky. He walked to the farmyard wall and loitered there. A rectangle of light fell about his feet; the kitchen lamp had been lighted. He turned and looked. The men were at the table.

He felt suddenly guilty when he realised that he was looking for Annette.

STOLEN FROM THE SOUTH SEAS MAIDEN

The secret of her strange enchantment! TATTOO for lips instead of pearly coating!



The glamorous little South Seas enchantress doesn't coat her lips with pearly coating that has no allure. Indeed not! Instead, she tattoos them with an alluring transparent red. She knows too, there's no romance in lips that are rough and wrinkled. Hers are soft and smooth.

Her secret of fascinating lips can just as easily be yours. Transparent, alluring South Seas colour that actually softens lips and that becomes an almost irremovable part of the lips an instant after application. Such is the marvelous new TATTOO Lipstick.

PRICE 3/6
Introductory size, 1/-; Medium size, 2/-; De Luxe size, 2/6

CORAL, EXOTIC, NATURAL, PASTEL, HAWAIIAN

TATTOO

YOUR LIPS for romance!

BEFORE BABY ARRIVES



Mothers who take Benger's Food morning and evening do the best for themselves and their infants. Benger's promotes a high state of well-being because it

- is always prepared with fresh new milk,
- partially digests both Food and milk during preparation,
- is highly nourishing and so easy to assimilate that it is welcome when other food is not.

"Benger's Food is quite distinct from any other Food obtainable."—British Medical Journal. Send postcard for Benger's Food explaining why. Benger's Food, Ltd., (In England), 200 George Street, Sydney.

TRADE MARK

Prices in City and Suburbs: No. 1 size - 8/- No. 2 size - 6/- Made in Cheshire, Eng.

Hard, burning, achy CORNS

Lift right out one drop does it

As Corns that hurt, burn, throb and ache can be removed swiftly with this new type of antiseptic treatment. Simply apply a drop of Frosol-Ice, and its special anesthetic action will stop pain in 3 seconds. Then corn or callus starts to wither up, work loose, and you can pick it right out with your finger-tip. FROSOL-ICE is the new, safe, instant-drying remover that does not hurt healthy tissues. Chemists and stores sell it for 1/6, and it's guaranteed.

Please turn to Page 30

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

DID YOU KNOW—

That Dillburr Hall, the Woollahra hospital where a son was born to Mrs. Pat Rothe last week, was once the residence of the Rothe family?

Mrs. Rothe was formerly Miss Elizabeth Macarthur Onslow, of Camden Park.

Flowers for Cranbrook Ball

FLOWERS will come from the country as well as many private gardens in Sydney for the Cranbrook annual ball this Friday, at the school. Lovely flowers are always a feature of the school dances. For this occasion, Mrs. Christian Rothe and Mrs. K. Cudmore are asking friends to cull their gardens.

Mrs. M. P. Brunner, president of the committee, has just returned from a country tour. While she was away, Mrs. Holmes a Court acted as deputy. Other committee members are Mrs. R. M. C. Gunn, who is arranging for bridge to be played in the assembly hall, Mrs. Hugh Poate, and Mrs. Phillip Parkinson.

There will be a crowd of young people dancing in the ballroom—which was once the ballroom of old Government House—among them Paulette Anderson, Margaret Cary, Pamela Roberts, Jean Mackay, Helen Brunner, Elizabeth and Tony Rabett.

Club's Cocktail Hour

YOUNG members of Royal Sydney Golf Club are enthusiastic about the club's new innovation—a monthly cocktail hour, with dancing from five till six. The first one will be held this Friday.

If members and their friends roll up in sufficient numbers, dancing will continue for several hours while a buffet tea is served.

It remains to be seen whether the idea will prove as popular as it has done in overseas clubs.

Returned to Gundagai

MRS. JAMES ROBINSON, of Kimo, Gundagai, returned home at the week-end after spending a week in town at the Queen's Club, while visiting her daughter, Jill, who is at Kambala.

Mrs. Robinson was recently hostess at Kimo to her sister, Lady Jordan, who stayed at Gundagai while her husband, the Chief Justice (Sir Frederick Jordan), was on circuit at Cootamundra.

Home from Queensland

MRS. HARRY MACKELLAR has returned to her flat at Double Bay after visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Michelmore, at her station home in Queensland.

On her way home Mrs. Mackellar stayed with her son and daughter-in-law, the Gordons Mackellars, in Brisbane. Gordon holds the position of starter for the Queensland Turf Club, a position which his late father held for so many years in this State.

Mrs. Gordon Mackellar, by the way, has just brought her young son and daughter to Sydney to stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Maas, at their Bellevue Hill home.

Not Complete Surprise

THE formal announcement in London of Betty Minnett's engagement to Lieut.-Commander John Plunkett-Cole, R.A.N., was not entirely a surprise to her friends either in Sydney or London. The news was brought to Sydney several weeks ago by some of her young friends returning from abroad.

They will be married on December 20.

Mrs. Arthur Blaxland, who recently returned from the East, is staying at Craigieburn, Bernal.

Leaving Landgrove

NOW that all their family are married Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bragg are leaving Landgrove, Cootamundra, to live in Sydney. The beautiful old homestead at Landgrove will now be occupied by Alan Bragg and his bride, who was formerly Darcy Lawry, of Melbourne.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. Bragg were guests of honor at a farewell party arranged by a number of the district's well-known hostesses.

Primrose and White

JOAN WILLOUGHBY DOWLING'S wedding to Errol Joyce, of Eidsvold, Queensland, at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on December 1, will be one of the season's prettiest. Primrose and white is the color scheme.

The bride's attendants will be Mrs. John Fairfax and her little daughter, Virginia, and a small cousin, Margaret Dowling, of Gulgargambone.

John Cargill will come from Armidale to be best man, and the groomsmen will be Dr. John Laidley Dowling and his brother Rick.

The reception will be at Elaine, Double Bay, the home of Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, who is Joan's aunt.

"Robin Jill"

ROBIN JILL are the charming names bestowed on the Bill Merewethers' baby daughter, who was christened last Saturday. The christening ceremony was at "Shore" Chapel, North Sydney, which is the old school of the baby's father and grandfather.

Mr. and Mrs. Merewether are returning this week to their home, Wyuna, Trangie.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred White have moved into the large homestead at Belltrees, Scone. The smaller house which they have been occupying is now headquarters for Herbert Hordern.

Coming Here to Live

MR. and Mrs. Tony Witherington, who have become so well known in Sydney during previous visits, will arrive from England in the Strathmore this Wednesday—this time to make their home in New South Wales.

Their daughter, Geraldine, who left Sydney last year to marry Jack Sayers, in Calcutta, passed her parents on the high seas. With her husband she left India to spend leave in England.

Expected Bombs Any Minute!

MRS. MILNER GULLAND (formerly Nancy Bavin) and her family had an anxious time in England during the war scare. Their home was near Croydon Aerodrome—too close to be pleasant—so Nancy spent days dashing about in her car looking for a new home.

Nancy's sister, Shirley, has just arrived in Sydney from England with her husband, Commander Horn, and their small daughters, to stay with her parents, Sir Thomas and Lady Bavin, of Drumalbyn Road, Bellevue Hill.

In Hospital

MRS. JIM CHISHOLM, who is a patient in St. Luke's Hospital, will stay with her mother, Mrs. Osborne de Lissa, at Elizabeth Bay, to recuperate before returning to her home at Burmah, Graman.

Another country woman on the sick list is Mrs. Hector Livingstone, of Moree, who is staying at the Australia Hotel but will go into St. Vincent's Hospital next week.

Dozens of Fans

THE Fan Ball at Romano's last Friday night lived up to its title. Some of the guests brought old fans to carry while dancing. Others wore miniature ones as wristlets, and practically every table was decorated with a fan of some description. Helen Weihen carried a floral one made of blue delphiniums and roses.

Mrs. John Phillips (secretary) danced in a vivid tartan taffeta frock of many colors. Also present were the president, Yvette Hall, with her fiancé, John Palmer, Gwen King, Pat Macken, Jean and Mary Goddard, Nancy Moffitt, Barbara and Joyce Lotherington, and Geraldine Hogan. Proceeds of the dance were for Frances Newton Kindergarten.



JEAN BETTINGTON, of Coolie, Merriwa, whose wedding to Malcolm Arnott will take place this Tuesday at Merriwa. Her attractive quartet of bridesmaids, Philippa White, of Denman, Irene Bettington, Pat Milson, of Yass, and Betty Anderson, of Gunnedah, will be dressed in rainbow shades.

—Monte Locke.



News of Sydney Travellers

BY air mail from England comes the news that Dr. and Mrs. George Sippe are leaving London for Mauritius Island. Mrs. Sippe was formerly Dr. Ann Fraser-Thompson, of Sydney, and is a sister of Miss M. Fraser-Thompson, of the Macquarie Club.

Dr. and Mrs. Sippe, who are both graduates of Sydney University, have had an attractive flat in London. It has been taken by the Terry Abbotts.

Mrs. Abbott was formerly Pat Littlejohn, a veterinary science graduate of Sydney University.

Mrs. Abbott, by the way, is looking forward to the arrival in London of her mother, Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, who left here last month to give a lecture tour in America.

Molly Brearley, of Rose Bay, is one of many visitors to Merriwa this week for the Arnott-Bettington wedding.

Red Cross Programme

COUNTRY people in town for the annual meeting of the Red Cross Society this Tuesday include Mrs. Birrell (Lawson), who is a sister of Mrs. B. S. B. Stevens; Mrs. Arthur Jamieson (Bungendore); Miss Gilmore Beck (Gulgargambone); Mrs. Stannard and Mrs. Beverley (Griffith). Lady Wakehurst will attend the meeting at the Australia Hotel, and Dame Mary Cook, who has just returned from abroad, will speak on the International Red Cross Conference in London.

There is a busy week ahead for the Red Cross Society. Next Tuesday, Red Cross House, in Jamieson Street, City, which now houses the entire Red Cross activities in its four stories, will be declared open by the Minister for Health (Mr. H. P. FitzSimons).

Become "Woolly-Minded"

THE most talked about motion at the opening day of the Metropolitan Group C.W.A. Conference last week was that women should become "woolly-minded"—in particular, wear more wool stockings.

Several delegates said that they "would like to wear their husbands' socks in winter time." Others weren't so enthusiastic about the idea... said they were too bright.

It was suggested, too, that a pair of stockings patterned in the Royal crest be presented to the Duchess of Kent.

A resolution "encouraging manufacturers to make women's fine woollen stockings in decorative designs and a variety of colors, as in men's hose," was carried.

Dr. and Mrs. Joe Foreman have sold their property at Cooma and bought one at Meadow Flat, near Bathurst. They intend building a new home on the property.

Melbourne "Booked Out"

JOCELYN CURLEWIS has just returned to her Mosman home from Melbourne, still excited about seeing the Cup. She and her parents made a last-minute decision to go to Melbourne, and left Sydney by car a day before it was run. They were unable to find accommodation, and had to drive on to Hampton, ten miles out of town, before they could find a resting place.

Narrimine Visitor

AFTER a fortnight in town, Ethel Cahill, of Warrigah, will return home this Thursday. She made headquarters at No. 5 Springfield Avenue.

I LIKE—

Diana Browne's white linen jacket embroidered in colored numerals.

Diana will leave this month for another trip abroad.



Few lads escape these painful eruptions, to some they are a constant and humiliating plague. If you have a son so afflicted, bathe the boils frequently and thoroughly with hot water and plenty of Cuticura Soap. After each fomentation anoint the boils liberally with Cuticura Ointment. This is the most effective outward treatment you can use for boils, pimples, and even stubborn ulcers, such as bad legs.

Cuticura carries its cleansing, germ-killing, healing properties to the very core of the eruption. It speedily allays irritation and inflammation and induces a healthy condition which permits the formation

of sound flesh and new skin. Cuticura is the ideal first-aid and healer for cuts, grazes and all skin injuries. No germ can live in contact with Cuticura Ointment. It therefore gives sure protection against festering and septic poisoning. In the home, the garage, garden and workshop, one's hands get in the way; children at play tumble and bark their knees. For safety's sake keep a tin of Cuticura handy. Works miracles with stubborn eczema. Stops the tormenting itch almost the moment it touches the skin, and often a single tin banishes an eruption of years' standing.



Use Cuticura Ointment to relieve and heal Itching Eruptions, Ulcers, Boils, Abscesses, Eczema, Pimples, Poisoned Wounds, Cuts, Burns and all disorders of the Skin and Scalp.

1/3 and 2/6 a tin.

THERE'S HEALING IN EVERY TOUCH

Freckles

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles. As Kintho—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho from any chemist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

FLUSH ACID POISON OUT OF KIDNEYS

Flush Out Your 15 MILES of Kidney Tubes

If kidneys don't pass 3 pints a day and get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters become clogged with poisonous waste and the danger of acid poisoning is greatly increased.

This acid condition, brought about by poor kidney function, is a danger signal and may be the beginning of nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness.

Most people watch their towels, which contain only 27 feet of intestine, but neglect the kidneys, which contain 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters. If these tubes or filters become clogged with poisons, it may lay you up for many months. Don't run any risk. Make sure your kidneys empty 3 pints a day.

Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS—used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 MILES of kidney tubes. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist.

H

He saw her, flitting, in her white apron, into the area of light and beyond it again. A great surge of tenderness rose in him and escaped in a sigh. He turned and, still staring at the sky, clasped and unclasped his hands nervously. The music was dancing in him again. The beauty was before him, about him, and in him. But now it was not enough. There had crept in a longing. He murmured to himself a line from a half-remembered poem:

"How sweet, did any other heart
Now share in my emotion . . ."

He turned again, looking at the bright square of light. He saw her bend before the fire, watched her rise and move across the kitchen. He realised then that he was looking for her, waiting for her, like a lover. He moved away, through the wicket-gate on to the road. Darkly the trees overhung it; they rustled gently.

The night was soft and languorous, and the great wheeling constellations hung, immense, diamonded chandeliers. Tiny voices murmured in the banks, minute life brushed and scattered. He walked slowly under the trees; the apples were the apples of Hesperides, hanging in a magic night; and he walked, a youth again, beneath them.

John turned back, and again skirted the house. She did not come. He laughed at himself for a fool; almost he despised himself for a rogue, too. He returned to the terrace, and stood there. His heart ached. Beauty was now, he knew, tinged with heartbreak.

Abruptly turning, John went in. He carried the lamp from the dining-room into the drawing-room. He sat at the piano. He left the door slightly open, reminding himself, for he knew why he did so.

He began improvising slowly; a

powerful theme in the bass, a rippling current of chords hovering about it. His playing grew wilder and more passionate, voicing the exaltation of beauty and longing. As he played, his mind raced. What should he do? Should he go away?

His heart leapt. As the airy chords cascaded downwards to a strong bass, the door was opened. Annette crept in, and stood beside him. He felt her presence; felt a tide of crimson flooding his face; but he played on.

Suddenly he ceased. The piano rang dully as the chords died away. He sat for a moment, not knowing what to do or say. Then slowly he swivelled round on the stool, and faced Annette. She was white, her brown eyes were brimming with tears. For a moment they looked into each other's eyes. On that instant they both knew.

Still looking at John, Annette backed towards the door, then swiftly turned and ran out. John, his brain whirling, his blood in a riot, closed down the piano-cover and stood up. Like a man in a dream, he went slowly on to the terrace, and stood pondering, his heart beating heavily.

Fool! Fool! He was forty-five, this girl twenty-three. He had lived through the hot dawn of youth, and desire, and heart-breaking aspiration. Could the golden age return again? He would soon be an elderly man. Yet—here was his home—here he was a man facing the unheeding hills, with nothing to flatter him, nothing to satisfy save the vision within him. And . . . here, too, was the heart to share it all, the heart beating with his.

He went in, the conflict still undecided. Soon, he knew, the crisis must come; soon a decision must be made.

Command Performance

Continued from Page 28

He went upstairs, past the comforting, heavily-ticking clock. Mary was sleeping. He could not make up his mind to go to bed. He stared from the window. The relentless debate raged in his mind. He feared to meet Annette again. Should he go away? Impulsively, he took a step forward to waken his wife and tell her they must go. As he was about to touch her, another thought arrested him. So, for an hour, he wrestled with the problem, walking restlessly to and fro.

His wife woke and watched him for a time.

"What is the matter? Do keep still. My head aches."

"I'm sorry, I was thinking. How are you?"

"Better, I think. Are you coming to bed?"

"Yes."

He undressed and slipped in beside Mary.

The clock in the hall below beat out the hour heavily.

The next day Mary was much better and sat up in bed. John, awake since dawn, had not bothered to get up. Only after their morning tea did he rise and dress.

The day was hot and cloudless. He stood in the porch, afraid of seeing Annette. All the morning he hung about the house, fearing to go out. His breakfast and his lunch were brought to him by Mrs. Withcombe.

He spent part of the morning scribbling music furiously at the window of the bedroom.

In the afternoon he escaped quickly and set off for a tramp along the roads. All the way, his reason was battling with his emotions. As he walked beside the river, through an old grey-stone village, he asked himself how he could give this up; how go back to ballrooms and cocktails and simpering women. Life here, with Mary, would be impossible; she did not fit in. Could he give up everything? Could a man struggle out of a groove he had deepened and channelled through the best years of his life?

At early evening he got back, and went up to see his wife. She was quite cheerful.

"I feel lots better," she said. "Did the doctor say he was coming tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"I'll ask him if I can get up."

John ate a belated tea below. He walked on the terrace and looked out lovingly over the countryside. The noise of the reaper ceased in the field. Evening hush crept down. The murmur of the farmyard, the singing of the birds, was slowly subdued.

He turned and went into the drawing-room. Sunset blaze in the sky reflected redly on the swung-open windows; it glinted on the few ornaments on the mantelpiece.

He played riotously and stormily. But neither peace nor decision came; the door did not open. He got up, and went out again. Purple dusk was veiling the redness of the sunset. Stillness blanketed all sounds. As night slowly infused blackness

into the purple, the stars wavered into brightness. Scent and still warmth pervaded the air.

John walked to the farmyard wall. The kitchen lamp was lighted. Was Annette ill, that he had not seen her? No! She crossed the kitchen. He waited for an hour, then walked out into the lane in the darkness of the trees. There he paced, his steps crunching faintly. A shadow moved. His heart leapt. It was she.

She came slowly towards him. He was not sure whether she had seen him there. Her face glimmered pale in the starlight. Her dark shadow moved in the darkness. She came up to him. He could see her eyes shining.

He reached out shaking arms, and took her shoulders. Still and upright, she did not move. The stars swayed over them both. He pulled her gently towards him, and put his arms about her. He stood looking down at her, she with her face upturned, tears in her eyes.

"My love!" he said, his voice a little hoarse. "My love! At last I've found you."

Still looking steadily at him, she

GIRLIGAGS



"THE GIRL who is easiest on a man's eyes is usually the hardest on his pocket-book."

said: "John, I've waited for you to come. I've been waiting all my life for you."

"And I, too, dearest heart," he said; "I've found life; I've been dead twenty years. Twenty years, Annette."

The trees still swayed gently. The night, murmurous and kindly, lapped them around. The stars were tremulous with joy.

John folded her more closely, and kissed her gently. Then they stood silent, close together, feeling the beauty of the heart of night around them.

At last Annette said:

"John, what can we do?"

"Don't talk of it," said John.

"Sweetest, time doesn't exist now."

She shook her head and drew herself away. Suddenly she burst into weeping.

Please turn to Page 32

When the heat holds up the housework

- TEA FOR ME!

In hot or humid weather, energy falls quickly, and loss of energy leads to listlessness, laziness, headaches. Soon you reach the point where weariness gets you down—the Dead-Point . . . Beat this Dead-Point! You can do it easily—just by drinking extra cups of Tea . . . There's tonic in Tea, tonic that renews energy quickly, reduces body temperature swiftly. And these benefits are lasting—Tea revives you, cools you, keeps you cool . . . Drink more of it.

TEA

revives you
- keeps you cool!

DANDRUFF INEXCUSABLE

Dissolve it clean away—regain luxuriant new growth, sparkling lustre

Barry's Tricophorous provides the one quick and positive means of getting rid of every trace of dandruff—permanently. It dissolves away all unsightly particles and restores your hair to a gloriously healthy condition. It pours new life into languishing roots and encourages a luxuriant growth of silky, youthful, sparkling hair.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Of all Chemists & Stores 3/- a bottle.

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.



WRITE NOW

All readers are welcome to try their hand at writing to this page on any topic that interests them. Letters should be short and concise. Address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

HOME LIFE

THERE is undoubted truth in the claim that much of England's strength lies in her home life. The history of both England and Australia has often shown that the men who have the moral support of their families achieve most success.

This is not surprising, for the man who goes inspired by the trust and approval of his home folk, and the thought that he will return to peace and appreciation, is more likely to succeed than one who feels that in aim and sympathy he is alienated from his family.

The mother, too, who knows she has the full love and confidence of her family willingly strives for its welfare, so from each such home radiate strength, courage, and successful endeavor.

Let us, then, encourage home life.

£1 for this letter to Miss N. Thompson, 151 Fisher St., Unley, S.A.

THE FRIENDLY CRITIC

IS personal criticism by friends justifiable?

Constructive criticism of ourselves should be helpful and interesting, but few of us appreciate being criticised, even by a friend.

Criticism to some natures proves destructive rather than constructive for the reason that humiliation follows, and the inferiority complex is accentuated to a marked degree.

Most of us are fully aware of our weaknesses, and in some instances have worked hard to overcome them, and when we have failed to do so criticism is hard to bear.

On the other hand, if we adopt the right attitude, we should realise and appreciate the fact that the person who has taken sufficient interest to criticise us is meaning to be helpful, and the criticism, if sympathetic and knowledgeable, should prove to be so.

Mrs. Helen N. Terry, 4 Mann's Ave., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

Should Married Couples Spend Holidays Apart?

I DO not agree with D. Bell (22/10/38) that a married couple should spend their holidays apart. If a man and wife are devoted to each other, then to spend holidays separately would be misery.

As to a woman with a family, she would probably be so worried as to how her flock were faring that the holiday would do her no good. After all, no woman thinks a person can care for her family as well as she can herself.

Mrs. A. Guyot, 5a Gaza Rd., West Ryde, N.S.W.

Complete Rest

I SEE no harm in husbands and wives taking a "brief respite" on their own.

Certainly the ideal holiday is one in which the individual can forget all ties, responsibilities and obligations—where one can break away from the humdrum existence of every day.

This is hardly possible with one's life-partner present.

Miss N. H. Thomas, 17 James St., Glenhady, Vic.

Family Ties

WHEN there is a family I think a separate vacation for man and wife is a good idea. Of course, when there are no children the wife doesn't mind tramping for miles



Real man's holiday.

when shooting, and sitting for hours when fishing.

If the husband goes away alone he can shoot, fish, hike, etc., to his heart's content. The wife can take the kiddies to the seaside and enjoy herself in her own quiet way.

Mrs. F. Johnson, Frank St., Coorparoo, Brisbane.

Undemocratic Habit Of Tipping

I AGREE with Miss Izard, who deplors the habit of tipping because it creates class distinction, which is against the principles of democracy (22/10/38).

Fortunately, tipping is not as common in Australia as it is on the Continent and in America.

But it is bad enough. When money is exchanged between people it definitely tends to create class distinction—between those who give and those who take.

Perhaps, occasionally, remuneration is in order when one wants to show pleasure at a service to one who is not so well off, but when it is expected of you the habit loses any virtue it might have.

The trouble is many people are paid less in regular wages because of the tips they are expected to receive.

It is no use making tipping illegal. If it were considered an offence against good taste, it would soon stop.

Mrs. Simpson, Westbury Rd., Launceston, Tas.

Should Stop

GWYNETH IZZARD is right. Tipping is a pernicious habit that should be stopped.

Why should some with more

LEARNING TO "BUDGET"

SHOULD boys and girls who have commenced to earn their living manage their own finances?

Recently, several parents among my friends discussed this problem.

Some thought that if children, no matter how young, were capable of earning their living, they should learn the more difficult art of balancing their budget, and the only way to do this was to plan for their own needs and spend their own money.

The others said that children should not be given the free handling of money too young, and allowed to waste it as they pleased.

E. A. Paterson, McKenzie St., Seaford, Vic.

money than others receive extra attention and courtesy? Employees supposedly receive a living wage, and if they do not they should agitate till they do.

Mrs. M. Richards, 72 Ross St., Richmond, Vic.

The Other Side

I SEE that Miss Izard has not considered tipping from the point of view of those who receive the tip.

If wealthy people have a few shillings to spare, I don't think anyone should raise objection to their disposing of it among the less fortunate.

Surely one could not wish to deprive them of it—it may often be the source of "little luxuries," which mean so much to them.

Miss Erminia Navarro, C/o Box 33, Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

Discourage It

I AGREE that we should discourage the habit of tipping. It puts the worker in a servile position which is inconsistent with democracy.

The employer should pay the worker a wage and make allowance for this wage in the price he charges for his goods.

Instead of which I have heard that drink waiters in some hotels pay the employer to be allowed to work—getting ample remuneration by the tips they receive.

There is no reason why certain classes of workers, as those mentioned by Miss Izard, should receive tips.

I think we should set about discouraging this undemocratic habit. Miss J. Beale, 30 Tennent Pde., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Have Women Lost By Their Gain in Independence?

CONSTANCE CHILD (22/10/38) asked what women have gained by their fight for equality with men.

Women to-day do not usurp the position of men for the sole purpose of being their equals, but mainly to gain their independence.

Also, there are numerous women who have no motherly instincts whatever, and, consequently, are not fitted for motherhood: yet



Prefers this life.

usually prosper and make a success of their respective business duties.

No just person can criticise or blame the woman of to-day who chooses a career.

There is not an alarming majority, and it is only right that the fairer sex be free to express their individuality in whatever way they think best.

Miss Mavis Crawford Smith, 10 Brightmore St., Cremorne, Sydney.

Different Function

I QUITE agree with Constance Child. Women have lost more than they have gained in striving after equality with men.

Women filling their normal function in life are as important as men, only in a different sphere.

Mrs. D. McGrath, Timmsvale P.O., via Coramba, N.S.W.

WORRY TOO MUCH

MOST people, when going on holidays, worry too much about smart clothes. These, and good looks, are not necessary for popularity.

A plain, sensible wardrobe is far more important, along with good spirits and a friendly manner. These will help to carry things along with a swing.

People worry too much about clothes and other people.

What do other readers think? Mrs. M. F. Green, Malereen, Young, N.S.W.

OVER-SECURE

MODERN civilisation provides too much security.

When we are born a bonus is given; education is free; there is the dole for the unemployed.

When we are sick, we have free medical attendance; when we have children, endowment; when we are old, a pension; and so on.

This security is sapping ambition, clogging enterprise, and lessening responsibility.

Mrs. R. H. Paxton, Ellenborough, via Wauchape, N.S.W.

WOMEN'S PATIENCE

THERE is no doubt women are more patient than men. They remain more cheerful doing the same things over and over again than men do. Women, too, are far more conscientious about the little things. They take more interest in routine duties and generally bring more efficiency to them than men do.

A woman does not always look for promotion. She prefers to have a safe job and to carry on doing it without interruption or change.

This is why most of the ordinary routine jobs are held by women.

Mrs. Cole, Fisher St., Manly E3, Qld.



DON'T SUFFER WITH YOUR FEET

Put Them Right With

Zam-Buk

If you want to get through your daily work in comfort and enjoy your recreation to the full, you must look after your feet.

The best way to avoid sore, aching feet and swollen ankles is to bathe the feet in warm water and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. Do this every night (and morning, if possible) and you will be surprised at the immediate relief you get. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed; blisters are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are made comfortable. Don't forget, start with Zam-Buk to-night, and end your foot troubles.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All chemists & stores.

"I do a lot of standing and walking, but every night I wash my feet and rub Zam-Buk well into the ankles and soles. This keeps them in good condition."—Miss E. French.

"Having much trouble with my feet, I had to stop in and rest them. Zam-Buk gave wonderful relief and made my feet better. Friends were astonished to see me about again."—Mrs. G. Hutchings.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

CAROL HUGHES
Waves Hair Styler



Shampoo Hair after Surf

to preserve silky texture . . . rich colour . . . and lustre.

A LITTLE sea-water creeps under your cap . . . or beach mist falls over your hair. Then the alkali in sea-water dries the scalp's edges—makes the hair stiff, sticky, dull, brittle. A rinse with fresh water is not enough. After the beach, give your hair a quick shampoo with Colinated. Watch the rich "coconut foam" dissolve every trace of sand and

sea-water—and leave the hair soft, wavy, sparkling . . . and silky-clean. Quite easy to dress, too. **BLONDES**—Colinated Shampoo preserves fascinating true gold brilliance. **BRUNETTES**—Discover rich new highlights.

Make your next Shampoo a real "BEAUTY WASH."

All Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers

A 2/6 bottle gives 14 perfect Shampoos.

COLINATED COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Blair Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orizol Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

Command Performance

Continued from Page 30

"Oh, John! This is such a dream, such a foolish dream. It is too difficult. You cannot leave your life now, and I cannot leave mine."

John took her by the shoulders again, almost roughly.

"Annette, my dear, do you think I can throw away my happiness now? You cannot leave your life, because this is part of you. I can leave mine. It is outside me; I have never known life till now."

He held her tightly, and kissed her passionately.

"There comes a time for throwing off shackles," he declared. "My time is now. Here I can compose; there is nobody but you who can help me in that."

"I know; but it is too late, now. Your life has become part of you."

You can't help it. Nobody can. Oh, my dear!"

She bent her head to his breast and cried unrestrainedly. He lifted her tear-dimmed face.

"Annette, sweet Annette, I cannot lose you now; I cannot lose this life, this beauty..."

"I know! I know! You should achieve greater things than the cheap triumphs you get now. And I can help you. But it is too late. If it could have come before..."

...but it couldn't, anyway, John. I was born out of my time. Oh, John, dearest John. If only you were twenty years younger! What beautiful things we might do—dearest John!"

He held her weeping. His face raised to the stars was full of

pain. Twenty years—twenty years

... Ah! the pity of it.

"Kiss me, dear John. I must go!"

He held her and kissed her fervently, with that echo—"Twenty years!" still in his mind.

She pulled herself away and ran.

Left in an empty world, he groped for a moment like a blind man. Slowly, trudging drunkenly, he went back. Heavily, he trod upstairs. The weight, assured tick-tock of the clock followed him.

Mary was awake. She looked at his flushed, dazed face.

"What's wrong with you?"

"Oh, nothing," he said, and going to the window stared wearily from it, leaning against the frame.

"You look ill."

"I'm all right," he said, without turning. "Are you better?"

"I think I shall be able to get up to-morrow," she said, complacently, and added: "You don't seem pleased."

"I'm tired."

He stood staring from the window, while time dragged. Mary was asleep again.

At last he came to a decision. Yes. He would tell her. He could not give up this country; he could not give up the joy, which was his for the taking.

He sat down, and, his head on his arms on the sill, fell asleep.

When he awoke, haggard and unrefreshed, the dawn had barely come.

He went slowly downstairs. He was conscious of an unusual silence, which puzzled him for a moment. He let himself out. Even the farm household was not stirring.

He walked on the hills while pale grey dawn turned to pink; and, when the sun was pale gold, he returned. He was steeled in his resolution. Nobody and nothing in the world, the opinion of men, his duty to his wife, should take from him his right to live.

HE entered softly. He was aware of the strange silence again. Then he heard voices in the hall and stood still on the mat. The farmer's wife and her son were standing there in the shadow before the old clock.

"That's strange, Will," said the woman. "That's the first time the old clock's stopped in a hundred years. Stopped at a quarter past eleven. Set him going, Will..."

The lad stepped forward to do so.

"No, no, silly. Never put a clock back. It spoils it if you do."

Never put a clock back... twenty years.

John hurried past. He found his wife awake.

"Where have you been?"

"Walking."

He stooped to pick up a clean pair of shoes.

"Why, John?"

"What is it?"

"You're going quite grey at the sides! All right, don't look at me like that. I can't help it."

Orey... twenty years... putting the clock back...

He dressed hastily and went downstairs. He could settle to nothing.

What a fool! What a fool!

After breakfast the doctor came. He pronounced Mary well. John went upstairs half-an-hour after the doctor's visit. His wife was busily dressing.

He went out again and walked down to the brook. He stood there, staring at the water, for a full hour.

Then he walked back. His wife came on to the terrace. She was waving a pink slip of paper.

"John! John!"

"What is it?"

He reached the foot of the bank and stood looking. Mary, standing above him, looked over excitedly.

"John, it's from your agent. You're chosen for the Royal Command Performance. He wants you to come to London right away. Why... John aren't you glad?"

"Yes," he said dully, and walked through the farmyard gate. She shrugged her shoulders, puzzled, and went in.

John saw a flutter of white apron behind the byre. He ran across. Annette was there. He saw that she had been weeping.

"Annette."

"I know, John... It is too hard; it's only a dream."

"I shall always love you, Annette."

"And I shall always love you, John."



DOROTHY LAMOUR, of Paramount, wears this black tailored chifon for afternoon. The fitted slip with heart-shaped bodice has a binding of cyclamen ribbon and her gauntlet suede gloves are of the same color.

The station taxi-man put the luggage into his car in the lane by the farmhouse. The passengers got in. Seated there, they shook hands with the farmer and his wife and son.

"Where's Annette?" asked the farmer's wife.

"Haven't seen her this morning," said the farmer.

The car ground off, raising a cloud of red dust, while the man and the woman inside waved in answer to the farewells.

The car gathered speed, swinging out of the side-lane and leaving the farm and its fields far behind it.

John stared moodily at the passing landscape. His wife opened her bag and drew from it the pink slip of paper. She looked at it complacently and proudly.

"Royal Command Performance," she said. "Well, John, you've achieved it at last—what you've worked for and lived for."

John did not answer. He stared out at the landscape. The car sped silently on, and swung into the thronging traffic on the high road.

(Copyright.)

Fat Covers Up Good Looks

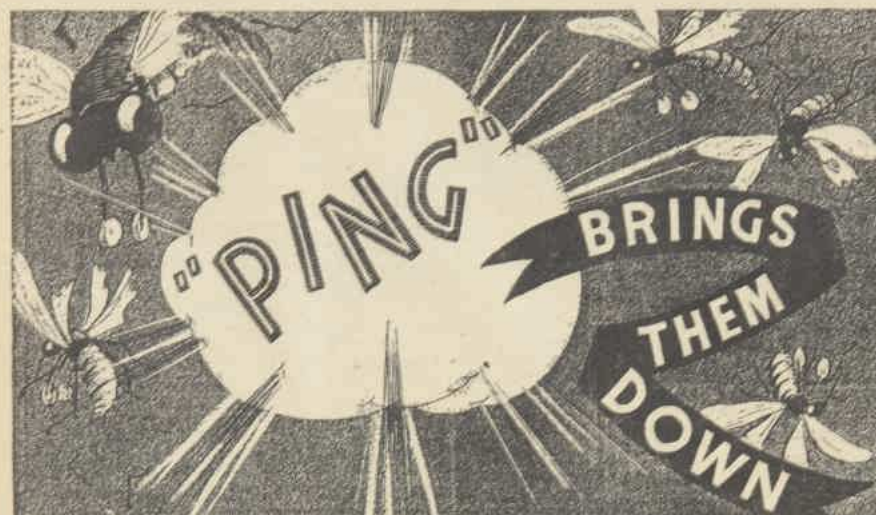
AND PUTS YEARS ON YOUR AGE

It is vexatious to find the good features of your face and lines of your figure disappearing under layers of unhealthy fat tissue. Fat streaks and double chins are ageing and destroy attractive youthful looks. Unhealthy fat causes unfitness, too, and often it is due to constipation. Food wastes accumulate and seep into the blood stream, forming sagging flesh and causing tick headaches, bloated, pimpled and unpleasant breath.

To banish fat and regain your fitness you should correct constipation by taking Pinkettes. These pleasant, effective laxative and liver pills cleanse the food tract and unload the liver, dispersing waste accumulations and restoring the healthy habit of emptying laxy bowels. Watch your pimples, sick headache, bad breath, and unhealthy fat disappear after Pinkettes. At chemists and supermarkets. 1/3 bottle.

RHEUMATISM

THOUSANDS of pain-racked victims have been saved from a living death by the great new arterial medicine, DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLD, which has proved so marvellous for Rheumatism, Arteritis, and Blood Poison. Muscles and joints lose stiffness and pain. Arteries and veins relax and get a constant good blood flow. Get a 4/6 (month's treatment) box of Menthold for 1/6 (11-day treatment) box of Menthold from your nearest Dr. MACKENZIE's chemist to-day. Get genuine MENTHOLD.



When the "PING" barrage bursts, that's the end of the fly fleet. ... The end, too, of the mosquito hordes and the menace of the moth. The bigger they are the harder they fall. Blowflies, all flies, mosquitoes, moths, even the elusive silverfish turn up their toes at the first deadly breath of "PING," "The King of Insect Sprays."

"PING," THE POWERFUL KILLS 'EM DEAD

No beg pardons about "PING." It does not simply STUN, it KILLS every household insect that threatens the peace or health of your home, because it is 2 to 10 times stronger than most other sprays and never fails to do its job.

"PING" SALE TELLS THE TALE

There is more "PING" sold in the Commonwealth than all other insect sprays combined. ... Yes, that's correct. Scientifically produced from rare and costly ingredients, "PING" is entirely harmless to anything except insect pests and is undoubtedly the most powerful, swift, economical spray it is possible to buy. ... Insist on "PING."

SOLD BY ALL STORES AND CHEMISTS, TOO.

★ The large size is most economical.



PING

THE KING OF INSECT SPRAYS

A NIGHTINGALE PRODUCT

FASHION PORTFOLIO

November 12, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

BLACK... WHITE... PLAID...



SPONSORED by leading designers for dining and dancing. Photographs selected in London by Mary St. Claire and forwarded by air mail.

● **ABOVE**—Dorville's spirited plaid in a frock of whispering taffeta that your grandmother might have worn. Tiny waist, billowing sleeves, and fullness falling softly to the back.

● **CENTRE**—Vaporous organza by Reville, scattered with starry daisies and pleated all over. Disciplined from neck to hips with wide bands of velvet ribbon. "Peacock" hemline—raised in front, dipping at back.

● **TOP RIGHT**—Sleek navy jersey, with the new front fullness that is all the rage in Paris, and snugly fitted at the waistline with a broad band of satin laces. Searing hat by Otto Lucas.

● **RIGHT**—Tintling's romantic gown of black taffeta velvet with off-the-shoulder line, featuring pairs of white birds coyly carrying blue velvet ribbon round the sweeping hemline.



"I'm a **ONE** Brand woman now —



★ There's sheer beauty and luxurious styling in every inch of a Kayser Nightdress. I adore the way they fit my figure and their sweet coolness wafts me into refreshing 7/11 slumber. From 7/11

Style illustrated No. 747—29/11

"I insist on **KAYSER**"

LINGERIE • PURE SILK HOSIERY • GLOVES

Picture YOURSELF in this stunning SUMMER WARDROBE



ATTRACTIVE HOUSE FROCK

A very necessary outfit to any girl's wardrobe. This style is both attractive and practical. In cents:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 3.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 8/11



A BOLERO IS ESSENTIAL

Order from stores for dress in a bolero, and you will have a complete summer outfit. In cents:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 3.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 7/10



BIG FLORALS GIVE AN "AIR"

Unusual seaming accents the soft bodice fullness of this smart frock. Perfectly set off in this most attractive floral. It requires:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 3.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 7/11

You can make it COMPLETE for 48'10 with "SUMMER-BREEZE"

If you're an eye for colour, a flair for style, and a need for economy, this attractive, up-to-the-minute outfit of "Summer-Breeze" presents an immediate solution of your summer track problems. Smart, easy-to-make styles, vivacious new designs, and a fabric that withstands summer-long tubbing without ever losing its crisp freshness and sparkling colour.

Make one or all of these frocks—choose different patterns if you wish—but be sure you choose Summer's most attractive, corded cotton—"SUMMER-BREEZE."



SMART "DIRNDL" PLAY SUIT

Delicious "the thing" this Summer. Smart, smart and a little dash of "the thing" to make it a real "Summer-Breeze" play suit. It requires:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 3.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 11/6



COOL and CHIC

This outfit is given to you by Summer-Breeze, and this new design is just what you need. It requires:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 3.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 9/7



CESARINE now offers your choice of

64 fadeless colours

Now you can choose the EXACT shade you require with Cesarine. Only Cesarine offers this big range of lovely colours, and only Cesarine gives such lasting service. Ask for it by name when you want the BEST Utility Cloth for any garment that needs constant washing or for any bright home furnishing idea.



ALL-PURPOSE CESARINE

A CAESAR FABRIC "The Wonder Cloth"
 36in. wide. 1/111 yd. everywhere.

KIDDIES' FROCKS, TOO, ARE SMARTER of "SUMMER-BREEZE"

Lots of specially created kiddies' designs, and its ability to come fresh and smiling through constant washing makes "Summer-Breeze" ever-popular for children's wear. Shown here are three new season's designs that will give splendid wear and a real dash of style.



128" Peppy look in latest fashion give us added touch to make it the thing. For kiddies 6 to 12:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 1.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 11/6

128" Peppy look in latest fashion give us added touch to make it the thing. For kiddies 6 to 12:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 1.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 11/6

128" Peppy look in latest fashion give us added touch to make it the thing. For kiddies 6 to 12:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 1.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 11/6

128" Peppy look in latest fashion give us added touch to make it the thing. For kiddies 6 to 12:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 1.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 11/6

128" Peppy look in latest fashion give us added touch to make it the thing. For kiddies 6 to 12:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 1.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 11/6

128" Peppy look in latest fashion give us added touch to make it the thing. For kiddies 6 to 12:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 1.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 11/6

128" Peppy look in latest fashion give us added touch to make it the thing. For kiddies 6 to 12:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 1.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 11/6

128" Peppy look in latest fashion give us added touch to make it the thing. For kiddies 6 to 12:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 1.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 11/6

128" Peppy look in latest fashion give us added touch to make it the thing. For kiddies 6 to 12:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 1.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 11/6

128" Peppy look in latest fashion give us added touch to make it the thing. For kiddies 6 to 12:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 1.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 11/6

128" Peppy look in latest fashion give us added touch to make it the thing. For kiddies 6 to 12:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 1.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 11/6

128" Peppy look in latest fashion give us added touch to make it the thing. For kiddies 6 to 12:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 1.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 11/6

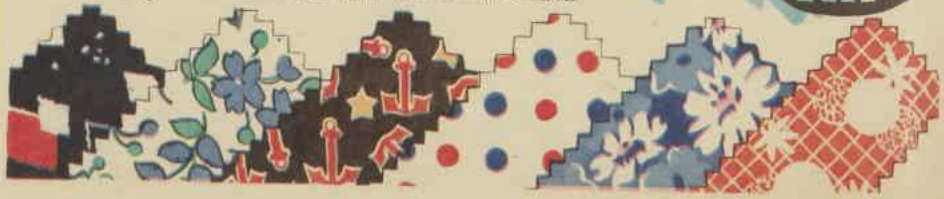
128" Peppy look in latest fashion give us added touch to make it the thing. For kiddies 6 to 12:
 3-6 yards Summer-Breeze at 1.11 1
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11
 3-6 yards P. Summer-Breeze for children 1.11

TOTAL COST 11/6



"SUMMER-BREEZE"

Every good store sells "SUMMER-BREEZE," and offers hints more lovely designs, including elegant headbands, cultural frocks and pattern prints, and dashing sport and nautical effects. Limit on garments "SUMMER-BREEZE" GUARANTEED sun and hail-fast. 36 inches wide.



SUCH GAY TUBBABLES

• **NATURAL TUSSORE** teams with brilliant striped pique in a new version of the bolero frock that features four cunning, slanted pockets.

• **COOL**, crease-resisting linen, showing new radiating pleats in the skirt. Belt and scarf of hilariously gay print. With it wear a flake-light straw.

• **BLITHE**, printed cotton suit—slim as a willow. The trim little jacket is cheered with flashing white pique and gay print buttons.

• **A YOUNG-HEARTED** pinafore frock in dark blue linen with swing skirt. With it a cool blouse of sunshine organdie, spotted with red. A Mexican sombrero of varnished straw adds the final touch.



PLAY . . . IN WHITE



● ABOVE LEFT: For adventurers who probably handle the tiller with more enthusiasm than skill, a white coarse linen coolie suit blazoned with red stitching.

● ABOVE: Sartorial elegance in an impeccably tailored suit of white shark-skin, with gay striped blouse. A summer "must" for beach or cruise wear.

● EXTREME LOWER LEFT: The ever-in-the-vogue shirt dress with buttons marching down the front, and a capricious hood to keep rebellious curls in check.

● LOWER LEFT: Crisp white linen on the greens — a slim, simple little style with fresh navy-and-white striped belt and pockets.

● EXTREME TOP LEFT: Play the game in gleaming white shantung shirt and softly pleated shorts, widely belted with navy, to make the waist look wafer-thin.

● TOP LEFT: Princess tennis frock of white cotton crepe, completely backless to show a sun-tan, and zipped from waist to hem. With it a matching bolero.

SPECIAL FILM STAR PATTERNS...

COMPLETE SUMMER OUTFIT, STYLED IN HOLLYWOOD. THE WHOLE SET OF PATTERNS COSTS 1/9 FROM OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT.



IDA VOLLMAR, R.K.O. player, wears this distinctive suit. It is made in white linen, strictly tailored, with a two-button jacket featuring wide, peaked lapels. Skirt is pleated at the side. The only contrast for the ensemble is a navy grosgrain ribbon on the perky Breton sailor. Smart knapsack is a navy grosgrain ribbon on the perky Breton sailor. Smart knapsack is a navy grosgrain ribbon on the perky Breton sailor. Smart knapsack is a navy grosgrain ribbon on the perky Breton sailor. Patterns for hat, suit, handbag, and gloves now available.



ABOVE: Sketch of the Breton trimmed with contrast grosgrain ribbon as illustrated, gauntlet gloves, "knapsack" bag, and simply cut, severely tailored linen suit. Patterns for each individual item cost 10d.

SO that you may be faultlessly—and inexpensively—attired for the festive season, we offer you patterns for a complete summer outfit, created by a famous Hollywood designer, and worn by a Hollywood star. Complete set, suit, hat, bag, gloves, costs 1/9. Patterns have been cut by experts, and are simple and easy to follow.

With every accessory detail provided for, here is a complete guide to the correct thing to wear for summer.

Suit is cut in four sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required, 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide.

Gloves, sizes 6 and 6 1/2. Material required 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide.

Hat, sizes 21 to 22 1/2-inch head. Material required, 1/2 yard, 36 inches wide.

Bag, 10 x 10 inches. Material required, 1/2 to 1 yard, 36 inches wide.

Patterns for each individual piece may be obtained, price 10d. each. To obtain patterns, follow directions given on our weekly pattern page.

When ordering, ask for WW2653.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalized blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send post note and address to ELASTO, Box 1552R, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 1/6, one month's supply.

THE MAKING OF A
Man

STURDY
GROWTH
is assured
with this
FAMOUS TONIC FOOD



Obtainable Everywhere
at
Chemists and Stores.

It is what you do to-day for your children that will count in the years ahead. To build them sturdily and as a safeguard against malnutrition—the open door to prevalent epidemics—give them Cornwell's Extract of Malt with Cod Liver Oil, rich in Vitamins A, B, C and D, so essential for their healthy development and strong bone growth. Contains Fresh Orange Juice and has such a delicious taste that children will ask for it.

**CORNWELL'S
Extract of Malt**

...also obtainable with
COD LIVER OIL and Orange Juice

TUDOR WRIST WATCHES

15 RUBY JEWELS

Most Reliable



Obtainable from leading jewellers within the Commonwealth.



Always on Time

Chronometer, £1/15/-
10-year Rolled Gold, £8
9-ct. Gold, £7/15/-

Chronometer, £2/15/-
9-ct. Gold, £1/15/-

A Product of the
Rolex Watch Co. Ltd.

ROLEX WATCH CO. LTD.

H. Wilsdorf, Managing Director

GENEVA - LONDON - PARIS

Your New Season's Frocks, Ensembles

Ready-to-Wear or
Made-to-Measure

ALSO MEN'S FASHIONABLE SUITS
**CASH OR SMALL
DEPOSIT & EASY
MONTHLY
PAYMENTS**

ALL MODELS
DELIVERED ON
RECEIPT OF THE
FIRST PAYMENT

Enjoy the smartest and best summer frocking — ready to wear or made to measure — at lower cost, and pay (if you wish) by our system of low deposit and small monthly instalments. Your goods come to you with your first payment, with a guarantee of complete satisfaction or money refunded.



Illustrated: XB Bayadere Silk Crepe, CASH PRICE, 30/- Terms: 8/- deposit. Three monthly payments of 8/-

FREE! New Season's Catalogue

WELDREST
PROPRIETARY LIMITED

195-9 LIVERPOOL ST., SYDNEY
Please Address all correspondence to
BOX 3822, G.P.O., SYDNEY

Please send me your New Season's Catalogue, FREE and POST FREE.
Name and Address W.W.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 42 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

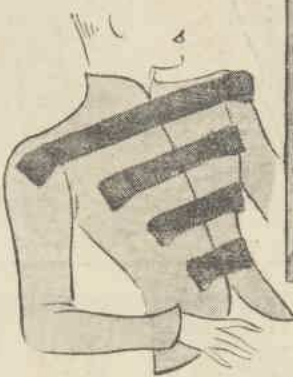
PARIS SNAPSHOTS . . .

By Air Mail from
MARY ST. CLAIRE
Sketched by PETROV.

GARDENIAS are appearing again in great profusion and the lovely fresh blooms are being used as collars and bracelets, belts, to weight the ends of long chiffon evening scarves and as decoration for handbags and muffs (sketched at right).

THE world crisis brought military modes into favor, and now frocks, topcoats, suits, and even fur coats are braided and tasselled like a general's full-dress tunic.

Black silk braid is even more popular than gold, though gold buttons are still very fashionable, while epaulets in both black and gold braid are considered the smartest possible trimming for short black broadcloth jackets. Sketched below.



BACKACHE



**Only a Special Kidney Remedy can
help your Kidney Trouble**

Your kidneys never sleep. All day and all night they are at their vital work — riding the bloodstream of poisons that cause your pain and weakness. When they get tired or sluggish these poisons accumulate and then the pain spreads all over the body. You feel weak, depressed, too-old as the constant pain worries you day and night. Frequently bladder trouble results as kidneys become clogged up with poisons and impurities.

To end all this you must cleanse your kidneys with a kidney remedy. In De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills you have a kidney remedy that shows how it acts through the kidneys and gives you positive

PROOF IN 24 HOURS

Get your De Witt's Pills to-day. Take two before you go to bed. In the morning their healing and cleansing action on the kidneys is seen in the greenish coloration of the urine. The

urine may be very dark and thick, showing you how badly your kidneys needed cleansing. Persevere with the finest of all kidney remedies and the cause of your backache will be cleared right out of the system. Your chronic pain will end and you will be amazed to find how much brighter and more vigorous you feel.

Mrs. Rhoda Wall, of 94, Wells St., Newtown, Sydney, writes:—"I feel it my duty to write and tell you what a lot of good your wonderful kidney and bladder pills have done me. I have been a sufferer for years with my back and always had a headache. A friend recommended me to try your pills, and I have not yet finished the first bottle. My pains have vanished like magic and I feel quite young again. I am 43 years of age and I feel 20, can get about and do my housework quite easily, a thing that has been a trouble to me for years."

DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

ABOVE: Calf-length trousers, cut with very straight legs, in gay cretonnes are the latest craze for beach and cruise wear.

Worn with white linen jacket, severely tailored blouse, and a flat coolie hat, they are exceedingly attractive.

MANY of the long gloves one sees at the opera or at any fashionable legation gathering look as though they were made of broderie anglaise.

In reality they are suede, decorated with intricate patterns in cut-work. Above, right.



**Sew
it
with
"SYLKO"**

Insist—gently but firmly—upon "Sylko" for your sewing

Its quality in strength, evenness and reliability make any little effort worth while

Sold by leading Departmental Stores

**SYLKO
MACHINE TWIST**
[Silk Substitute] MADE BY [Mercerised]
JOHN DEWHURST & SONS LTD. SKIPTON, ENGLAND

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

LATEST SUMMER VOGUES



SUN HAT
WW2617.—A very sweet design sun hat for the little lot 2-8 years. Material required: 1 to 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/6d.



BEACH OUTFIT

WW2618. — Ideal for the beach, and so easy to make. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2½ to 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



DIRNDL DRESS

WW2619. — Shirred skirt and Peter Pan collar make this charming daytime frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yds., 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



SMART COLLAR

WW2620. — This high square collar is a smart new season's feature; inverted pleat skirt. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



FLORAL CHIC

WW2621. — Spec-tator sports frock, flattering to the figure. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION pattern

MODISH HOUSECOATS
THIS week's three-one concession pattern provides for three dainty housecoats as shown. To obtain pattern fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. stamp, and send to our offices.



Concession Pattern Coupon

This Coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, with 3d STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one-month old.

ADELAIDE—Box 288A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 4097, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 183, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney office.
PERTH—Box 4010, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 429577, G.P.O. If calling, 108 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street.
TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on Page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

SIZE

Pattern Coupon, 12/11/38

FOR DRESSY OCCASIONS

WW2622. — Unusual design with charming high collar. The skirt is flared, and the neckline quite new. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FLATTERING MODE

WW2623. — Buttoned frock, with a flattering high waistline. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ to 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

BOLERO SUIT

WW2624. — Smart style of the season, contrasting jacket, skirt, and bolero. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2 yards for skirt, 1½ yards for blouse, and 2½ yards for bolero, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. (3) State size and age of child. (4) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (5) Use box numbers on concession coupon. (6) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

END HEADACHES!



AND NERVE PAINS

Pain pulls you down. It destroys rest for life, and leaves you apathetic and inefficient. All forms of nerve pain give way to Hed-oids, the synergic compound which destroys pain in a flash. Take Hed-oids MEDICAL A.P.C. Powders. Hed-oids are safe; they do not affect the digestion or heart. Packed in handy tins (12 powders 1/6), or single powders if you wish, 3d. Hed-oids tablets are packed in tins for 9d. Hed-oids positively shatter headaches. Take Hed-oids—Sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Hed-oids
MEDICAL A.P.C. POWDERS
FOR HEADACHES

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears. No cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet. **NEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.**

*Engaged—
and
of course
they selected*



SAUNDERS Perfect DIAMONDS

THESE DIAMONDS guaranteed for colour perfect cutting and proportion. Your satisfaction assured

Save 30% Save £5

Over 80 other designs in New Xmas Catalogue

Ask for R40 Ask for R2

SAVE 10% on this Men's Very Smart Gold-filled Watch with Gold-plated Bracelet Band. 15-JEWEL Movement. In Handsome Presentation Case.

SAVE 7/6 on this Lady's Very Smart Gold-filled Watch with Bracelet Band. 15-JEWEL Movement. Complete in Handsome Presentation Case. Fully Guaranteed.

SAUNDERS Proudly Acclaim

Only NEW XMAS CATALOGUE as the Finest Ever. The Special "Double-Star" Bargains include absolutely duty produced values that are beyond compare. 68 Pages—Beautifully Coloured. Every Article Perfectly Reproduced, and the Descriptions Accurate and Helpful.

Fill in this Coupon and Post to Saunders at Sydney.

NAME

ADDRESS

NEW

3 STORES Railway Sq. - 385 Pitt St. - 123 King St.

I DON'T believe

it, Sherman."

"Don't blame you," he said. "It doesn't sound quite plausible—for me. But it's true. I was a yacht broker in New York before I went to Spain. One of those pleasant asses who sail the racers rich men finance and slip the knife into their ribs for new boats at yacht-club bars. When I came back, my uncle on the Coast got me this job. He was proud of me. He'd been a colonel in the Quartermaster Corps during the war and belonged to all the veterans' organisations—you know the type. He got Pacific to send me on this job, so I could recuperate. Well, I fooled him. There's the Albatross. Now I'm going to find out what sank her." He stood up. "Start pumping, old dear. Here I go." He turned and smiled at her. "Do you still love me, now that you know I'm in trade?"

He didn't wait for her answer. He dived cleanly, deep under the dinghy, and stroked downward once more, frogging and thrusting himself down, swimming strongly with his second wind. The helmet bubbles began to come up to him before he passed the wing of the wreck's bridge. He got a firm grip on the rail and slipped into the helmet.

It was fun now. He strapped on the diving shoes and let his lifeline down into the deeper shadows below the rail. He put a leg over and let himself slowly down

to the bottom of the lagoon. For a moment he stood there looking at the Albatross' shadowy underbody, then he began to work his way along it, towards the stern. Almost at once, he found what he wanted—her sea cocks, open. It was too easy. When he was sure of it, he came back under the bridge again and went up to the deck, carefully, so as not to wobble the dinghy too badly on the surface.

Once more he looked at the open passage door, and because there was high exultation in his heart he went over to it and into the passage. Again he tried that locked after door. He couldn't kick it in, because you can't kick under water. Nor could he punch in the thin panels, for the same reason. Suddenly he remembered Melville's knife. He drew it from the top of his trunks and stuck it tentatively against a panel. The point went in. He leaned on it and broke the knife. He put the stump of the blade in the cut the point had made

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, November 9:
11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, November 10:
11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., People in the Limelight.

FRIDAY, November 11: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, November 12:
2.30 p.m., Meet the Band Leaders; 9.30 p.m., Hits of To-day.

SUNDAY, November 13: 4.30 p.m., Celebrity Singer Recital. Eide Norena (Soprano); 8.10 p.m., Great Rivers.

MONDAY, November 14:
11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, November 15:
11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., The Homemaker, Miss D. Vautier.

and leaned on it. It went through. He did it again. In a few minutes he had a small hole through the panel. He got his hand into it and pulled back the door catch inside, put his shoulder to the door and opened it slowly. That room was the saloon.

Its carpet was raised knee high in the centre into a great furred bubble. There was a white grand piano over on the port side aft, smiling pleasantly through the gloom with its open keyboard. There were overstuffed chairs, all disgustingly bloated upward into rounded hummocks that looked like malignant growths.

Books in the bookcases had tiny oblong fins protruding from them. Some slight underwater current moved all the fins backward until they closed against the backs of the books like small doors. And Sherman saw what those fins were. They were the backs, soaked free of their glue on one side, most of them gone entirely.

His mind was clear with definite intention. He knew exactly what it was that he was going to do and how he was going to do it, and he was not going back up until he had done it. He drew in his breath slowly, until the muscles pulled taut under his arched ribs, and he stepped through the door, walking slowly, with infinite caution. Here it was that Fanning had watched Bradley playing with his fabulous pearls by night. Here it was that Chang Tien had covered the saloon table with felt, clamped on the rims and locked the place up, so that a cracked old man could enjoy the last pleasure left to him. For a moment, Sherman could see King Bradley there muzzling those pearls, talking to them, holding up whole handfuls and pressing them against his fat face; but it was no clear vision, for the place was dark and cold, and all around him was a wet ghastliness that was appalling. He stood quite still, looking into the shadows of the far end, and in them he saw the table suddenly.

He stood perfectly still, looking at it. Then he moved closer. It was covered. The heaviness of the

Continued from Page 6

cloth that covered it draped almost to the floor. He stepped into the great bubble of the carpet, pressing it down. Marl clouded up from it as it moved, obscuring his vision. He stepped again, slowly, and the bubble came down in the centre. He knew he could almost touch the table now, but he couldn't see it for the cloudiness of the water. He stood perfectly still, waiting for the water to clear, but he knew he couldn't wait, so he moved again and put his hand on the edge of the table. The rims were clamped on it. He moved his hand to the top and put it down flat on the table, and it was as if he had put his hand on dozens of small marbles.

He thought, My God, he did have them. He felt all over the table, running both hands over the top. Everywhere he touched it, there were marbles under his palms. He felt for the rim clamps, with fingers that were numb with sudden excitement. He tore them free and reached for the borders of the table cover, folding it up over the top, wadding the four ends of it tightly in both fists. Then he jerked it free with one quick pull, and the rims came with it. The marl cloud swirled upwards around his face plate, and something huge and so unbelievably awful with it that his blood caught at his temples and under his collarbones. He pressed backward from it, tripped and almost fell. He closed his eyes, backing away. He knew that if the thing touched him he'd go out like a light. He backed for the door in sheer terror; he turned towards it and couldn't see it—only his air line going about three feet back from him into the cloudy waters, and ending. With one hand he reached for that and followed it along. He was through the door and in the passage, with the certain knowledge that what he had seen was following him, would touch his back. He made the deck somehow and got out of his shoes. The helmet tipped and water choked him. He righted it in panic and tried to breathe calmly, but there was no calmness in him, only terror—white, blinding terror. He had to get up—had to—now! He sucked in one awful breath and forced the helmet off his head, let go the rail and sprang away from the Albatross.

When he broke surface, Constance saw his eyes. He was hanging on to the gunwale with one hand, gasping and shaking his head. He was cold and completely water-gooey for a moment. She reached a hand down to him, but he couldn't get aboard. Instead, he held up the wadded table cover. She lifted it into the boat. Then, in a moment or two, Sherman managed to climb aboard. He shook his head and slapped it for water in his ears. He began to rub himself briskly with his shirt, to whip up his circulation. He stared at her, standing there with his head on one side and the shirt stopped midway of his left thigh.

"What is it, Sherman?"

"Open that," he said. And he nodded to the table cover. She unfolded the four ends. There must have been four hundred pearls in that soggy felt cover. They were all jumbled together with the four mahogany table rims lying over them, but their soft iridescence in the sunlight was like light itself—soft luminosity that glowed with life and reached out for them with the definite vitality that makes pearls what they are. In the cloth beside them was a rusted automatic pistol.

"He shot himself," Sherman knelt down and pointed to the pistol. "Opened the sea cocks and shot himself."

"Who?"

"King Bradley," he said. "I have just met the gentleman." His hand was shaking. He held it out to her. "That's what it does to you—meeting him. Let's get ashore; I've got the complete fitters." Suddenly he remembered Melville washing his hands in the moonlight after they buried Fanning, and he knew damned well why. Melville had had to do it. He began to pull on his clothing.

Constance stared at him, her mouth open. Instinctively she felt the whole great bulk of the Albatross under them—felt its clamminess and the ghastly silence that hung in its flooded emptiness.

"King Bradley—" she said.

Please turn to Page 44

7/6 a Week
covers **TERMS**
and **TUITION!**



SETTIMIO SOPRANO
Piano-Accordion has rich, full tone, quiet response and 1965 mechanical mechanism. One of the many new and used instruments now offering at Nicholson's at from 7/6 weekly, including tuition.



CONN Saxophones have faster, lighter mechanism, and transport ease. Many other new and used "Conn" at Nicholson's. Come and choose yours early, at from 7/6 weekly—TERMS AND TUITION.

CATALOGUES ON REQUEST

Learn any Instrument at the **NICHOLSON COLLEGE** of MODERN MUSIC. Under direction of Al Hammett, Most modern methods and best masters in Sydney. Special courses for country visitors. Write for brochure.

NICHOLSON'S P.T.L.
416-418 George Street, Sydney

Faulding's
ORIGINAL
Lavender and Musk
QUALITY SUPREME



OUTSTANDING FOR ITS FRESHNESS AND FRAGRANCE

If it's FAULDING'S—it's PURE

MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY

Mrs. Roach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. "My baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the flat, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roach."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy, curly. Get a 2/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET.

WRITTEN STARS IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

While Scorpions will respond nobly to "blarney" it is not wise to cross or humiliate them. Like the elephant, they neither forget nor forgive.

ALL Scorpio-born people should get married. And the majority of them do. For, although they are such self-sufficient individuals, they have a weak spot in their nature which makes it necessary for them to have the love and understanding of a partner.

Moreover, marriage is usually a good thing for Scorpions in many other ways—though this cannot always be said for the partner.

This because Scorpions (those born between October 24 and November 23), can be very hard folk to live with. They need a special brand of understanding and tolerance, all their own.

For instance, they are critical themselves, yet will seldom stand criticism from others. They like to gulk and brood now and again, thoroughly enjoying themselves in the process, yet resent moods or lack of gaiety and friendliness in those with whom they must associate.

They can be horribly abrupt and farthing in dealings with other people (especially if they don't like them), but may take it as a personal affront if someone is abrupt to themselves.

Natural Leaders

THEY are natural leaders and pioneers and marvellous fellows to lean upon in times of stress or emergency, and therefore incline toward dominance in their own particular spheres of interest and activity.

In short, they can be "tough guys" most of their days, especially if you pease them.

But—and this should be stressed—if they love you, or even if they only like you, or are sorry for you, they can be the kindest and nicest "saffies" in the world.

So the wise marriage partner (or would-be marriage partner) would do well to find the soft spots which are hidden beneath the hard shells and then "play" them for all they are worth.

This is not as bad as it may seem. Scorpions glory in the receipt of genuine affection and loyalty, so you won't be fooling them if you are not as genuine as you may seem.

They're shrewd people, so quick-witted that they are generally a step ahead of the other fellow. They'll know you want something (even if it is only to avoid the Scorpio battery), but they'll accept your overtures with a good grace and drive on the additional affection.

This means that everyone will be pleased. But best of all, the associates of the Scorpio folk will find out how agreeable and interesting these people can make life when they are happy or pleased.

Good Friends

"BLARNEY" them a little; show appreciation of their efforts (which are seldom half-hearted); ladle out a little approbation with every meal, and at bed-time, too, if necessary, and you will find that life with a Scorpion can be good indeed.

But don't deliberately antagonise or humiliate a Scorpion! If you do you'll rue the day. They never forgive—at least, most of them don't—even if your apology be ever so profuse.

The most harmonious partners for Scorpio-born people will usually be found among those born under the signs, Cancer (June 22 to July 23), Pisces (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21), and, provided both agree not to fight too much, their own sign, Scorpio (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23).

They will also be attracted to Virgoans (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23), Capricornians (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20), and

Arians (Mar. 21 to Ap. 21), who, like Scorpions, are ruled by the planet Mars.

But Scorpions should never marry the wrong mate. It's fatal.

THE DAILY DIARY

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just fair on November 13 (after noon), 14, and 15 (early).

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): This is a closed season for Taurus folk, for trouble stalks the unwary. Let routine work suffice. Avoid loss and change, opposition and partings, especially on November 13, 14, and 15.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Just a week of days. November 18 and 19 fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): You can rely upon your stars at this time, so plan important affairs. Be aggressive and optimis-

tic; try to finalise outstanding matters. Go after what you want. Work hard; don't procrastinate. Make the most of November 12 and 13 (to noon). Also fair on November 15 (p.m.), 16, and 17.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): If you value your peace of mind take no risks just now. Routine affairs best all this week. Delays possible.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): November 15 (after noon), 16, and 17 quite fair for hard-working Virgoans.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): November 18 and 19 just fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): You should be able to do good work on November 15 (after noon), 16, and 17, especially in financial matters already started. But November 12 and 13 (morning) can be better still. Plan to ask favors, seek advancement, make changes, and start new projects then.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): November 12 (after noon),

14, and 15 (early) just fair. Let really important matters wait a little. **CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Much good possible this week if you work hard and co-operate with your stars. Seek advancement and gain of all kinds on November 15 (after noon), 16, and 17 (to 8 p.m.). But take no risks on November 12 and 13 (early).

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Resist all temptations to be over-confident, careless, or extravagant. For loss, difficulty, delays and annoyance may predominate this week. Be especially cautious on November 13, 14, and 15. Live quietly then.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Don't let the grass grow under those feet you're so proud of, for this week brings most Pisceans some help from the stars. Be confident and optimistic and go after the things you want on November 12 and 13 (morning).

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Three Smart Girls



SOLD BY FINE SHOPS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

THE GIRL ON THE LEFT

EVERLOC

"The frock that has everything!" Won't crush, won't fade, but WILL WASH! Clever, well-bred styles, and such gay stripes, spot, and check patterns.

Remember, every frock has the famous guarantee! from 35/-

THE LASS IN THE CENTRE

SHARKTEX

These crisp, cucumber cool frocks are impeccably tailored. In white and frosted pastels, they're guaranteed fadeless. Amazingly inexpensive, yet nothing about them to indicate it! from 25/11

THE YOUNG LADY ON THE RIGHT

floraloc

An important sunshine fashion! You'll rave over the stunning prints! ... Because they're knitted (you'd never guess if to look at them) these frocks simply won't crush! There's good taste and fine detail in the styles. Yes, they have the famous guarantee too! from 39/11

STYLED
EXCLUSIVELY BY

Spectator
SPORTSWEAR



**“....Yes, it's the Telegraph's new plan
-you don't pay if you don't get a reply”**

Your Newsagent is ready and willing to help you place your classified ad. in the Daily Telegraph. He will gladly explain to you the Daily Telegraph's "No Replies—No Pay" Classified Ad. service . . . he will show you that whether you want to buy something or sell something; whether you want help or are looking for a job, it will pay you to advertise in the Daily Telegraph first—because if no one answers your ad. it won't cost you a penny. Not only will he give you this advice, but he will forward your ad. to the Daily Telegraph and will gladly advise you with regard to wording, classification, etc.

To help you, he has a complete and practical handbook of classified advertising. Within its comprehensive covers you will find valuable infor-

mation and advice. Here are rates, examples, ideas, and the full list of abbreviations allowed.

Your Newsagent is waiting to help you—make use of his services, for which there is no extra charge. Here are the simple conditions of the Daily Telegraph's "No Reply—No Charge" service: No names, addresses, or telephone numbers can appear in classified advertisements inserted on the basis of "No Reply—No Charge." (The only exception to this rule is the inserting of a locality). All replies to such ads. must be directed to a Daily Telegraph Box Number and must be picked up by the advertiser.

Payment for classified ads. inserted on the basis of "No Reply—No Charge" is made when a reply is received—no reply, no payment. The charges for

this type of classified ad. are 1/- per line week days, and 1/3 per line Saturdays, some classifications less.

There are four ways of inserting your classified advertisement in the Daily Telegraph. You may hand it in to any newsagent; you may 'phone it direct to the Daily Telegraph, M6635; you may send it direct by post, or you may hand it in at either of the Daily Telegraph offices—Mid-City Office, 115 Pitt Street; or Head Office, 168 Castlereagh Street.

You have nothing to pay at this stage. When you call for your replies, you pay for the cost of the ad.; if there is no reply, then you still pay nothing.

Decide now that the next time you want to insert a classified ad. you will put it in the Daily Telegraph first—and so not risk a penny.

YOUR NEWSAGENT WILL TELL YOU
All about the Daily Telegraph's new service
that obtains replies to your Classified Ads
OR—NO COST TO YOU!

Real Life Stories

A Bandit Who Missed £1000

-Story with a Moral

ISN'T it strange that the simplest lessons are often the most difficult to learn?

For instance, it required a bitter experience to make me thoroughly realise the danger of keeping large sums of money in the house.

My husband and I owned a small hotel beyond Bourke in western New South Wales, and among the few guests was a stranger to the district who had remained only a few days previously.

Early one morning my husband and the other men left for Bourke by mail coach. The stranger remained behind, and while engaged on my morning duties in the bar I was surprised to see him behind the bar.

On my telling him that he had no business on the "wrong" side of the counter he drew from his pocket a revolver, at the same time asking me for the money which, he insisted, was concealed in the building.

He was aware that for days past numbers of shearers had been drinking at the hotel before moving on to surrounding sheep stations.

"My husband has taken all the money with him to the bank," I told him.

With this he placed the gun to my temple, saying in a louder tone, "You are alone here, and if you don't get the money quick I'll shoot."

Although I could feel the weapon pressing against my temple I tried not to look afraid, and replied, as a cold shudder ran through my body, "Shoot if you dare, but if it's money you want there's a horse in the stable. Take it, and catch up with the coach, and try your bluff on the men."

At this moment the sound of galloping hoofs could be heard in the distance, and what relief I experienced when the revolver was withdrawn from my head!

Gradually the hoof-beats drew nearer and



"My husband has taken all the money to the bank," I told him.

nearer and, appreciating the danger, the robber walked quickly out of the bar, picked up his suitcase which he had left in a handy position, and made off.

Little did he know that only a few feet from where he had been standing £1000 was hidden under the floorboards.

On my husband's return he told me he had been worried all day because he had previously noticed the stranger taking too much interest in our movements while serving customers.

After this incident no large sums of money were left on the premises. We realised that the bank was the safest place.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Dunne, 22 Lawarra St., Port Kembla, N.S.W.

Waterspout Terror

AFTER having visited a steamer put in the harbor at Suva, Fiji, I was being rowed back to the pier by four Fijians. There was not a breath of wind, and the water was like a sheet of glass.

Suddenly we saw a waterspout travelling at high speed towards us—a huge black column which, as it churned up the sea, gave off a terrifying noise.

There seemed to be no chance of escape. And to make things worse, the Fijians became helpless and stopped rowing.

Then, just as it seemed as if we were doomed, the waterspout turned a little. It missed us by a few yards and swept right on to the shore, where it tore up trees and vegetation and wrecked a large building.

After that it collapsed and rushed back as a raging torrent into the harbor.

5/- to D. M. Duncan, 6 Kasouka Rd., Camberwell, Vic.

The Shorter Cut

NEARLY three years ago I was employed as an axeman for the Hydro Electric Commission at Tarraleah, Tasmania, and was camped at Dillon Creek, about four miles from Butler's Gorge.

One Sunday four of us decided on a trip to Derwent Bridge Hotel on the West Coast Road near Lake St. Clair.

It is over thirty miles by road, so we cut our way through the bush and arrived at our destination safely.

Next morning we started back for camp, but although we were all pretty fair bushmen we were soon hopelessly lost in the dense bush.

For two days we wandered about aimlessly and by this time were weak for want of food.

On the third day, however, we stumbled on the track leading to the camp and arrived there at the end of the day absolutely exhausted.

Being lost in dense bush for three days is no job, believe me!

5/- to J. M. Lyall, 16 Moore St., Launceston, Tas.

Kitten's Medal For Bravery

WHEN I was ten my parents took me by motor truck on a trip to Adelaide from Eyre Peninsula, and along with us went Timothy, my kitten.

On the lonely 100-mile stretch between Port Augusta and Cowell the kitten sprang out of the truck, and in attempting to retrieve him I fell, too, and was rendered unconscious.

Unaware of my plight my parents had driven on, and with darkness descending there came a dismal howl that sent a cold shiver down my spine.

As I gazed horror-stricken in the direction of the howl, I saw in the failing light a wild dog. I shook with fear, but kitty bravely faced the enemy.

With a cry of fury the dog sprang to the attack, but the kitten was too quick for him. Like a flash he was on the dog's shoulders, biting and scratching with all his strength.

After shaking himself free the dog attacked again, but Timothy proved more than a match for him and he bolted back into the bush.

When father returned he followed and shot the dingo. We still have his skin as a memento. As for Timothy—well, he wears a medal for bravery.

5/- to Miss J. Cocks, 36 Hyman Ave., Edwardstown, S.A.

Left to Her Fate

WHILE living in the foothills of the Himalayas I was being carried to the nearest town in a "Dandy"—a chair on poles carried on the shoulders of natives.

The narrow road round the mountainside did not permit of two-way traffic, and was protected on the precipice side by only a low stone parapet.

Imagine my horror then when a mule train appeared round a curve. The mules came in single file carrying panniers laden with merchandise on either side—each mule with its load taking up the entire roadway.

Woe was to come. Hurriedly placing my "Dandy" on the parapet my servants fled up the mountain-

side in panic, leaving me to my fate.

The leading mule was now almost abreast of me, and I dared not move. There I sat paralysed with terror, as mule after mule the whole train passed. It was a terrifying time, for the slightest touch would have overbalanced the "Dandy," and sent me hurtling to death hundreds of feet below.

It seemed hours before the last, and sixteenth, mule passed, and to my everlasting regret I was too weak to say a word to the grinning muleteer who brought up the rear, or to my own bearers who hurriedly returned and continued their journey with me as though nothing had happened.

5/- to Mrs. Phyllis Calvert Woods, 56 Jellicoe St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR STORY!

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page.

Set down simply the most outstanding incident in which you have been concerned. It does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A prize of £1/5/- is awarded for the best Real Life Story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly on one side of the paper, and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

Missed a Tiger

WHILE nurse to two little West Australian girls at Mandalay, Burma, we attended a military gymnastics at the forts in the palace grounds and sat near the entrance to a tunnel which led out into the jungle.

Fortunately we went home for lunch.

A few minutes after we left the grounds we heard shots and on returning learned that a Burmese, who had been cutting grass a few yards from where we had been seated, had been attacked by a tiger.

The tiger had crept through the tunnel and sprung on the workman. There had been a scream as the Burmese was struck down, but a bullet from one of the soldiers' rifles quickly settled the tiger.

The Burmese had some nasty lacerations, and was badly frightened. But I hate to think what might have happened had we not left the grounds when we did.

5/- to Miss M. A. Cusack, 110 Holland St., Fremantle, W.A.



SPEND A
Different VACATION
THIS SUMMER IN
NEW ZEALAND

To be really refreshing and reinvigorating, a holiday should break away from routine, and take you to new places and amongst different people. So come to New Zealand, and revel in the scenic glories of its majestic mountains, giant glaciers, deep forests, pellucid lakes, rushing rivers, and amazing thermal regions.

Luxurious hotels and an efficient, fast transport service by rail, road or air make travel in New Zealand completely enjoyable.

HELP IN PLANNING YOUR HOLIDAY
New Zealand Government officers in Australia are always ready to help you plan a tour which will be as fascinating and complete as possible. Arrangements may be made for the least possible expenditure of money.

New Zealand
A WORLD IN MINIATURE

Ask your Travel Agent for free literature and full details or write, call or phone:

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

74 Martin Place, Sydney. Phone: B7083. (Directly opposite G.P.O.).
Colindale Street, Melbourne. Phone: Central 3230. East House, 79 Queen St., Brisbane. (And all Travel Agents).



Merely cleaning your teeth is not enough. Dentists everywhere advise that gums, too, must be cared for if teeth are to be permanently sound and brilliant.

FORHAN'S Toothpaste does BOTH jobs . . . cleans teeth, and protects against dreaded Pyorrhea. Buy a tube of Forhan's today, and get the double benefit of sparkling teeth and healthy gums.

Australian Agents: The Sheldon Drug Company Pty. Ltd., 131 Clarence Street, Sydney.



Do You Know?

They've been married for years, still Jim raves of his wife's lovely hair and his waves. But Elizabeth's "set" is obtained with DAMPETTE. And look at the money it saves.

If you want delightfully glossy waves that will stay "put" for days, drop of Dampette through it; then finger-press waves into position—Chemists and Stores sell Dampette—2/- a bottle—Contains Vitamin F . . .



"...another thing I like about Bon Ami...it doesn't have that musty odour"

It's easy to discover why women who use Bon Ami recommend it to their friends. Pour a little of this powder into your hand. Smell it—it's odourless! Feel it—it's soft and fine. Use it—it's a fast, thorough worker. Cleans and polishes at the same time.

Bon Ami
the better cleanser
for sinks



"hasn't scratched yet!"

"I

IN the saloon," he said, "where he had a perfect right to be, and I didn't. And there was that expression on what was left of his face. Don't ever talk to me about it again."

He took up the slack of the bow anchor and swung his weight full backward on the line with a quick shoulder twist and a firm thrust of his feet against the slatting of the dinghy's bottom. It moved so swiftly that the water frothed around the bow. Over the stone anchor Sherman pulled it free and brought it aboard. Then they got the other one up and started in towards the beach.

The girl stiffened in the boat, staring past his shoulder.

"What is it?" he asked her.

"Look," she nodded. He turned around. On the western rock shoulder there was a man standing, outlined against the sky. For a moment, to Sherman, it was just a man; then he saw that it was MacVey. As he saw that it was MacVey, he saw that it was MacVey raised his hands to his face and the sun struck two tiny sparks on the lenses of the binoculars.

They both saw the flash, Connie and Sherman, and they knew that, to MacVey, the glasses brought the dinghy and themselves in it into a sharp clear focus; that he could see their faces and the diving gear and the pearls at her feet, every detail, that it was almost as if he stood beside them, and because of that feeling they felt suddenly naked.

MacVey lowered the glasses and stood there on the rock shoulder, not moving. There was something worse about that—something like final judgment—the end of all things that are definite and well-ordered and decent. He had seen them and passed judgment upon them in his mind. There was nothing now but to wait for sentence to be imposed.

And in that moment it was imposed. Mayhew's voice was calling to them. He was back up the beach, standing in the shadow of the jungle.

"Hurry, please!" he called. "Linehardt's schooner has landed a boat on the north beach!"

There were two things in Sherman's mind that were like pain—quick pain that shrieks. In that dinghy he had everything that MacVey and Linehardt wanted—the girl who sat there in the stern looking up at him, her lips tight, watching his eyes for what she would see in them, and King Bradley's pearls. And, by the salt he ate, no way of holding them against the odds that were stacked against him—nothing in himself.

The minutes crawled and silence hung over the island like a pall.

Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 40

Something would happen soon, and when it did they both knew that the stark tragedy of it—the sudden final ghastliness—would be so utterly unbelievable that there would be no talking about it ever again. It would come with one brief rush, and a quick biting silence afterward that would echo always in their minds like the memory of an amputation.

There would be no bargaining; no chance of finessing against those odds. There must be seven or eight men in Linehardt's crew, and MacVey and Lount now. Against them, Sherman had the three women and Mayhew, Melville, and himself. All

PETER PIPER



THIS verse from the Peter Piper series concerns one Gaffer Gilpin, a glutton:

G G G

Gaffer Gilpin.

Gaffer Gilpin got a goose and gander.

Did Gaffer Gilpin get a goose and gander?

If Gaffer Gilpin got a goose and gander,

Where are the goose and gander Gaffer Gilpin got?

(Next week the H H H tongue-twister.)

his life he had played with the thought of the horror that can be life, and he saw himself now for what he was—Narcissus gazing into the pool, to see himself preened with pistols and cartridge belt, enjoying the drama, but walking unscathed through it. A little boy playing soldier; making pretty, dying speeches, believing always in his ultimate survival. Spain hadn't

taken that out of him, for in that moment he knew himself to be gutless and impotent, a travesty of a man, with soft fists and a hollow soul—going to Spain because he was afraid to go. It was the girl's eyes that steadied him. There was something in them that he had never seen in a woman's eyes before—an expectation of loyalty, perhaps; not of bravery or heroism, for those things do not exist except in specific moments of time, and there was the depth in Connie's being to know that instinctively. That was the womanhood in her that he had first felt. She was not asking him for help. She was knowing the fear in him and in herself and in Mayhew, and she was holding out her own fear to him, that they might draw whatever strength they could from its fusing.

"All right," he said. "All right."

"Yes, Sherman."

"Yes," he said. He could feel MacVey's eyes through the binoculars, still on his shoulder blades. Two white-hot spots the size of .45 makes in flesh. Those eyes that had burned steadily for days at the girl, and flamed into blue fire last night when he knew that Bradley's fortune was on the island for the taking as well. MacVey knew no compromise. He wanted, and he took, and there was an end to his transactions.

The bow of the dinghy nosed in to the beach sand, and Sherman and the girl stepped out of it. Sherman leaned over it and pulled it up.

"Don't move quickly," he said to her. "Take the pearls just as they are in the cloth and walk slowly up the beach with me. Don't look back at MacVey."

"Yes, Sherman."

He got the dinghy farther up the beach, steadying himself with the labor of it, pulling it on long full pulls, bending his back to it, breathing deeply. Then they looked at each other again and turned and walked slowly up to where Mayhew stood, in the shadow of the edge of the jungle. They were both drawn with the strain of not giving way to the impulse to run, when they got there.

Mayhew felt that in them. He stepped back farther into the undergrowth, watching them carefully. When they were completely hidden in the cool greenness, Connie sat down suddenly and held her hands tightly together, pressing her fingers until the blood stopped in them, steadying herself.

The soaked felt tablecloth lay at her feet where she had dropped it, sodden and half open, with Bradley's pearls washed across it like drops of light. Mayhew sucked in his breath and it caught.

"Drum!" he said. "Drum!" And that was all he could say. He had Sherman's arm in his fingers, biting his fingers into the flesh of it, shaking it slightly, staring into Sherman's face.

What Sherman said was Saxon and quick and monosyllabic, and the whole spleen of the man was in it with the consonants stabbed out clearly like cracking sticks.

"Don't!" Mayhew told him. "That's blasphemy!"

"That's ungodly! Pearls are life, Drum. The lives of the thousands of men who go down for them. They aren't like other jewels. Only one oyster in millions has a pearl like each of these!" He stood over them, staring down at them, breathing heavily. "And this is the finest collection that anyone will ever see in the world. Bradley's lifetime."

"For the Lord's sake, shut up, Mayhew!"

Sherman stepped back to the jungle edge. There was MacVey still up there on the rock shoulder, but there were other men with him now. They were grouped together for a moment, so that he couldn't tell how many there were at that distance. He framed his eyes and tried to count them, but it was no good. Eight perhaps; perhaps ten.

He sucked in his breath. He knew then what he had to do and what he was going to do. The thing was as fundamental as life and he had it in him to do it. Almost he could hear the quick echoing clang of his rifle each time it leaped into the pad muscles of his shoulder. And suddenly there was a tight exultation in him—the cold knowledge that he could murder and howl with the joy of it, stalk and crawl and dish it out from behind, one by one, with a slow squeeze off on his trigger.

He heard Mayhew say, "Could MacVey see the pearls as you had them in the boat?"



You have no idea how refreshing a bath can be until you've bathed with Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Wright's health-giving antiseptic lather cleanses pores thoroughly and destroys infection, while its special oils gently stimulate and 'tone' the skin. Because it helps your skin to do its work perfectly, you feel fresh and buoyant all day after a bath with Wright's. It is the toilet soap that doctors themselves use more than any other. And the only toilet soap that's gained the Blue Seal of Merit, highest award of the Institute of Hygiene.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

SICK KIDNEYS CAN BE CURED

For more than sixty years Warner's Safe Cure has been proving to grateful users in almost every country that disorders of kidneys and liver definitely can be cured. There was a time, perhaps, three generations ago, when one might have been sceptical of the large claims made for Warner's Safe Cure. That time is now past. Scepticism has been drowned in a flood of thankful, voluntary testimonials—langible, Black-and-white evidence that Warner's Safe Cure does not only give relief, but actually runs once and for all, disorders of these extremely important organs.

A typical letter came recently from a lady in Birdwood, S.A. She writes: "I have much pleasure in writing to you regarding your Warner's Safe Cure. I had been suffering from liver and kidney trouble, and tried all sorts of medicine without much relief. I couldn't sleep at night until a friend of mine told me about Warner's Safe Cure, which I tried. I am pleased to say I am now free of all my troubles and can sleep well at night. I can heartily recommend Warner's Safe Cure to anyone suffering from my complaint."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, biliousness, sleeplessness, etc., are only a few of the many dangerous symptoms that may occur when the body is flooded with harmful poisons from deranged kidneys or liver. The prompt application of a proven remedy is not essential to prevent these symptoms becoming chronic.

Warner's Safe Cure has been thoroughly tried and proven by more than sixty years of constant use. It has been found the cheapest effective remedy by three grateful generations. Warner's Safe Cure may be had at all chemists and stores.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.

SNORING? CATARRH?

Snoring is a sign of catarrh, quickly remedied by putting 5 drops of the marvellous new prescription, Dr. Roddie's Kanatox, in your nostrils each night. 8 weeks' treatment, 10/- night. Pocket flasks 3/6. At your nearest Chemist. Each flask contains special English dropper. Get genuine Kanatox. Refuse poor substitutes.

KANATOX

Please turn to Page 45

AND the girl answered, "I don't know. They were open on the cloth in the bottom, and he had binoculars—but their words meant nothing to Sherman. No talk would ever mean anything again—where he had been, what he had done. It would all jump up and stop behind the memory of a foresight drawn sharply down into the notch of a straight, of a slow squeeze off and the quick backdraught of cordite to his nostrils.

He knew he was going to burst into laughter—to scream with it, to beat his fists against his thighs until he raised blue lumps of swollen flesh. But he didn't. He stood there breathing deeply, rubbing his water-soaked palms together until the grey flesh of them hurt.

"Come on," he said, "up on top, get going." He swung an arm at Mayhew. "Get going, you fool! Go on, Connie. Start."

They began climbing up the back trail to the pinnacle of the island. They climbed fast, breathlessly, with the memory of fear in their hearts, their legs strong with it. Mayhew led the way, hacking through the growth with his machete, the girl following him with the pearls, Sherman bringing up the rear with the rifle. It was an old Springfield, and he hoped that it had started life as a good one and that the years of sea air on MacVey's schooner hadn't harmed the rifling.

He looked at the girl ahead of him, walking strongly, parting the branches with her scratched hands, and for a second again there was quick despair in him. He had three women on his hands—Dame Ellen, Ida Sefton and Connie. Melville was MacVey's man, but he was not a Pacific coaster. Perhaps because of that, his loyalty might be swung over. Perhaps not.

Presently the song of the stream water was in their ears. But it was a sad song, with all the morning gaiety gone out of it. Monotony was all it had now—endlessness and the cold echo of eternity. The roar of the waterfall trembled in upon it and drowned it in heavy melancholy. They climbed round the falls and up to the pool above, grateful for the noise of them, and a voice called sharply to them—a woman's voice. "Was where you are!" They couldn't see her, but there was no mistaking the authority in it. "Who is it?"

"Drum and—"

Dame Ellen stepped out from behind a rock. She had one of Mayhew's pistols in her hand. "Come up this way," she said.

Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 44

"That boat's crew has gone around to the far end of the island—nine men."

Connie stared at her aunt, Dame Ellen's face. Sunburned and peeling, it was younger again, and quite hard with excitement. Dame Ellen was enjoying this thing so completely that she glowed with it. Down the long years she had come, taking all the fine things of life in her stride—hard work, fame, love, adulation—and drifted on into the inevitable backwaters of boredom. Now the gods were giving her a last chapter of high excitement—danger again—the keen feel of impermanent living, and the chance to stand beside youth once more in a fight.

Sherman stepped past her and pushed his way through the last of the growth to the bare rock of the island's top. Everything from the beach had been brought up and stacked below it. Melville and Ida Sefton were sitting in the shade on the rolled-up awning. Ida was still fairly well held together in spite of her two days ashore. Her skirt was torn on one side and she had given up stockings, but she still managed to keep a faint air of being well dressed. In spite of the handkerchief that bound her hair and the caked cold cream she had plastered on her face against sunburn. But Melville just sat in utter dejection, his great hands dangling.

Sherman called to him and he came over, slowly.

"Melville, do you want to stay with us or go down to MacVey?"

Melville looked frightened. "Ain't no good of doin' nothin' now, sarr. Captain know I didn't help him last night."

"You helped us," Sherman said very much.

Melville shook his head.

Sherman said, "Look here. Do you like me?"

"Yes, sarr!"

"Will you do what I do?"

"What you goin' to do?"

"I'm going to stay with the ladies."

"So'm I, then, sarr."

"Good boy. I'll give you another five dollars," he smiled.

"Five dollars ain't no good on this island," Melville shook his head.

"So I'll just stay, for doin' somethin'," he said.

Sherman said, "Melville, don't you let me down"—and when Melville looked up at him he was desperately sorry he had said it.

"When I say I'll stay, sarr, I'll stay."

Suddenly there was a strange sense of unreality to all of it—this ragged upthrust of rock, black and bare and burning in the hot Pacific sun like molten obsidian. The matted hair of the jungle below, ringing it on all sides, and the silver beaches with their green waters and the white lace of the flung reefs beyond.

And standing there in the dead centre of it all, six sunburned people, becoming slightly ragged and unkempt, slightly dirty. Dame Ellen with her revolver and the high light of excitement still in her eyes. Great audiences faded with the forgotten echo of their applause. The memories of great men's adoration, the triumph of high moments, were all gone from her and she was an old woman at the end of the road, but with the priceless gift of a last chapter of wild adventure before the curtain came down. Sherman put his hand on her shoulder.

"All right, soldier," he said quietly.

IDA SEFTON stood just behind. Ida had changed. There was a hardness in her eyes and a smile, too; and he saw that for the first time since he had known her, the smile was honest.

Mayhew was frightened soft. The firmness was gone from his small punch—it looked sunken—and the light was gone from his eyes, but he had his hands thrust deeply into his jacket pockets and he was keeping face. Connie stood very straight and tall beside Sherman, and the feel of her nearness was a fine thing in his heart, but he couldn't face any of them. He took the glasses and crawled up to the top of the jumbled rock peak.

Slowly he raked the whole northern and western part of the island. There was no one on the wreck of the Storm Child or near the boat that Linehardt's schooner had landed on the beach that morning. The schooner itself was standing far off beyond the outer reef. There was no one on the far shoulder. No smoke and no movement. No sight of anyone on the island. He mind crawled with that sudden knowledge. Somewhere in the twisted growth below there were eleven armed men ruthless men, playing for millions of dollars and playing for desperate keeps.

No tales would be told of this—no witnesses would be left to tell them. This thing would be final and complete and blood sticky. And those men were moving up on them now, quietly, carefully, with desperate intent in their eyes and a foretaste of success in their hearts. There is no discharge in war. How close they were, he couldn't tell; where they were, he had no way of knowing until one of them broke cover. He had the awful feeling that, at any moment now, they might break cover right there below him and rush the camp. He held himself in and remembered suddenly that he'd had no sleep the night before. His hands were damp with fatigue and his legs heavy.

How long he stayed there watching he had no way of knowing. A long time ago Melville had crawled up beside him.

"I c'n hear 'em come night or day, Mr. Drumm, if you c'n shoot 'em." He shook his head sadly. "I c'n hear 'em long before they get here."

"Well, listen then."

"I been listening; I am."

Once Sherman touched the bolt of his rifle and burned the flesh of his hand. He was conscious then of the tight pull of sunburn on his neck and arms, and he knew he had been there on the top rock for a long time. Melville gave him an open can of cold spaghetti with a fork stuck in it; he boiled it with sudden hunger.

Then he saw them.

They were directly below him, nosing out into the lagoon. They had the dinghy he and Connie had used that morning and they were towing a raft behind it. They had been down there all the time, hidden by the jungle edge, making the raft, organising the diving equipment he had left, getting ready to dive on the Albatross. Nine men. Three in the dinghy, rowing; six of them on the raft and in the water, shoving its bulk out, straining at it, bending their backs to it. Then they were on the raft, paddling it on all sides, thrusting it through the smooth blue of the lagoon, trailing its wide wake behind. The helmets on it and the metal of the pumps blazed in the sunlight. They didn't know, then, that he had the pearls! MacVey hadn't seen them in the dinghy. He looked up at the sun. Hours yet until it went down. Hours with Linehardt's crowd in the lagoon, anchored over the sunken Albatross.

He scrambled down, dragging at Melville's arm.

Please turn to Page 46

Your Eyes will THRILL MEN



PINAUD'S IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA

Make your eyelashes a natural-looking fringe of dark, long, silky beauty with this extra-creamy mascara. Smudgeproof, Permanent. Non-smearing. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green. Complete with special brush, 1/6 everywhere.

... and for that extra touch Pinaud's Six-Twelve Eyeshadow Pinaud's Six-Twelve Eyebrow Pencil

THE HOUSE OF PINAUD PARIS NEW YORK

ACID STOMACH IS DANGEROUS

Sufferers from Indigestion READ THIS

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, food fermentation, etc. are caused nine times in ten by chronic acid stomach," says a well-known authority.

Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with pepain or artificial digestants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the sour, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralise or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Salix Magnesia and not only will the pain vanish, but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Salix Magnesia to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. Your stomach acts and feels fine in just a few minutes. Salix Magnesia can be obtained from your nearest chemist or store. It is safe, reliable, easy and pleasant to use, is not a laxative, and is not at all expensive.

"MY HUSBAND— ashamed of me!"



"I WONDER IF YOU'VE EVER REALISED THAT YOU USE UP ENERGY WHEN YOU SLEEP? NATURALLY IF THIS ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED THEN YOU ALWAYS WAKE UP TIRED—AND SUFFER FROM NIGHT STARVATION. MY ADVICE IS—DRINK HORLICKS AT BEDTIME."

and so regularly at Bedtime



Do you wake up tired every morning like Meg, and have to drag through the day, worn out? If so it's a sure sign that you, too, are suffering from "Night-Starvation". Doctors explain that even while you sleep you are using up energy for breathing and other automatic action. Unless energy is replaced as it is burned up, you wake up tired and dull—suffering from "Night-Starvation".

Horlicks taken regularly last thing every night replaces energy as it is used—prevents "Night-Starvation". You wake every morning feeling full of energy.

Horlicks is priced from 1/6d. Economy size, 2/9d. Also the Horlicks Mixer, 1/- Special Offer! 1/6 tin; 1/- Mixer; Measuring Spoon—all for 2/-.



HORLICKS guards against NIGHT-STARVATION

Maybelline makes eyes look



larger and lovelier

It's simple to add glamour to your eyes—make them brilliant, irresistibly lovely. Just a touch of MAYBELLINE to the lashes—and so matter how thin and colourless they are, they will magically appear to be long, dark and lustrous. Smart women all over the world insist on MAYBELLINE—start from adding to their charm. It is absolutely safe. There are no dangerous dyes in MAYBELLINE. It is non-smearing and tear-proof. Black, Brown and Blue.

MAYBELLINE EYELASH DARKENER

New MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA
Standard size - 1/4
Travel size - 1/8
Trial size - 1/16
Keeps lashes soft and silky. Easy to apply without water. The newest addition to smart women's beauty aids.
Price 1/6 including brush.
From all good Hairdressers, Stores and Chemists.
Exclusive Distributors:
DOWARD & CO., 325 Flinders Lane, Melbourne

THIS IS THE FRIEND YOU SEEK!



The famous European Astrologer, Professor SAHNDOL LAKAJAT, He will state who are your friends, who your enemies, if success and happiness await you in marriage and occupation; also information regarding travels, illness, happy and unhappy times, and a great deal more interesting details. ROYAL PERSONALITIES HAVE BEEN ASTONISHED AT THE WONDER OF HIS GREAT KNOWLEDGE.
Write him to-day your proper name and address, the day, month and year of your birth, sex, if married or not, enclosing also a small lock of your hair for positive purpose. YOU WILL THEN RECEIVE A TRIAL HOROSCOPE ABSOLUTELY FREE. Postage to Holland is 3d. (Kindly enclose 11d. stamps for postage and handling). No horoscopes sent to anyone under 15. This address is:
PROFESSOR SAHNDOL LAKAJAT, DEPT. 140-E, POST BOX 72, DEN HAAG, HOLLAND.

"LISTEN," he said,

"listen" — but that's all he could say to the rest of them. They stared at him—Dame Ellen and Connie, Ida and Mayhew—looking up at him stupidly, waiting for him to go on. "There is one long chance for us," he said, and his voice became steadier. "That's it." He pointed out beyond the northern reef to Linehardt's boat—the black schooner that had followed them out of Honolulu Harbor. "But it's a long chance."

They all turned and looked.

The schooner was standing off under her headwinds, running lazily along well out beyond the reef.

"Why is it long?" Dame Ellen asked him quietly.

He smiled. "It's long," he said, "because we've got to get through the break in the reef in a small boat before we get out there; then we have to come alongside of her in open water. We don't know who is aboard—how many. And when we get aboard we've got to take over the boat from them. Then we have to sail her to Palmyra Island, six or seven hundred miles. For all this we have three men and three women."

Connie stood up and touched his arm.

"Can we do it, Sherman?"

He looked at her, and all his old flippancy came back to him. "No," he said, "it's absolutely impossible. But we will."

"How you get through the reef, sarr?"

"I don't know," Sherman said.

Melville shook his head. "Can't row alone. Got to sail, too; got to have tide, too. Wind and tide got to be with you, sarr."

"Yes," he said, "I'm not a fool."

Melville said, "Tide flooded at dawn."

"What time would that be?"

"Mebbe five o'clock, sarr."

"Has anyone got a watch still going?"

Mayhew said, "My watch says three-thirty."

"Five o'clock for dawn," Sherman figured eleven o'clock for the ebb,

Seven Must Die

Continued from Page 45

out there with them. He swept the beaches he could see. No one. Nothing.

Somewhere the jungle still held MacVey and Lount. For a moment more he watched the raft. They were getting a helmet ready down there, getting set to send a man down to the Albatross. But something about the anchors held them up. He was grateful for that.

Two of the men rowed off in the dinghy and hauled in on one of the anchors, carrying it farther across the lagoon to swing the raft on. That would take them several minutes, precious to the people on the peak.

When he slid down the rock again, Melville was standing stiffly, with Dame Ellen, Ida, Connie and Mayhew looking at him.

"What is it, Melville?"

"Someone comin', sarr, up the stream."

There wasn't a sound that any of them could hear. But Melville heard it; it was in his face. Sherman

THIEF

I'm sure the rose
You gave to me
Was conscious of
Your infamy!
And knew as well
As I was sure
You'd thieved it from
The bush next door.
And blushing in
Its wounded pride,
It hung its head
And gently died.
—Yvonne Webb.

motioned to Mayhew and pointed across to the three rifles that leaned against the food stores. Mayhew crossed to them quickly and handed him one. Sherman threw the bolt at once, slamming a cartridge up into the chamber. He slipped down into the jungle shadows and climbed carefully down to the rock above the pool. He laid the rifle over the top of it, sighting downstream, and waited there, his back tense, straining his eyes into the green below. For a moment he didn't see the man and he didn't hear him. He saw light strike on something bright down the stream and ricochet from it up into the green again. A moment after that, he saw MacVey. His body was bent to the slight climb. He was coming up the opposite bank. He had about brown shoes on dull with oil, but they made no noise as he walked. His shirt was open to his belt buckle, the blue of it soaked dark with sweat. He swung his arms easily—big arms, seared red with the sun, big-handed.

"That's far enough," Sherman called to him, and MacVey stopped and looked up. He reached out and swept a high growth of fern to one side, swept it behind him and left it nodding slowly. He stood there easily, looking upward to see who it was who had called him.

"Who is it?" he called back.

"Drumm."

MacVey said, "Is everyone else up there with you?"

"What's on your mind?"

"What do you think Linehardt's going to do to you and the ladies when he finds out you've got King Bradley's pearls?"

SHERMAN went like that. MacVey knew they had them and had kept it from Linehardt. MacVey had seen them on the cloth, open at Connie's feet, in the bottom of the dinghy, when he put the glasses on them from the tree shoulder. He had seen them and played the move against Linehardt as steadily and quietly as a gambler. And that's what it was for him, a queen's gambit. He had got the hardt out in to the lagoon so that he could come up for them, for the girls.

"Thanks, MacVey."

MacVey didn't answer him. He stood there below on the stream bank, secure in his own strength, knowing what he knew and having more in his eyes to prove it than any rifle muzzle would ever have for him.

"MacVey," Sherman said, "can you get Linehardt's boat through the reef to his schooner?"

"I'm going to get it through," MacVey said.

"Where's Lount?"

"He's below on the beach, standing by the boat."

"We're coming down," Sherman said. "Stay right where you are."

"I see," MacVey smiled. "I have a gun."

"You won't have one," Sherman said. "You're not leaving me on the island. You're taking me off with the rest of the party. Sorry."

"You think of everything," MacVey said.

"I'm learning to," he called to Connie and she came down to him.

"What is it, Sherman?"

"MacVey—he's below on the bank of the stream, down there. Do you see him?"

She nodded, her hand light on his wrist.

"Lount is on the beach. MacVey is going to take us through the reef."

"No." The girl shook her head quickly.

"Listen to me, my darling," Sherman said. "We might get through alone, but it would be God's own chance if we did. MacVey and Lount give us two more men."

"I don't trust him," she whispered; "don't you trust him?"

"What else can I do?"

She shook her head helplessly.

"He says he's not armed; Linehardt isn't likely to have given us and Lount guns. He knows we've got the pearls and he's kept it from Linehardt. What else can I do?"

"Sherman—Sherman"—she put her face against his, pressing tightly to his, her eyes closed—"I love you so desperately. Don't let anything happen to us!"

He said, "I won't. We're going down. Stay close to me all the time—close. Get the others. No personal things; just the rifles and the revolvers and the ammunition."

She left him, and almost immediately they were all there behind him, Dame Ellen had a brown paper bundle under her left arm, about the size of a four-pound candy box. The last time he had seen that, it was on her dressing-table in the hotel in Honolulu—her jewels or the reproductions. She didn't know which, but it was still wrapped, but she was taking no chances. Mayhew was steadier now, and suddenly Sherman realized that it hadn't been fight with him entirely. Something else had unhinged him—something apart from all of them that none of them understood. The pearls had done it to him—drawn him into some hope of memory, perhaps; some future hope that none of them could share, so he had drawn off from them, shaken, and faced it alone. He had the pearls, tied in the green felt table cover now, and clutched tightly under his left arm. He said Melville had the other two, Connie and Ida and Dame Ellen each had a revolver.

To be concluded next week

Brightest, cleanest wash finished quicker EASY SHORT-CUT METHOD GIVES MARVELLOUS WHITENESS



WRONG
It's wrong to boil your whites for 20 or 30 minutes. It wastes time; wastes fuel; makes washing-day so wearying.



RIGHT
Just give your whites the Rinso 2-Minute Boil! Save time; save money on fuel; cut out all hard work.

YOUR WHITES
WILL BE SPARKLING
...THE ENVY OF THE
NEIGHBOURHOOD

CUT BOILING TIME DOWN TO 2 MINUTES! End all Hard Rubbing!

Do you want to save time... save money on fuel... take all the hard work out of washing-day? Of course you do! Then change to-day to the swift Rinso 2-Minute Boil Method! Women everywhere are raving about this new, easy method that cuts down boiling time from 30 minutes to only 2 minutes! No more hard rubbing to ruin your hands and wear you out... wear your clothes out, too! No more long hours over a steamy copper! With the

Rinso 2-Minute Boil you'll have your clothes sparkling white and sweet—out on the line hours sooner!

Protect SILKS, COLOURS and WOOLLENS with RINSO

Give them a few minutes' gentle run through, without rubbing, in lukewarm Rinso suds—to keep them lovely and new-looking always.

A LEVER PRODUCT

4.274.19



FOR VIM & VIGOUR IN OLD AGE

POP YOURS AS LIVELY AS A TWO YEAR OLD WHAT'S YOUR BIG SECRET

NO SECRET MY BOY—I JUST SEE THAT MY STOMACH AND LIVER FUNCTION PROPERLY BY TAKING NOW AND THEN A DOSE OF CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS—Really GOOD HEALTH—GOOD APPETITE—GOOD TEMPER AND PLENTY OF PEPS

Chamberlain's TABLETS WHEN NATURE NEEDS HELP

EAT and LOSE WEIGHT

By ...
JANETTE

Don't worry over superfluous pounds. Learn to plan your meals on a low-calorie basis, to eat more slenderising foods, and you'll find that the pounds simply melt away

Second of a series of articles on beautifying by eating

LAST week's article on this page dealt with eating for skin beauty. This is the second of articles on eating for beauty along the lines advocated by the famous American dietitian, Dr. Benjamin Hauser, who intends to visit Australia next year.

To-day we will tell you how to reduce your weight by eating correctly.

Reducing, according to Dr. Hauser, should not be a matter of great hardship.

There is a simple and effective way of getting rid of superfluous flesh, and that is by cutting down on foods that create fat, and eating those lower in calorie value.

Fasting is not advised, but rather the re-education of the taste away from starches and sugars, the acid-forming foods which destroy health

and efficiency, and the building up of a desire for the cleansing, vitalising foods that bring slenderness.

You must first of all learn to do without your big breakfast of bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. Instead, have fruit or fruit juices which will help flush the wastes out of the system.

For lunch have a large salad which not only furnishes the bulk and roughage necessary for proper elimination, but also gives you necessary minerals and vitamins. Use a dressing made with two spoonfuls of lemon juice, 1 spoonful of olive oil, a bit of honey, and vegetable salt to taste.

If you like, follow your salad with a fruit dessert and a cup of tea or coffee.

Now having been careful with breakfast and luncheon, this reducing plan allows you to eat what you like for dinner providing you first eat what you need and afterwards what you want.

You may, for instance, start your dinner with a vegetable juice cocktail or a salad. With your meat course you would have two cooked vegetables. Instead of bread or potatoes you may eat as much as you like of radishes, onions, celery sticks, carrot sticks or bits of raw cauliflower.

You will find that these vegetables will help to overcome any craving for starchy foods, such as bread and potatoes.

Finish your dinner with a large fresh fruit dessert or fruit compote.

After all that, it will be surprising if you will want any more while the foods you have already eaten are the kind that will help to melt away your superfluous pounds of flesh.

Water-Drinking

THERE is a belief that water-drinking is good for weight-reducing. As a matter of fact, water builds up the weight.

So if you want to reduce do not drink any plain water. If you eat sufficient fresh fruits and vegetables every day you shouldn't need the addition of water, as these contain enough liquid for your requirements.

If you are a naturally thirsty person, avoid over-seasoning your food. Instead of mineral salt use vegetable salt.

And instead of water drink your favorite fruit juices. Lemons especially are good for the woman who wants to lose weight. Just add the juice of one lemon to a glass of water. If you don't like the sour taste add a little honey or brown sugar, but it is better if you can do without sweetening.

It is better, too, to avoid alcoholic drinks, especially beer, which is very high in calorie content. A good dry wine occasionally, however, is allowable.

Meat should be included in a reducing diet unless your doctor has ordered otherwise for any special reason, but be careful not to eat it in excess.

A FRESH SALAD of vegetables and fruit for lunch with a glass of fruit juice is health-giving and weight-reducing.



BETWEEN MEALS, if hungry, drink tomato juice, or buttermilk, or an orange and egg yolk pick-me-up. Recipe for making the latter is given below.

Make sure you choose lean meat, and never fry but always grill your meat. Always have with it two green vegetables.

Fish is less fattening than meat, so it's a good idea for those reducing to include grilled fish in their menus twice a week for dinner. But never fry it. And do use lemon juice with it.

Here is a suggested reducing menu:

On rising: Glass of fruit juice—orange, grapefruit, or pineapple.

Half-hour later: Hot tea or coffee with sugar or cream—not both.

During morning if hungry: Glass tomato juice or buttermilk.

Luncheon: Green vegetable salad; one thin slice wholewheat toast; beverage.

During afternoon if hungry: Cocktail made by beating an egg yolk into a glass of orange juice and adding a little honey.

Dinner: Grapefruit and pineapple salad; two lamb chops; green peas; head lettuce; baked apples, black coffee.

This menu is low in calorie, but is balanced and contains sufficient proteins, carbohydrates and minerals for maintaining health.

Next week we will give you details of another beautifying diet.



IN FILMLAND, where slenderness is vital for figure beauty, many stars follow Dr. Hauser's method for reducing. Danielle Darrieux, Universal star, of the lovely figure in the above photograph, is one who eats wisely for health and beauty.

JOURNEY'S END FOR GIVERS



* LENTHÉRIC EAU DE COLOGNE 92

Sweet remembrance indeed to give or to receive Lenthéric's Eau de Cologne 92. It's so delicate, so fragrant, so refreshing (Eau de Cologne 92 is 92% pure spirit). In elegant gift bottles, 5/6, 4/6d., 8/6, 12/6d., 22/6d., 42/6d.

Lenthéric also for lipsticks, face powders and "Tweed," the modern fragrance.

LENTHÉRIC
PARIS

Pond's Creams bring to Women the active

"Skin-Vitamin"



no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, as well as large and small jars for your dressing table.

To-day—Pond's two creams do more for the skin than ever before! They contain a vitamin which helps your body to rebuild skin tissue and aids in keeping skin beautiful—the "Skin-Vitamin".

For years Pond's tested this "Skin-Vitamin" in Pond's creams. Then Pond's gave the creams to women to try.

They said, in four weeks: "My skin is smoother," "My pores look finer." Try Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" creams to-day—Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Cold Cream for cleansing, and Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Vanishing Cream as a powder base.

And remember, Pond's Creams cost

• Listen to "Your Cavalier" 3CH at 11.00 a.m. every Tuesday; 2KY at 2.30 p.m. every Thursday; 3DB-LE at 3.30 p.m. every Tuesday; 3AW at 3.00 p.m. every Thursday; 4BK-AK at 10.15 a.m. every Tuesday; 5AD-MU-PI at 10.30 a.m. every Monday; 6ML-WB at 11.30 a.m. every Monday.

"The new ingredient makes them better than ever."



Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy.

FREE! Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Mail this coupon to-day with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc. for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) (), Light Cream (), Rose Cream (Natural) (), Naturelle (Light Natural) (), Rose Brunette (), Dark Brunette (Suntan) ().
POND'S DEPT. X38 Box 1131 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name: _____ Address: _____

INSOMNIA is an ENEMY of BEAUTY

PATIENT: I am suffering from insomnia. Is this due to mental disturbances or faulty habits?

WORDSWORTH sings of "inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness."

Many of us would be happy if we could invite an unbroken night of blessed sleep.

The importance of sleep cannot be overstated. It is during this period of forgetfulness that we are able to repair and revive body and mind.

A chronic inability to sleep is serious because it leads to impairment of health.

During the past quarter of a century medical science has gathered together a great deal of information about sleep.

Yet its real mechanism is still imperfectly understood.

Regardless of how it actually works, all are agreed that certain factors influence normal sleep.

For example, faulty habits, such as late hours in the morning, dissipation, indiscretion in eating before going to bed, external noises, extremes in temperature and uncomfortable bedding—all these are factors that definitely influence sleep and encourage insomnia.

Of course, insomnia may follow physical diseases that produce pain or discomfort.

Mental disorders and emotional disturbances such as undue and continued anxiety, hysteria or excessive "nervousness" are other causes.

Of course, the treatment of this condition begins with the elimination of those bad habits I have mentioned.

If you are a sufferer from insomnia, the doctor's name for obstinate sleeplessness, make sure that you avoid meals late at night.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By a DOCTOR



YOU CAN only wake up refreshed and ready for the day's activities if you have a night of sound sleep. Evelyn Laye, English actress, photographed here, makes up for a late night by having an extra hour or two and breakfast in bed next morning.

The regular evening meal should be simple and nutritious, without any alcoholic or stimulating beverages.

Make sure that your room has the proper temperature and is free from external noises.

Avoid the use of hypnotic medi-

cines or strong sedatives, unless they have been prescribed by your doctor.

Bear in mind that many of the so-called "sleeping powders" may lead to harm and habit formation.

To ensure sleep, follow the instructions and advice of your doctor.

Often a person will remark to

the doctor that he did not sleep well through the night.

In fact, the victim will complain he "never slept a wink."

In many such instances, a half-hour of wakefulness may seem like a long, long period of time.

In reality it is probable he has slept practically the entire night.

Something new you can make yourself! COFFEE WAFER CAKE

Needs no cooking—made with COPHA

Next time you entertain, offer your guests something away from the usual run of cakes and fancies. Coffee Wafer Cake is delightfully different from anything you can buy, yet it's simplicity itself to make. For the recipe below is one of the famous Copha "Cookless" series—recipes designed to give new and extra delicious confections with the least possible trouble and no cooking. Make Coffee Wafer Cake for tea to-day. You can get Copha at your grocer's, and, at the same time as you buy this pure, white shortening, ask your grocer for a copy of the Copha leaflet, "Quick Party Specials that need no Cooking." It's FREE.



Recipe for Copha COFFEE WAFER CAKE

5 ozs. Pure Copha.
12 ozs. Icing Sugar.
1 Egg.
1 tablespoon Coffee Essence.
1 lb. Wafer Cream Biscuits, as sold by all grocers.

Mix together the sifted sugar, egg and coffee essence. Then stir in gradually the hot (not boiling) Copha. Line a shallow cardboard box with greaseproof paper and place in it alternate layers of mixture and wafer biscuits until the box is filled, beginning and finishing with the mixture. Stand in a cold place until set.

Everybody's talking about—COPHA Chocolate Crackles

5 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups).
2½ ozs. Fine Coconut (1 cup).
8 ozs. Icing Sugar.
2½ ozs. Cocoa (3 tablespoons).
8 ozs. Copha.

Mix dry ingredients, melt Copha and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. The above quantity makes from 24 to 3 dozen.

COPHA

100% PURE WHITE SHORTENING

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

By MARY TRUBY KING

Precautions With Feeding Bottles

THE mother who is feeding her baby by bottle has a great deal more to think about than the mother who is breast-feeding her child.

She should first study the different types of feeding bottles on the market and make a wise selection.

If possible, buy a type of bottle which is made more like a jar than a bottle. This type of feeder has a very wide opening over which is used an India-rubber cap, shaped like the human breast.

This type of bottle can be well cleaned without the use of a brush.

It is the nearest approach to natural suckling yet devised for the artificially-fed baby, because the child is not confined to a small teat, but has the rubber cap to afford wider action for his lips, with consequent fuller development of the mouth, jaws, and nasal passages.

Boat-shaped bottles should be avoided because (1) the presence of India-rubber at both ends means double the risk of germs and double the cleaning; (2) the air-valve is liable to get blocked; (3) because of the inconvenience of heating a bottle which is "lying down" instead of standing upright; and (4) because the bottle itself is more difficult to clean.

No Economy

IT is no economy to buy cheap teats. A good quality of rubber is necessary to prevent the teats collapsing.

Always keep a few extra teats in the house.

When buying teats, hold them up to the light to make sure the holes are not too large.

Sir Truby King said: "The best aperture is the smallest through which the particular baby can take his feeding in about fifteen minutes."

Keep spare teats hermetically sealed in a dark cupboard.

Thorough cleansing of bottles and teats is required if baby is to go through the summer months free from "summer sickness" or diarrhoea, which is only too frequently caused by lack of cleanliness in regard to the sterilising of baby's feeding equipment.

Teats: Immediately after each feeding, proceed as follows—Rinse the teat inside and out. Rub thoroughly all over with common salt, putting a little salt

inside the teat as well and rubbing between the hands. (Salt ensures the removal of all the milk. Rinse under running water). Dip into clean boiled water (cold or warm, but NOT hotter than the hand can bear). Place teat on a saucer and dry quickly on a warm rack. Store in a covered jar or cup.

Once a day scald the teat by pouring boiling water over it.

Feeding Bottles: Rinse in cold water. Use hot water and soap or soda, with a bottle brush if necessary, to clean insides of bottles thoroughly. Rinse in hot water. Place in pot of hot water and boil.



"GLARE-PROOF" Powder Flattering in evening light

Under the glittering evening lights does your powder show up harsh and chalky?

Not if it's Pond's "Glare-Proof" powder shades never embarrass you. They catch and reflect only the softer rays of light—give a soft, lovely look in the hardest glare. Never show up "powdery."

Special ingredients give Pond's its clinging texture—keep it fresh for hours.

Pond's Face Powder

FREE OFFER: Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's new Powder. I enclose two 10c stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing. Pond's Dept. N.Y.C., Box 1111, 2, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name _____
Address _____

FOR YOUR Next PARTY



SOME BRIGHT PARTY IDEAS. The peculiar-looking Mexican gentleman is adorned with savories stuck on picks, while the figures on either side are actually bottles. **RIGHT:** A table set for a buffet supper of savories and other refreshments.



TRY some of these recipes... They will add zest to your supper or "five-to-seven" refreshments and will be especially useful round about Christmas.

In a few more weeks you will be planning Christmas parties.

And, of course, if you can put on something really novel and extra appetising in the way of refreshments then your reputation as a hostess will go soaring to the skies.

PETIT BATEAUX

Four ounces self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, salt, cayenne, 1/2 oz. butter, yolk 1 egg, little water, filling.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne. Rub in butter, add cheese. Mix with yolk and water. Roll out. Cut in oblongs. Line boat-shaped tins. Prick well to prevent rising. Bake 10 to 15 minutes. When cold, fill, and serve on small plates.

Fillings for Petit Bateaux:

(1) Dice crab, flavor with lemon, salt, and cayenne, bind with white sauce or mayonnaise. Garnish with thin slices of lemon.

(2) Cooked brains, salt, cayenne,

and nutmeg, bind with white sauce. Garnish with parsley.

(3) Whitebait, flavor with lemon, bind with mayonnaise. Garnish with shredded lettuce.

(4) Mushrooms fried in butter. Add lemon, salt, cayenne, with little white sauce. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

(5) Minced chicken and grilled bacon or ham, add cayenne, bind with white sauce. Garnish with parsley or cress.

(6) Minced crab meat and ham, add cayenne, bind with mayonnaise. Garnish with lemon slices.

(7) Spaghetti with salt, cayenne, bind with tomato sauce. Garnish with parsley.

(8) Chopped ham, gherkin and olives, cayenne, bind with mayonnaise. Garnish with lettuce.

(9) Asparagus in white sauce. Garnish with parsley.

(10) Flaked salmon, with lemon, curry powder, cayenne, salt, bind with sauce or dressing. Garnish with lemon or parsley.

COCKTAIL SAVORY

Mashed potatoes, cocktail frankfurts, grated cheese, salt, cayenne.

Mash potatoes very well. Add cheese, salt, cayenne. Mould into rounds. Make a hollow in centre. Bake in moderate oven till pale brown. Put the frankfurts into boiling water, and cook for three minutes. Remove from water and

drain well. Put three frankfurts into the centre of each potato and serve very hot.

SARDINES TARTARE

Place sardine on finger-shape of fried bread, coat with tartare sauce. Decorate with rings of olives. Sprinkle with paprika. Serve on paper d'oyley.

SARDINE CANAPES

Rub sardines through a strainer. Mix with Worcester sauce, lemon juice, and cayenne. Spread thickly on rounds of fried bread or biscuit. Place stuffed, stoned olive in centre. Sprinkle with grated hard-boiled yolk of egg.

"KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES taste twice as good!"

—vote famous

Taste Experts, Champion Cooks, Leading Chefs and 298 everyday people after making Kellogg's amazing Blindfold Test!

Kellogg's Representative might even knock on your door—and ask you and your family to make this Blindfold Test.

There's a thrill to it—Excitement with camera-men coming along. High-powered lights shining down on the dining-room table.

One by one the members of the family come into the room. Each is blindfolded and given four popular breakfast flakes to taste. Then comes the question: "Which tastes best?"

Incredible as it may seem, 298 out of 298 agree that Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste far the best.



NUMBER THREE TASTED TWICE AS GOOD. WHAT WAS IT?

NUMBER THREE WAS KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES. MR. MCCARTHY, YOU'VE VOTED FOR THEM LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!

PLEASE MUMMY, LET US HAVE CORN FLAKES EVERY MORNING.

GEE, DAD, YOU'RE A GOOD PICKER! CORN FLAKES ARE BONZER!

WE'RE ALL HAVING CORN FLAKES FROM NOW ON, DARLING!



THIS BLINDFOLD TEST HAS BEEN A BLESSING—EVERYBODY FROM DADDY DOWN TO YOUNG GWEN AGREES THAT CORN FLAKES ARE MUCH MORE DELICIOUS, SO NO MORE PICKING AND CHOOSING—THEY ALL WANT CORN FLAKES FOR BREAKFAST FROM NOW ON!



FREE! Kellogg's Book of 100 delicious and tested health recipes. Just send your name and address to Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Box 3, Botany, Sydney.

Hooray! it's Mira Plum

The most delicious Plum Jam you have ever tasted.

There's a delight in store for the family when Mother uses the true fruit Rosella Jams and Jellies on Baking day. For Baking or Table, remember Rosella Jams... Extra quality, extra flavor and 100% Australian.

39 varieties include:
Rhubarb, Apricot, Raspberry, Seville Orange Marmalade.

Listen to Kellogg's new programme, **HOWIE WING**, a saga of Aviation, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.45 p.m., from 20XZ, 2TLM, 2LNM, 2DHL, 3BH, 3TR, 3AD, MU-PI-BE and SIX-WB. From 2CH at 8.30 p.m. and 4BK-AR-IP at 7.30 p.m. Also 2KO every Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at 7.30 p.m.

All from a TIN of TREACLE

The sweet, old-fashioned molasses of childhood memories becomes the inspiration for new concoctions—the basis for puddings, biscuits, cakes, and other good things to eat.

HAVE you a tin of treacle tucked away in your store cupboard somewhere? You may have found use for it occasionally for sweetening or flavoring, and then forgotten you had it.

Or perhaps the last time you ever had anything to do with treacle was when your mother dosed you up as a young girl every spring with a rather obnoxious treacle and sulphur mixture.

Treacle, I suppose you know, is the syrup drained from cane sugar in the refining process, and, like the bran from wheat refining, is of definite food value.

So next time you are at a loss for something new to make and go to your store cupboard for inspiration, take down that tin of treacle and try some of the recipes I am giving you to-day.

By . . .
Mary Forbes

Cookery
Expert
to The
Australian
Women's
Weekly.



TREACLE can be used to give distinctive flavor and added nourishment to cakes and biscuits. Here is Ann Miller, actress, adding treacle to a biscuit mixture.



A BATCH of treacle biscuits just fresh from the oven—crisp, dainty and full of flavor. Recipe for making appears on this page.



A TEMPTING LOOKING treacle sandwich, light and appetizing. a n d filled with real or mock cream.



TREACLE SAUCE adds piquancy and color to steamed sponge puddings.

HEINZ Mayonnaise

Just see how summer appetites say a hearty "yes please" to the tempting invitation of a crisp, c-o-o-o-l salad made with Heinz Mayonnaise. The "salad" is fresh, delightful, rich in vitamins and minerals . . . and the Heinz Mayonnaise makes it all into a delicious dish, complete, balanced in food value and satisfying.

You **MUST** try Heinz Mayonnaise. Imagine the most delicious mayonnaise you've ever made—then imagine practising and practising till you could always be sure of perfection—then imagine that you had all the Heinz experience and facilities to help you—Heinz Mayonnaise is the mayonnaise that **YOU** would make under those ideal conditions. We promise! Try some, and if you don't agree, your grocer will give you back the purchase price in full. How's THAT for a guarantee!

A copy of a most interesting recipe book entitled "Salads and when to have them" will be sent you free on request to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Bendigo Street, Richmond E.1., Melbourne, Victoria.



Makes a salad

"A PERFECT MEAL"



TREACLE SCONES

Half pound plain flour, 1lb. treacle (2 tablespoons), 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1/2oz. butter, pinch salt, 1 gill milk.

Sift the dry ingredients, rub in butter, mix treacle and milk together, and make into soft dough. Turn on to a floured board and knead lightly, roll out into a square, and cut into 3-inch squares, then cut in halves to form triangles. Glaze, place on greased swiss roll tin and bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

TREACLE SPONGE PUDDING

Half pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1lb. suet, 1 egg, 1oz. ginger, 1 cup treacle, 1 cup milk, pinch salt, 2oz. sugar.

Sift flour, soda, ginger and salt, rub in flaked suet, add sugar. Mix with beaten egg, treacle and milk. Pour into greased mould. Cover with paper greased on both sides. Steam for 2 hours. Turn out and serve at once with treacle sauce.

Treacle Sauce: Boil 1 pint water with 1 tablespoon treacle, 1 dessertspoon sugar. Add 1 dessertspoon blended arrowroot. Cook for 1 minute. Add sprinkle of ginger if liked.

PARKIN

Half pound wheatmeal flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1lb. brown sugar, 1lb. treacle, 4oz. butter, 1 cup milk, ginger to taste.

Mix flour, ginger and baking powder (do not sift), rub in butter. Add sugar. Mix with milk into paste. Spread evenly in greased swiss roll tin. Bake in slow oven 40 to 50 minutes. Leave till cold, then cut into squares.

(Note.—Because of its nourishing qualities this is an excellent cake for the children.)

TREACLE TART

Six ounces shortcrust, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, nutmeg, 3 tablespoons treacle, 2 tablespoons currants, squeeze lemon juice.

Mix treacle, currants, nutmeg, lemon juice, and breadcrumbs well together. Make the shortcrust. Turn on to floured board. Roll out into a round a little larger than the plate. Cut a thin strip off all round with the edge of the plate and lay the strip on. Wet the strip, then lay the round on evenly. Mark round the edge with a spoon or fork. Add treacle mixture. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold with boiled custard.

TREACLE SANDWICH

One tablespoon butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 cup treacle, 1 egg, 1 heaped cup plain flour, scant teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk and treacle, which have been well mixed together. Add the sifted flour, soda, ginger and cinnamon. Mix well. Bake in two well-greased sandwich tins about 20 minutes. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold, join together with mock cream. Sprinkle icing sugar over the top, or ice with warm icing and decorate with chopped ginger.

TREACLE PATTY CAKES

Ten ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 2 teaspoons ginger, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 4oz.

butter, 4oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons treacle, 4 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, soda, ginger and cinnamon well together. Rub in butter, add sugar. Mix milk and treacle well together, add beaten egg, then add to dry ingredients, making into a soft mixture. Place a spoonful in well-greased deep patty tins. Place in moderate oven and cook from 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to a cake cooler.

TREACLE BISCUITS

One pound plain flour, small teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1lb. butter, 1lb. sugar (brown), 1lb. treacle, 1oz. ginger, 3 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, soda and ginger, rub in butter well, add sugar. Make into a dry dough with the treacle and milk. Turn on to a floured board. Roll out into a thin sheet, cut into rounds with cutter. Glaze. Bake on greased tin in slow oven till a pale brown. Leave on the tin till cold. Serve on a paper doily.

TREACLE COOKIES

One cup treacle, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup boiling water, 1 1/2 teaspoons soda, 1lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon ginger.

Warm treacle, add butter and sugar, dissolve soda in water, add to treacle, etc., add flour and ginger, gradually making into stiff dough. Roll out, cut into squares with sharp knife. Place on greased tin and bake in slow oven. Leave on tin till cold.

TREACLE CARAMEL LAYER CAKE

One cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup treacle, 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 1/2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda.

Cream butter and sugar well. Add treacle, then beaten eggs and milk, lastly well-sifted flour, spices and soda. Pour into 3 buttered sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Turn on to a sieve to cool. When cold, join together with caramel filling and spread over the top.

PRIZES AWARDED to READERS

For new and novel recipes entered in our weekly Best Recipe Competition . . .

THE first prize of £1 has been awarded this week to an entry giving ways of using bread.

There are a pie, a sweet and a cake. Try them—you'll find them a change.

There are other interesting recipes, too, that are worth clipping and pasting in your recipe book. Now write out your pet recipe and send in to us.

It may be worth a £1 prize, or it may win for you one of the consolation prizes of 2/6 each which are awarded for every other recipe published.

BREAD DISHES

SURPRISE PIES

Cut a narrow roll-shaped loaf into 1-inch pieces. Scoop out some of the crumbs. Now mince any kind of meat (or ordinary sausage mince) with a little sweet herb, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley. Add the crumbs, one finely-chopped hard-boiled egg, and a little gravy or milk to mix it into a good stuffing. Fill each case of bread with the mixture. Place in a baking dish and bake a golden brown.

LEMON CRUMB DELIGHT

Three tablespoons butter, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup caster sugar, 1½ teaspoons cornflour, 2 egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, and grated rind of 1 lemon.

Break the breadcrumbs into a bowl, add the butter, pour the boiling water over and let crumbs stand until they are soft. Now mix the egg and cornflour together and add well-beaten egg-yolks and lemon juice and rind and stir two mixtures together. Turn into pie-dish and bake until ready. When cold cover with whipped cream sweetened and flavored to taste.

GERMAN NUT CAKE

Three tablespoons grated chocolate, 1½ tablespoons breadcrumbs soaked in a little rum, 2 tablespoons flour, 4 eggs, 6 tablespoons sugar, 6 tablespoons ground nuts or almonds, 5 tablespoons butter, cream.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add the chocolate, and mix thoroughly, then add the ground nuts and breadcrumbs, the flour, and finally the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Beat thoroughly. Pour into a cake tin and bake in a slow oven for three-quarters of an hour. When done, turn out and let it get cold. Cut the cake into one or two layers and fill with a mixture of ground nuts mixed to a smooth paste with a little cream, butter and sugar. Cover the cake with this mixture and sprinkle with chocolate and nuts.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Reeder, 5 Swindon Rd., Oakleigh, Vic.

CHEESE AND PRAWN SLICES

Filling: 4oz. grated cheese, 1 pint milk, 2oz. butter, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 des-

sertspoon onion juice, 1 hard-boiled egg.

Pastry: 10oz. flour, 2oz. butter, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. lard.

Begin by making pastry first. Sieve flour, salt and baking powder together, rub in butter and lard and add sufficient cold water to make a stiff dough. Halve dough and roll out on floured board and make two oblong pieces. Now prepare other ingredients.

Melt the butter in saucepan, stir in flour, add milk and keep stirring till smooth. Add the onion juice and grated cheese, the prawns and egg, which have been finely chopped. Keep stirring mixture till it is cooked, when it will leave sides of saucepan. Spread this mixture on piece of pastry and cover over with the other piece of pastry. Brush top with white of an egg or little milk. Bake on a greased tin in hot oven for 20 minutes. Cut in slices, when cooked, and serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. M. Brown, 25 Oxford St., Leederville, W.A.

COFFEE FRUIT CAKE

Half a pound sultanas, 2oz. cherries, 2oz. orange peel, 1lb. self-raising flour, 6oz. butter, 5oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 3 teaspoons honey, 2 tablespoons coffee.

Prepare sultanas, cut up cherries and orange peel. Sieve self-raising flour and rub in butter. Add sugar, fruit and mix well together. Whisk eggs and stir in honey and coffee. Beat well together and mix thoroughly. Pour into cake tin, and strew with blanched almonds.

Bake about 2 hours in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Baker, Acton St., Rosehill, N.S.W.

SWEETBREADS WITH SHERRY SAUCE

Soak sweetbreads in warm water with a tablespoon of vinegar for 2 hours. Cut off all fat, skin and boil in salt water (salt water must be already boiling). Then place in cold water, and they are ready for cooking. Beat up an egg and dip in sweetbreads, and then roll in browned breadcrumbs. Butter a pliedish and place sweetbreads in with a piece of butter on each. Roll some thinly cut bacon and string on a skewer and place across top of pliedish.

Sherry Sauce: One dessertspoon

THIS WEEK

BISCUIT RECIPES

PEANUT BISCUITS

Peanut Brittle Mixture: 15 ozs. mixing bowl put 2½ cups of melted castor oil, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of raw peanuts, 1 tablespoon of flour with 1 teaspoon of carbonate of soda and 1½ cups of salt. Mix dry ingredients together and add ½ cup butter (melted) while hot.

Biscuit Mixture: Into a second bowl put

3 tablespoons butter (or white dripping), with 1½ cups of salt, 2 eggs, 6oz. of sugar, 10oz. or more of flour in which is sifted 2 teaspoons of cream of tartar and 1 teaspoon of carbonate of soda.

Make a firm mixture, shape biscuits with the hands or rolling-pin, and press handles on the top. Cook in a quick oven.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. P. Crossland, Harville Rd., Sandberg, Qld.

LINZER BISCUITS

Quarter pound ground almonds, 1½ cups castor sugar, ½ lb. flour, 1oz. corn flour, ¼ teaspoon mixed spice, a little grated lemon rind, 1½ lb. margarine, a little beaten egg.

Mix all dry ingredients and rub in margarine, knead lightly and add a little beaten egg if necessary. When smooth, roll out about one-eighth of an inch thick and cut into fancy shapes. Bake in a moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Rigg, 72 Crawford Rd., Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

TWIGS

Six ounces plain flour, 2oz. grated cheese, 2oz. butter, 1 egg yolk, a little cold water, 2½ cups cayenne, 1 saltspoon salt, meat or vegetable extract.

Sift flour and salt, rub in the butter with finger-tips. Add grated cheese, half cayenne, beaten yolk and water, and mix to stiff paste. Turn on to lightly-oiled board and knead lightly. Roll out to 1½ in. thickness and cut into thin strips. Remove unevenly with extract and sprinkle with remainder of cayenne. Cut into twigs 1½ in. wide and place on cold slide. Bake in slow oven until crisp.

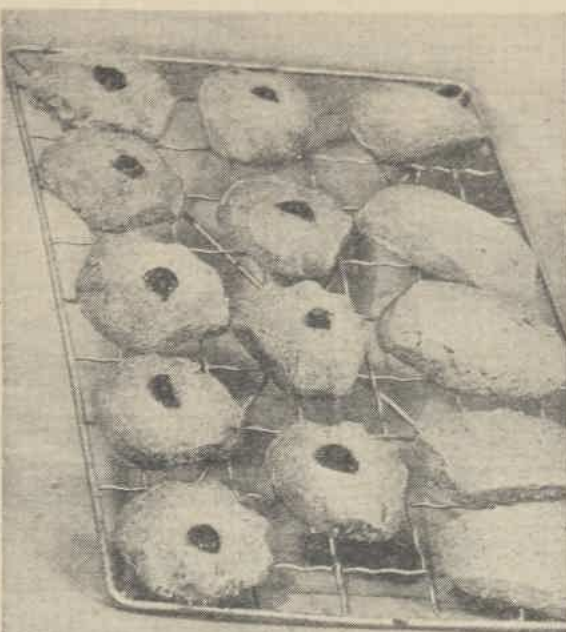
Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Barltrop, 13 Beach St., Collingwood, W.A.

ICED CURRANT FINGERS

Quarter pound butter, 2oz. sugar, 1½ cups flour, salt, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 egg, 1½ tablespoons milk, 2oz. currants.

Beat flour and sugar. Rub in butter, add sugar and currants. Mix the egg, butter and milk together and stir into flour to make all in one lump. Roll out thinly. Beat the egg-white well and stir in 4oz. sifted icing sugar, gradually spread thinly over the surface of the dough, cut in finger-lengths, and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss Fayllis Cox, C/O Post Office, Burnie, Tas.



SO TEMPTING—a tray of crisp delicious biscuits fresh from the oven. On this page to-day you will find some new biscuit recipes for you to try.

ASK YOUR DENTIST
... HE'LL RECOMMEND

Gibbs



WATCH YOUR DIET! - Summer brings "STARCH-HEAVINESS"



Take heed of Nature's warnings. Those feelings of stiffness and lassitude . . . called "Search-Heaviness" . . . mean that your diet contains too much "unconverted" starch. So change to Vita-Weat—the sensible, modern Crispbread—and see how much better you feel. You'll like the delicious whole-wheat flavour, too!

PEEK FREAN'S

Vita-Weat
CRISPREAD

V21.8A

I'm
Jolly Well
taking
Daily
BOVRIL
For Health and Vitality

Exclusive—ROYAL Dolls' DRESSES

THE dolls pictured here, "France" and "Marianne," were presented by the children of France to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose as souvenirs of the recent visit of the King and Queen to France.

The dolls are the best dressed in the world, for their dresses and coats were made by world-famous Parisian houses.

AND NOW YOU can obtain paper patterns from The Australian Women's Weekly for making these dolls' clothes. Some are also cut in children's sizes.



WW2631. — Coat. Dolls' sizes, 16 to 24 inches; child's 1 to 6 years. Paper pattern 10d.



WW2630. — Coat. Dolls' sizes, 16 to 24 inches; child's 1 to 6 years. Paper pattern 10d.



FUR COATS by Jungmann (left), grey Indian lamb, and (right) ocelot edged with green cloth.



WW2633. — Coat. Dolls' sizes, 16 to 24 inches; child's 1 to 6 years. Paper pattern 10d.



WW2634. — Frock. Dolls' sizes, 16 to 24 inches; child's 1 to 6 years. Paper pattern 10d.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



BEACH costumes by Marie Rochas. (Left) Green cloth coat. (Right) green dress with red spots.



WW 2632 DOLLS 16-24"

DRESS of pink voile by Jeanne Lanvin.

LEFT: WW2632. — Filled Dress. Dolls' sizes, 16 to 24 inches.

Right: WW2639. — Frock. Dolls' sizes, 16 to 24 inches; child's 1 to 6 years. Paper pattern 10d.



WHITE mouseline dress by Maggy Rouff. Embroidered with gold.



WEIL ERMINE evening coats worn with Maggy Rouff white mouseline dresses embroidered with gold.



WW2637. — Coat. Dolls' sizes, 16 to 24 inches; child's 1 to 6 years. Paper pattern 10d.

WW2638. — Dress. Dolls' sizes, 16 to 24 inches; child's 1 to 6 years. Paper pattern 10d.



LEFT: Dresses by Lucien Lelong in mauve with green ribbon, and in pink crepe-de-chine. Fur wrap by Max.

LEFT: WW2625. — Frock and wrap. Dolls' sizes, 16 to 24 inches. ABOVE: WW2626. — Frock. Dolls' sizes, 16 to 24 inches. Paper patterns, 10d.



WW 2625 DOLLS 16-24"

WW 2626 DOLLS 16-24"



WW 2636 DOLLS 16-24" CHILDREN 1-6 YRS

WW 2635 DOLLS 16-24" CHILDREN 1-6 YRS

ABOVE: Flower-embroidered dress with little bolero designed by Jean Patou for Marianne, and the beach ensemble he designed for France. RIGHT: WW-2636. Dolls' sizes, 16 to 24 inches; child's, 1 to 6 years. Paper pattern 10d.



WW2635. — Frock and bolero. Dolls' sizes, 16 to 24 inches; child's 1 to 6 years. Paper pattern 10d.



REAL RELIEF FROM NEURALGIA



Agonising Head and Face Pains Stop Almost Magically.

There is no other known medicine that works quite like Bayer's Aspirin in relieving those awful head and face pains. Quick solubility accounts for the surprising speed of these tablets. Makes them invaluable for severe pain of this kind. Doctors know this peculiar efficacy of Bayer's Aspirin in neuralgia pain, and recommend it.

Headaches, neuralgia, sciatica, neuritis, lumbago, the distressing pains which make a woman helpless while they last, pains that once kept people at home, all these promptly yield to the soothing power of Bayer's Aspirin. Remember it is Bayer's Aspirin which gives you this quick-acting benefit. And Bayer's Aspirin is safe—no depression of the heart, no gastric disturbance, no ill after-effects.

Bayer originated aspirin and a number of other remedies for the relief of pain and disease, and they are prescribed by doctors the world over. Bayer's Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin, therefore insist on Bayer's when you buy. In bottles, 24 tablets (3/6, 100 4/-). Bayer means Better.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Constant headaches, poor circulation, failing sight, dizziness, flushes and kidney and bladder weaknesses are caused by High Blood Pressure.

If you suffer this way start a 1 month's course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to banish aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, give you new vitality.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

BE SURE HIS LINENS MARKED WITH JOHN BOND'S MARKING INK. Special pen with 9d. size, also linen stretcher with 1/- size. Of all Stationers, Stores, etc.

HANDY HINTS SCRAPBOOK

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

ACID STAINS—If on material the stains should be removed immediately with the aid of sal volatile. Dab the stains with the sal volatile applied on a pad of cotton wool.

CUTTING SOAP—This spoils both the blade and the edge of a knife. To prevent this, place the wrapper over the soap and press the knife through. The wrapper goes through the soap with the knife, thus keeping it clean.

GLASSWARE—To make your glassware look its very best, use just a little bit of blue in the water when washing it. Polish off with a soft cloth.

CLEANING BRUSHES—Hair brushes can be cleaned in warm, soapy water. Plate brushes need plenty of soap, hot water, and a teaspoonful of ammonia.

NEW CASSEROLES—These should always be placed in a copper with salt and water and brought gradually up to the boil. This tempers the earthenware.

WALLPAPER PASTE—Here is a recipe for a strong wallpaper paste: Mix 3lb. of flour with a quart of cold water to make a fairly thick cream; be sure it is quite free from lumps. Then add three quarts of boiling water, slowly, stirring the whole time the water is being added. Then sprinkle slowly into the paste an ounce of powdered resin. This paste will stick a thick, heavy paper, and the resin may be left out in the case of a light paper.

BE SHOPWISE

BUYING A HAT?



IF YOU HAVE A LIMITED BUDGET YOU SHOULD ASK YOURSELF "WILL IT GO OUT OF STYLE QUICKLY." BE CONSERVATIVE ON STYLE.



IF YOU ARE GETTING A TAILORED SUIT IT IS WISE TO MAKE ONLY A DEPOSIT ON A SUIT AND NOT PAY IN FULL UNTIL IT FITS TO YOUR SATISFACTION.

LIGHT PASTRY—If you add a little lemon juice to the water for mixing pastry, the pastry will be lighter and all taste of fat will be removed.

SPOTS ON CEILING—If you have the misfortune to have any small marks or spots on your ceiling, paint over with a little cold-water starch and leave till quite dry. Lightly rub with a coarse flannel and the marks should not be noticeable.

NEW BOOTS—These are sometimes difficult to polish. To make them shine easily, brush off any dirt that may be on them and rub them with lemon juice. Let this dry in, then black and polish them in the usual way, and they will shine beautifully.

INDOOR PLANTS—Aspidistras, palms, and similar indoor plants should be sponged with a little milk diluted with water. The milk gives a gloss to the leaves and helps to prevent the brown patches which appear when they are sponged with plain water.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS—Never allow these to become too soiled. Wash them in warm, soapy water. Use flake soap to make the latter. If white, blue them afterwards before folding up. Iron between folds of linen. The iron should not touch white silk or it will turn it yellow.

SCALDING MILK—A teaspoonful of sugar added to milk before it is put on the stove will prevent it from

Uses for Rubber

NEVER throw away oddments of rubber. There is usually some means of using them up.

For instance, a length of rubber tubing can be sliced into rubber rings or washers. An old rubber hot-water bottle comes in handy for turning into mats, while even an old pair of gloves can be utilised, the good parts of the gloves being removed, and the odd fingers kept for finger-shields.

boiling over if you have to leave the kitchen and let it boil.

RUSTY NEEDLES—A rub down with a bar of soap makes rough and rusty needles shine again. Pierce the soap with the needle several times.

KEEPING MEAT—Meat keeps fresher if placed between slices of bread and wrapped in greaseproof paper.

METALWORK—Raw onion will remove flyspecks, and the odor will keep flies from settling on the metal.

TO PREVENT BURNING—Drops of cold water on a saucepan lid cause the steam inside to condense and prevent burning.

STOPPED-UP SINK—A wad of cloth pressed quickly on and off the drain-pipe of a stopped-up sink will clear it.

DOOR HANDLES—Metal door handles will keep their polish if rubbed with raw potato after cleaning and then polished.

GREASE SPOTS—To remove grease spots from silk fabrics, rub with chalk, which absorbs grease, and then brush.



Imagine it!

Her friends talked behind her back

"SHE used to be such a grouch," they said. Always too tired to enjoy herself. Used to look washed out and ill. But . . . Look at her now . . . bright, happy and splendidly healthy.

Constipation was spoiling her looks and sapping her energy. She took NYAL FIGSEN, the pleasant, natural laxative. Normal bowel action was restored overnight. Constipation was banished. The "waste matter" that was clogging her system was quickly cleared away. For every member of the family FIGSEN is the ideal laxative. 1/3 tin from your chemist.

NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

BY EUCRASY with 40 Years' Success.

"Thanks for an almost unbelievable cure. My husband has not touched a drink since he had a course of Eucrasy. He says he will never touch it again," writes a grateful woman.

It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write to-day for a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE, and many Testimonials. Dept. D, EUCRASY CO., 297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney."

DOUBLE your present SUPPLY

IT'S MARVELLOUS THE WAY KOLYNOS LASTS AND LASTS... AND LOOK AT MY TEETH NOW—REALLY SPARKLING



ONE TUBE OF KOLYNOS LASTS AS LONG AS TWO TUBES OF ORDINARY DENTAL CREAM



When you're doing THIS to your present tube—

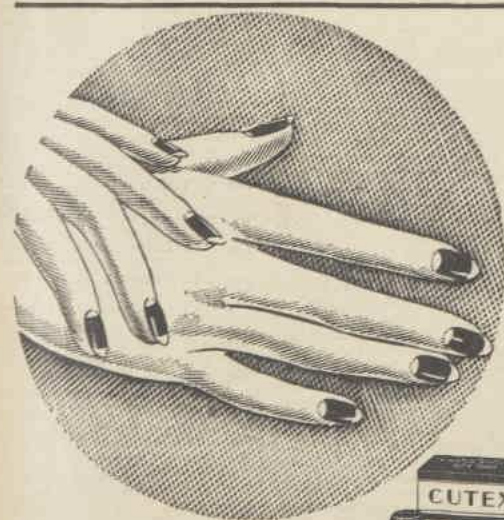


KOLYNOS will still look like THIS

KOLYNOS is a concentrated dental cream, made from the dental prescription of Doctor N. S. Jenkins. No water or other bulky ingredients have been added to make the tube larger. That half inch of Kolynos multiplies thousands of times inside your mouth—foams right down in between your teeth

and cleanses and purifies in one action. Restore your teeth to gleaming whiteness . . . keep them cleaner than ever before . . . and save money at the same time, with Kolynos. Get a tube to-day. Kolynos is sold at all chemists and stores, medium size 1/3d; large 2/-. K3

KOLYNOS 1/2 INCH ON DRY BRUSH IS ENOUGH



New Fingertip Accents To Flatter Your Hands!

Cutex has five exciting new nail polish shades recommended by leading Parisian stylists to add that subtle dash of colour to your favourite costume. And there's a shade among them that will accent your own colouring too! Create character in your hands by selecting one of these new shades for your very own!



TRY THESE EXCITING NEW SHADES
Clover Tulip
Thistle Laurel
Old Rose Heather

REGULAR SIZE NOW COSTS ONLY 2/-. For economy buy the Regular Size Cutex Polish. It is usable to the last drop, and contains nearly three times the quantity of the 1/- Trial Size.

CUTEX Nail Polish

HYDRANGEAS Give GLORIOUS COLOR DISPLAY

THE hydrangea is one of our flowering shrubs that during the early summer gives the garden a wonderful wealth of color. For this reason it is one of the most useful plants that can be grown around the home.

It adapts itself to all kinds of conditions and climates.

Along the warm coastline of Australia hydrangeas grow to perfection out in the open garden.

Further north, where the weather is more tropical, care must be taken to plant where hydrangeas will be well protected from the midday sun.

But see that they receive a fair amount of the morning sun.

In the colder regions special protection must be given from frosts, snow and other adverse conditions. In such cases indoor culture will be necessary, such as the use of sunny verandahs and porches, etc., where the hydrangeas can be grown in

pots, tubs or tins. In this way the plants can be lifted from place to place as the sun moves.

So, you see, there is no reason why you should not have your home made bright and cheerful with the glowing beauty of hydrangeas, no matter where you live.

In many districts, especially in

northern Australia, they are already giving a glorious display, but farther south the blooming period is much later.

Now is the time to plant young hydrangeas if you want a glorious display later on.

At present there are plenty of young plants on the market, all growing beautifully in pots and tubs. Make your selection now and you will not only see them bloom this season, but you will be rewarded next year with a magnificent display also.

Hydrangeas thrive best in a rich, moist soil, so if the conditions and the climate suit outdoor planting, select those semi-shaded corners around the home where there is plenty of moisture. In country centres, many a bush can be grown where surplus water is drained away from the house.

Sometimes there is a corner where the sink runs out into an open drain and is then carried away to a lower level. Here you may plant a hydrangea and so cover up an ugly spot. One of the large blue strong flowering types, if taken care of, and pruned in a systematic manner, will grow to any height desired and therefore serves two purposes—one by hiding the drain pipes in the corner, and the other by supplying a wealth of blooms for decorative purpose inside the home.

Other ugly corners around the home can also be beautified by planting a hydrangea here and there.

Protect from Sun

IN warmer districts planting on the southern side of the house is a grand protection from the hottest part of the day, for as the sun travels from east to west the shade of the house protects the bushes.

In the cold districts, where frost is severe, a good plan is to plant on the north or north-east part of the house. The frost always comes from the south, and the house will protect the bushes from frost bite. Then when the sun rises they will receive the full benefit of it.

If, in cold districts, they are planted in any other position the bushes will have to be covered during the cold nights with bagging.

Another good position is under trees or in shrubberies, where there is protection from both the sun in hot climates, and from frost in cold districts.

The large blue types of hydrangeas are very popular, and certainly make a wonderful display.

In many instances people buy a plant and when flowering time comes round the blooms are pink. Then the nurseryman gets into trouble, but this is no fault of his; it is the soil condition that has made the change.

Blue flowers are produced in an acid soil. So to keep your flowers blue dig in iron filings around the roots or water them with alum, using one teaspoonful to every gallon of water. Aluminium sulphate is also good, using 3oz. to the gallon of water.

In sandy soil the addition of peat moss, leaf mould, or any other acid creating material will help in keeping the blooms pure blue.

Good plants that will flower the same year in many cases can be struck from cuttings.

Just firm them into very fine soil and keep moist. In a very short time they will strike.

They can then be moved either to their permanent home or be planted in pots.

Pot culture is splendid for the first few years, for the bushes can be lifted into the home and placed



HYDRANGEAS can be grown in pots or tubs. They make a beautiful display and can in this way be moved from place to place as desired.

where desired. With care as to watering the flowers will last this way for many weeks.

From experience I find that if hydrangeas are thoroughly pruned about February the bush will begin to make good growth before the winter months, and if kept sheltered will produce wonderful blooms at flowering time.

When pruning, always cut to a double bud. That is, where there are two buds, one on each side of the stem. This is where the next season's flower will come. The single bud indicates the leaves.

Plenty of liquid manure during the growing period will help the plants along. Work in a little blood and bone around the roots about twice a year. When pruning keep all the very strong pieces for cuttings and when planting these remember that the part that is placed below the soil should be cut square across just below the bud. This is where the life line of the plant is, and where the roots will appear. Make the cuttings about three inches long and plant them about half way in the soil.

Here are a number of varieties to choose from, and I can recommend every one: Prince Henry, Mrs. H. J. Jones, Rubia, Goliath, Caroline, Beauty of Canberra, La Marie, Rhinegold, Sensation, March, Foch, W. Pittier, Gertrude, Gladiolus, Lancelot, Panicleata, Grand, Lelling, Domotol double, Ajina, Cyaneocladia, F. Matthes, Mme. E. Mullier.

All of these can be purchased from your seed or plant merchant. Why not have one of each; then next season you will have a glorious display.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Colomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel tired and weary and the world looks like a vast sea of troubles. A new bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes from good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Pleasant, gentle, retarding in making into bile. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting and salve fail. Dr. Leitch's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, is placed anted to quickly and safely banish any form of Pile misery or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

IF HE REALLY LOVES ME...HOW CAN HE BE SO inconsiderate?

YOU MEAN TO SAY A MAN OF TED'S INTELLIGENCE HASN'T THE SENSE TO USE LIFEBOUY? THAT'S VERY INCONSIDERATE TO YOU!

OF COURSE, HE MAY NOT KNOW THAT HE HAS "B.O."—HE NEVER USED TO HAVE IT



MAYBE HE CHANGED HIS SOAP, JUNE. I'LL ASK MY BROTHER BILL TO TALK TO HIM—

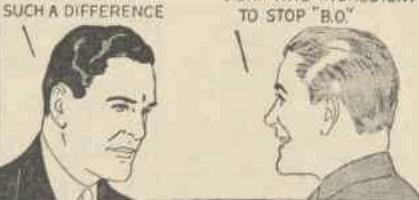
WELL, HE'D BETTER CHANGE BACK TO LIFEBOUY—OR YOU'LL SOON BE HEARING ABOUT A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT



BILL EXPLAINS TO TED

BUT, BILL, I DIDN'T REALISE THE KIND OF SOAP A FELLOW USES COULD MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE

IT DOES, OLD MAN... LIFEBOUY IS THE ONLY TOILET SOAP THAT CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT TO STOP "B.O."



LIFEBOUY CERTAINLY MAKES A DIFFERENCE. THERE'S NO LATHER LIKE IT. GOODBYE "B.O."



A CONSIDERATE PERSON ALWAYS USES LIFEBOUY

TED, YOU'RE ALWAYS SO THOUGHTFUL!

HE THINKS: AND I'LL ALWAYS BE THOUGHTFUL IN EVERY WAY. I'LL NEVER DESERT LIFEBOUY AGAIN



GUARD FRESHNESS . . . AND KEEP A CLEAR, FINE SKIN

You can count on Lifebuoy to do two jobs for you. One, its special purifying ingredient keeps you safe from "B.O." Two, its milder lather keeps your skin smooth and clear—6,000 tests proved Lifebuoy milder than many soaps recommended for babies and women. Bath and wash regularly with Lifebuoy—its own clean scent vanishes as you rinse.



A LEVER PRODUCT E.464.15



MODERN lounge-room decorated in a lovely scheme of off-white and blue in the home of Richard Dix, R.K.O. actor.

HERE is a lounge-room in comfortable present-day style in contrast with the quaint Old-World charm of a period living-room.

WHICH do you prefer—the modern conventional or the period style? Both possess comfort and charm. One is decorated in off-white and blue and the other in mellow browns, beige, old-rose and primrose.

It doesn't matter what you call the room in which you spend your leisure hours—it can be known as the lounge-room, the living-room, or by the now seldom used term, the drawing-room, but it must be a place of comfort.

The first furniture essentials are comfortable easy chairs—at least two of these—and a couch. In very large rooms, two small couches may be found more useful than one of the larger type.

In addition, two or three occasional chairs are necessary. These can be upholstered to match or contrast with the suite according to the color scheme and style of your room.

Other necessary items are one or two small occasional tables, or, if you also use the room for meals, a dining table—preferably one that is not too large or that has drop sides.

Now, having allowed for the necessities in the way of furniture, you must decide on the style of the room and its decorative scheme.

Two Rooms

IN this page are shown two living-rooms, both attractive and comfortable and friendly in appearance, yet both entirely different in style.

One room is done in a modern, international style. The color scheme is in off-white and blue with touches of mushroom and gold.

The all-over carpet is a rich shade of deep blue, the lounge is covered in a plain fabric slightly lighter in tone, and piped with off-white. This piping outlines all the loose cushions.

Notice the cushions. Those at the back and sides of the couch match exactly—are, in fact, part of it. The contrasting cushions are in broad, the one being a mushroom tone and the other a golden shade.

The rich draped curtains in heavy off-white furnishing satin are edged with blue frills and are caught back in a belton style. The glass curtains are tiny white net.

By way of relief, an easy chair is covered in a gay shadow tissue which incorporates blues, pink, beige, and touches of yellow on an off-white ground.

Instead of a central lighting fixture, illumination is supplied by wall brackets, standard and table lamps. Lampshades are off-white



and blue, one being finished round the edge with blue fringe.

The walls are paneled for a couple of feet up in natural honey-colored wood and the remainder is finished with a paper showing a blue-green motif on a white ground.

There is also a seat upholstered to match the lounge.

On the walls are two landscape scenes in oils finished with gold

Color Creates Light and Space

WITH color you can create an illusion of space. If your lounge-room is small, have both walls and ceiling done in same color.

Cool colors, like blue and green, create a better illusion of space than strong colors like red.

Color can also create light. In a dark room, yellow, because it attracts a maximum of light, is best. Sometimes a coat of varnish will increase the light-attracting qualities of paint-work in a room.

Light colors are still in favor for home decoration, with strong colors for contrast. Tones of beige are good, and lighter shades of blue are enjoying popularity. Turquoise looks well contrasted with beige. Ice-blue and forget-me-not tones are attractive combined with lighter tones of pink, and make attractive schemes for bedrooms.

frames and illuminated across the top by small strip lights.

In this room the color scheme is the highlight—the furniture which is quiet in design simply playing its part in helping to supply the color.

The other room, which has a real old-world air about it, is in direct contrast.

It is decorated in period style and here the furniture itself is the high note.

It relies for its attractive appear-

ance on the rather stark but refreshing simplicity of its design, while the high-backed chair in the foreground has an exquisite touch of delicacy about it that is most appealing.

Tied to seat and back are cushions covered in shadow tissues in a pretty old-world design.

Indeed, this chair may be said to act as a keynote to the decorative scheme of the room. It is the sort of chair one might find in a second-hand shop and around which one could build a scheme for a room.

From pieces like this or from outstanding pictures it is often possible to work out the most delightful ideas for rooms.

The charming piece by the chair, the work-table which supports two candles, is another little bit of furniture that would supply an inspiration for living-room decorations to anyone with a little imagination.

There is simple comfort in the two high-backed chairs supplemented by a footstool, which are placed one on either side of the open brick fireplace.

Mellow Tones

IN a room of this sort, the color scheme should be mellow. In the room shown here, no one color is allowed to stand out or obtrude. Rather are the colors a soft medley against an equally soft background.

The curtains, for instance, have a beige ground, with an old-time floral design in a subdued conglomeration of old-rose, green, a little blue, warm-gold, etc. The floor of natural brown wood has rugs to harmonize with the curtains.

A large basket by the fireplace for holding wood gives the room a homely touch; so, too, do the old-fashioned fire-irons, the quaint straw broom standing in the brass fender, and the little bellows hanging on a hook.

This room is also supplied with a window-seat comfortably upholstered.

The walls are paneled in wood painted cream.

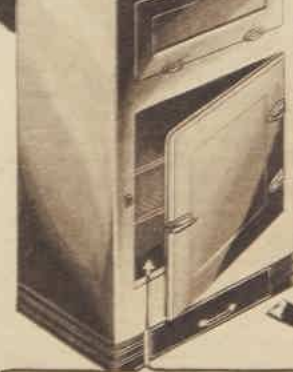
PERIOD or Modern Furnishings

By Our Home Decorator



LIVING-ROOM furnished and decorated in Old-World style. Notice the quaint-shaped chairs, the work table which supports two candles, and the old-time open fireplace. Chair coverings and curtains are in mellow-toned matching shadow tissue.

Dynamel that ICE Chest



Dynamel makes your old ice-chest sparkle like a new refrigerator. Fastman's Dynamel always gives a gleaming, mirror-smooth surface. Dries twice as fast as ordinary enamels! Thirty-four lovely colors.

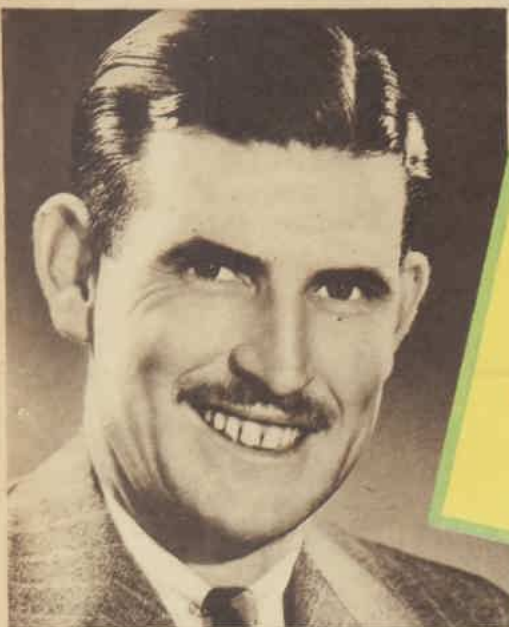
Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel. It smooths itself out as you brush it on.

Dynamel the interior, too! Fastman's Dynamel gives 100% hygienic finish that can be scrubbed with soap and water.

Write to Anne Stewart About Your Decorating Problems

Anne Stewart, author of "The Colorful Home"—40,000 copies of the first edition already snapped up by Australian housewives—brings you FREE HOME DECORATING SERVICE. Write for her at full detail about any home decorating problem you have and Anne Stewart will reply to you letter immediately. Write to Miss Anne Stewart, Fastman's Home Decorating Service, Dept. A-52, 75 Mary Street, St. Paul, Sydney, N.S.W.





CURE FOR Cranky HUSBANDS

SUFFERING FROM NERVES AND DEPRESSION

Go down to your chemist or store and buy a bottle of Bidomak, if your husband is showing signs of irritability. Nine times out of ten, "nerves" are the cause of bad-temper, and nerves are caused by "mineral starvation." Perhaps that may seem strange to you—but people who have tried everything else have been amazed at the immediate, quick, happy results which come from the use of a mineral food supplement such as Bidomak. Bidomak contains the vital food minerals, without which, leading dieticians tell us, life would be impossible. Its use as directed changes grumpy, tired men into fit, well, vigorous personalities again.

HOW MINERAL STARVATION CAN BE RECOGNISED

The loss of mineral elements in the body is due to the strain and stress of modern life, and the fact that these losses are not replaced by our daily food supply. To begin with, they show themselves in an insidious loss of energy and vitality. The power to concentrate is lost. Then other symptoms crowd upon the sufferer. He loses his spirit, the desire to exert himself fails—his appetite weakens—he gets over-sensitive and quick-tempered.

Sometimes he becomes the victim of indigestion, neuritis, headaches, and subject to fits of depression.

Altogether the mineral-starved man becomes a less efficient member of society. The more youthful jump

over his head in business. Socially, he becomes a back number. Thus, through lack of vital mineral food he loses his ability to enjoy life and to win success. No wonder he "snaps" even at those most dear to him.

What a tragedy this is! But it need be a tragedy no longer. Bidomak can now replace the vital minerals and bring the sufferer back to vigour and vitality. Energy returns—life looks brighter—daily tasks become easy—the power of concentration returns—temper improves and irritability vanishes—confidence grows quickly as vigour and nerve strength return. It is like a miracle how the iron, calcium, sodium, potash, phosphates, glycerophosphates and sucrose in Bidomak combine to provide a new savour to life, even in the worst cases.

No Dangerous Drugs

Remember, too, that Bidomak is a food. It contains no bitter, dangerous narcotic drugs nor opiates. On the other hand, Bidomak is safe for the youngest children, who take it readily because of its very pleasant flavour. Get a bottle from your chemist or store TO-DAY.



ALL CHEMISTS
AND STORES

3/- for a
Large
Bottle.
(New Zealand 3/6)

PROOF POSITIVE

Read these amazing extracts from letters by people who were once never really well, but after taking BIDOMAK are now on the high road to vigorous, happy health. What Bidomak has done for these people it can and will also do for you.

"I Felt So Terribly Weak and Depressed That I Actually Broke Into Tears . . ."

"I was in such a rotten state of nerves that I hated to talk to people. I'd just snap their heads off. My nerves were all shot to pieces, and I felt so depressed and weak that I would burst into tears for apparently no reason at all. I couldn't sleep at night, and I lost my appetite completely. When I had taken three bottles of Bidomak the difference was marvellous. I was a new being—I can eat anything now, and I sleep like Rip Van Winkle. The rash is nearly gone. It's absolutely wonderful what a difference Bidomak made to me. I love life once more, and I thank you for your wonderful tonic. Yours truly,

"(Signed) I. Haydon."

Friends Amazed at Improvement

Mrs. Pritchard, of the Police Station, Lismore, writes: "My two little boys, John and Thomas, were patients in Lismore Base Hospital for six weeks with Acute Bronchitis. They showed no signs of getting better until we tried Bidomak, at the suggestion of my mother, who was delighted with what it had done for her. John was in a bad state, and weighed only 2 stone 12 lbs. before going into Hospital. After taking Bidomak his weight improved rapidly, and Thomas also gained weight."

Two years later Mrs. Pritchard wrote saying: "Both are now fine, big boys, with rosy cheeks, and are sleeping and eating well. Everybody is amazed at their improvement, and we are all so pleased with the results, so we are keeping them on Bidomak for a while."

Loss of Confidence and Nerves Ended

"Dear Sirs,—Over two years ago I had a severe nervous breakdown (Neurasthenia), being very low-spirited and having no confidence in myself. I had been under the doctor's care all the time, besides taking other nerve tonics and pills, also having a month in hospital as a rest cure, as I always felt very depressed and weak and tired and unable to sleep. After I had taken the first bottle of BIDOMAK I felt a different man, so I continued to take it until I had taken six bottles of BIDOMAK, and now I feel so well and happy that I am always speaking to others of the wonderful tonic. (Signed) R.P.W."

Nothing More Than a Walking Shadow

"Nothing more than a walking shadow," said a friend of little Marie Egan, aged four. Her Mother told how irritable and nervy she was; she would not play, picked at her food, her sleep was disturbed. Now, after taking Bidomak, her Mother says: "Marie is a different child—obedient, contented, eating and sleeping well." Her case was under a doctor's review, and he found that Bidomak increased her red blood corpuscles from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 in each cubic millimetre. This happened after only a month of taking Bidomak."

SCIENTIFIC CONTROL

Attached to the laboratories of the Douglas Drug Company are three fully qualified chemists and a Doctor of Medicine, who graduated at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Money Back Guarantee TRIAL OFFER

So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from BIDOMAK that, if you do not benefit by taking the first bottle, we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on return of the nearly empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or you pay nothing.

Take the Vital Minerals Doctors Recommend

BIDOMAK

THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY — FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND "THAT DEPRESSED FEELING"



Carole's Career



Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL
November 12, 1938

SUPPLEMENT—
MUST NOT
BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

By . . W. KINNEAR ROBERTSON

CAROLE'S CAREER

By W. KINNEAR ROBERTSON



ANDREW CHAYTOR AND SON, confectionery manufacturers, still remained Chaytor and Son, although Jimmy had been dead for five years. Jimmy's death was a bad business. He had been a fine type of young fellow, and had given gratifying promise of becoming a worthy successor to his father as head of the vast concern which had borne the name of Chaytor for two generations.

But Jimmy's taste for fast driving had ended his life, and the Old Man had been left to carry on with his two daughters, Carole and Anne. There was no Mrs. Chaytor. She had been a frail, complaining woman, and memory of her, even to the children, was very dim.

Andrew Chaytor had been shocked irreparably by his son's death. Jimmy had been a counterpart of himself; they had thought along similar grooves; they had had the same taste in living, the same fondness for sport; and they had shared the same high loyalty, and unwavering integrity. Much of the similarity in character had been due to the Old Man's patient and understanding training of his son; the rest was a natural inheritance. He had fostered great hopes for Jimmy, and at his death there was every evidence of them being realised fully.

Andrew Chaytor was then a rich man, and in another five years he had intended retiring, leaving the control of his business to Jimmy. He had had no doubts about his son's ability as a business man, nor had he any doubts that Jimmy would prove a true Chaytor.

And then one wet night, in the midst of his dreams, came the news of Jimmy's death.

He had been robbed mercilessly of the only thing in life that had mattered a jot. He had planned so much for his old age, and now at sixty he would have to turn around and begin planning afresh. Or would he? Was it worth it? The name of Chaytor would die, and when he was dead the business would probably pass into other hands, or become a company with a board of directors conducting affairs in their way. Anyhow, the girls would never want. He would see to that. And with Jimmy dead nothing else mattered really.

He had fallen to thinking about the girls. They were nice girls; good-looking girls, but after all they were only girls. They would, no doubt, grow up, get married, and become embedded in their new lives. And he had not been sure if he would miss them when they did, except the younger, Anne, who was his favorite.

Three months after Jimmy's death the Old Man had got a shock which had

seemed to inject new life into his grief-racked body. He had been sitting in his study one evening going through some papers when Carole had come in. A rather serious and introspective type of girl, she had looked more serious than usual. Without any preliminaries she had told her father that she wanted to work at his factory.

He had laughed at her, told her she was talking stuff and nonsense, and asked her if she was not getting enough pocket-money. But Carole had not smiled. She had said that she had wanted to start at the very bottom, work through every department of the factory, and see if she could not qualify to take her place at her father's side. Not, she had said, that she ever hoped to be able to replace Jimmy. But she had thought that if she worked hard she would later be of some use to him.

The Old Man had looked at his seventeen-year-old daughter, at the flush on her pale cheeks, and the brightness of her dark eyes. His heavy brows screwed his lids down until there was only a glint of iris, and he had become conscious of a warm feeling within him. So the Chaytor stock had not died out with Jimmy after all!

He had remained silent for a while, fiddling with his papers. At last he had said: "What will your aunt have to say?"

Aunt Jessica was old Andrew's sister. She was as like him as it is possible for two people of opposite sexes to be, and he rarely made any important decision without consulting her. She had lived with them ever since the death of the ailing Mrs. Chaytor, and had shared Andrew's worship for Jimmy. Also like the Old Man she had taken the two girls a good deal for granted.

"Look superior," Carole had answered, "and say that girls should be trained to rear babies, not to do men's work."

"Now, now, Carole," her father had said. "You know how I respect your aunt's judgment. Anyhow, in this matter I'll decide myself. I'll sign you on to-morrow. No need to ask if you've thought it all out. You wouldn't be here if you hadn't."

"You'll have to start at half-past seven each morning, and you'll be off Saturdays and Sundays like the other employees. And the fact that you're my daughter is not going to make any difference to you. You'll be treated no better, no worse, than the rest, which to my way of thinking is pretty good. I'll give you a note to the forewoman."

He had scribbled a few lines on his private notepaper.

"I'll make this concession," he had said. "Barnes can drive you to within a hundred yards of the works each morning, but don't let the others know. And now you'd better tell Emily to call you in time for an early breakfast. I'll break the news to your aunt."

Jessica, to their surprise, thought the idea

was a good one. If the girl got tired of it she could always give it up, and that would show what she was like. If she made a success of it so much the better; that would also show she had character. This had been Aunt Jessica's pronouncement.

On the following morning Carole started in the lowest packing department.

The supervisor, with the manner of a teacher to a new pupil, showed her how to begin the day's work, work which Carole at once found to be kindergarten in its simplicity.

It consisted of teasing colored paper, and arranging it in boxes as a bed for the chocolates. All the same she noticed that some girls were much quicker than others.

From that first day Carole had settled down to the precise and monotonous work of a factory employee with a keenness which had astonished her father, and won his whole-hearted admiration. Frequently he had reminded her of how needless it was for her to be working, and of how he had never dreamed of expecting either of his daughters to lead other than a life of leisure. And each time Carole would reply that she had always wanted to do something, but when Jimmy was alive she had had to be content with a seat a long way back.

At the mention of his son's name the Old Man would always wince slightly, but he never forbade the use of it. All the same he knew that Carole was right, although he did not tell her so.

For a time he had found it difficult to discover just how Carole was getting along. When he had received good reports he had not known how much was genuine, and how much was due to the fact that she was his daughter. At last he got his foreman, a cautious Scot, to make some discreet inquiries, and old Andrew learned to his delight that his daughter was doing exceedingly well. And why shouldn't she he had asked himself. She was a Chaytor. Wasn't that enough? Still, he had swelled with pride when his foreman had no option but to make Carole supervisor of the chocolate wrapping department, the department where only the most skilled girls were employed.

This had been Carole's final post in the manufacturing section of the factory. From there she had gravitated to the administrative offices, where she had showed an early and remarkable aptitude for detail, and an organising ability unusual in a girl. Her next and logical step had been to become secretary to her father, and it is in this position of trust and authority that we find her five years after her brother's death.

She had made herself almost indepen-

sable to old Andrew, relieving him of such arduous and wearing work as interviewing clients, industrial representatives, and job hunters, hearing and adjusting minor complaints from employees, handling all the routine correspondence without the necessity of referring it to him.

And Carole was a thoroughly efficient girl. If she had any faults they were an inclination towards intolerance of inability in others, and a disposition to sullenness. Carole's own severely furnished office adjoined that of her father's.

One morning she entered his room with a formidable sheaf of papers in her hand. "This looks like all the applications for that clerical position," she said abruptly.

"Have you been through them?" old Andrew asked.

"Yes. I've picked out the three most promising."

"Anything interesting in the rest?"

"There's one from a fourth year medical student turned clerk, but he doesn't seem to have had much experience."

Old Andrew put out his hand.

"Let's have a look at it."

Carole handed him several pages of handwritten applications. He read through them carefully.

"There's some character in the fellow who wrote this," he said. "Get him to come in with the other three."

Carole returned to her room and wrote to the four applicants. Two days later the old man was putting them through their paces.

Michael Byrne was the last to be interviewed, although he didn't know it. The most noticeable feature of this young man was his astonishingly blue eyes with their dark lashes.

It was something about his eyes that the Old Man noticed first. They reminded him somehow of Jimmy, although his son's eyes had been grey. When young Byrne smiled the eyes puckered at the corners in a way that Jimmy's used to do. To anyone else the resemblance might not have been very noticeable but with old Andrew it was different. He was being continually reminded—or he thought he was—of his son. Or perhaps it was that Jimmy was always lurking in the background of his thoughts and it did not require much to bring him to the fore.

Had Michael Byrne but known it that whimsical expression about his eyes really got him the job. All the same the Old Man fired a number of questions at him.

"You say you are twenty-six? You look younger."

"Healthy living, sir," said Michael.

"And you can drop the 'sir.' If you happen to come here my name will be Mr. Chaytor; that is before me. What you call me behind my back is your own affair."

"Everyone I've heard call you the Old Man," said Michael boldly.

"Oh, do they?" Of course he knew they did, and he liked it, for it was used in the sense that the skipper of a boat is often known as the Old Man.

"I see by our application that you were a medical student."

"For four years. Then the dad's cash disappeared almost overnight, and I had to find a job."

The Old Man looked shrewdly at Michael. "Do you think you are ever likely to make any money as a clerk?"

"No. I became a clerk to satisfy immediate needs. I don't intend to remain one all my life."

"What do you want to come here for? To fill in time until something better turns up?"

Michael smiled away the implied rebuke.

"Not at all. If I get the job I'm going to stay here. There's a marvellous chance here for a fellow who is prepared to work, and that is me. You can't live forever, and who is going to take control when you die?"

The Old Man sat bolt upright in his chair. He was not certain whether to feel testy or not; then he smiled faintly as he began to wish that Carole was present.

"Well, I'm glad to know that you have everything arranged. You don't intend to hasten my end, I hope? Four years' medicine might have taught you a few tricks."

Michael smiled again, his confidence unshaken.

"I know a fair amount about this business already," he went on. "When I first saw your advertisement I made it my business to find out everything I could about Chaytor's. I can tell you how many tons of cocoa-beans and how many tons of sugar you use each week. I can tell you within a thousand or so what your turnover will be this year, and also what your profits will be. I can tell you that you've got about fifteen hundred employees, and that two-thirds of them are girls. I know the Factory Employees' Award backwards, and I know that you treat your workers particularly well. I know..."

"Excuse me a minute," interrupted the Old Man. "You seem to know a lot. Do you happen to know my daughter here?"

Michael's blue eyes twinkled.

"No. I have not had that pleasure so far. But I believe that she's the last word in efficiency."

"I'll give you the chance to find that out for yourself. I'll take you on. When can you start?"

Michael said he would like to give the firm he was with a week's notice, and then he would be ready.

As he was about to leave, Carole entered the room.

"This is the last word in efficiency you were speaking about, Mr. Byrne," said the Old Man. "My daughter, Carole."

Quite unabashed, Michael looked the girl square in the eyes, and with a ready smile said:—

"I am pleased to meet you, Miss Chaytor. Are you going to congratulate me? Your father has just engaged me."

"How lucky of him," she said, returning his gaze until his blue eyes wavered.

"Of him?"

"Of course. I should imagine anybody would be lucky who had you to work for them, Mr. Byrne."

"You're fooling me," said Mr. Byrne, not in the least put out.

"Well, I must be going," he said. "The office thinks I'm out visiting a sick aunt."

"And it would be just too bad if you'd been attending your own funeral, Mr. Byrne," said Carole sweetly.

"More likely yours," he said cheerfully as he walked out.

The Old Man sat back on his chair and looked thoughtfully at his daughter. A smile seemed struggling to burst from his lips.

"What on earth did you engage that fellow for?" said Carole severely. "He's got far too much to say. Anyhow, I don't think he'll be any good."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because he has far too much to say. And he seems too sure of himself."

"Do you object to a man having confidence in himself?"

"Yes, when it's that sort of confidence. He's not respectful enough."

"He's got spirit, character. That's what I tipped when I saw his application. He

didn't come here as a mendicant begging alms. He came as a decent, straightforward chap after a job which he thinks will be better than the one he's got. He showed he had ambition..."

He then related to his daughter some of the surprising facts about the factory which Michael had reeled off.

"I don't call that clever," she said. "I think it's presumptuous."

"It struck me as being the result of an original mind. The sort of thing that only a fellow with plenty of initiative would think of doing."

"Of course, I don't know why we are wasting so much time over Mr. Byrne," said Carole. "He's only coming here as a clerk isn't he? One of a dozen or more who sit on their stools all day and look as blank as their bank balances. I didn't like the fellow very much, that is all."

Old Andrew said nothing, but when his daughter returned to her own office he permitted himself an expansive smile. Carole had come into his room to see him about something in particular. She had had a letter in her hand, and she had left without mentioning it. How unlike Carole.

Michael settled into his new work with an enthusiasm which caused some slight amusement to Andrew Chaytor, and which seemed to have an irritating effect upon Carole.

Michael did not seem to be concerned with whatever effect he had upon father or daughter. He had his own plans, and he was carrying them out with a determination which might have seemed at variance with his effervescent personality. His work began at nine each morning, but he had obtained old Andrew's permission to be there an hour earlier, and to investigate the workings of the factory.

At first the Old Man had been a little reluctant to give this permission as it had been his practise to keep the administrative department, and the factory apart, that is, as far as the employees were concerned. But Michael had persuaded him with arguments that the more he knew about the works the more useful he was likely to be to his employer.

When Carole heard of Michael's early-morning quests for knowledge she had crossly questioned her father's wisdom.

"What on earth does he want to go poking his nose about the factory," she had said. "You know perfectly well, father, that the factory people and the clerical workers don't mix, and more than that they don't want to."

"No fellow can come to any harm by learning more about his job than he's paid to know," Old Andrew replied. "I don't think you like him, do you Carole?"

"I've already told you that I don't," she had answered. "He's far too bumptious, and I'm going to take him down a peg before he's much older."

"Be careful," her father had warned. "You know the old story about children and fire..."

Michael had apparently made friends with Chaytor's foreman, which was no small achievement, as the taciturn Scot kept very much to himself. Michael had also chummed with a young engineer named Headley. They spent their lunch-hour together, and what they talked about nobody ever knew.

It was about a month after Michael joined the firm that he sought an interview with the Old Man.

"Not thinking of leaving?" he was asked. "Or is it a rise you're after? If it is you won't get it."

Michael laughed.

"I'm going to stay as long as you'll let

importance, Carol, I don't," said the Old Man sternly. "The reputation of this firm has been built upon honest dealing, and it is not honest to promise people, even children, something though it be only a

"Not counting my time," answered

Back in his office Old Andrew rang for Carol. She answered promptly, and, asking her to sit down, he told her a number

of things highly flattering to Michael, and of Headley's invention.

"I suppose Mr. Byrne has done something to justify his presence here," she said, "but I still don't see why you allow him to roam about the factory as though he were . . . he were Jimmy."

"In many ways he reminds me of the boy," he said softly.

So that was it, thought Carole. Her father was going to try to make himself believe that his son had come to life again in the person of this assured young man. She would do her best to shatter the illusion.

"Personally," she said, "I can see no resemblance whatever."

"Oh, you have an unreasoning prejudice against him. Why, I don't know."

"I don't like know-alls, and he's one. Why don't you let him stay where he belongs—among the clerks? You encourage him."

"He is a type of young man who doesn't need encouragement. He has ideas, and we can do with them here."

"Do you mean that I haven't any?" said Carole flushing a little.

"My dear girl, you know perfectly well that I couldn't do without you. But no concern can suffer by the addition of some brain power. Why not try and be a little nicer to Byrne? I'm thinking of asking him to come out to dinner one night."

Carole's dark eyes opened wide.

"Father! you can't be serious!"

"And why not? We could do with a little brightening up at home, and I am sure your aunt and Anne would like him."

"Oh, Anne would like anybody who smiled at her. She's that sort."

"Now Carole, Anne isn't like you. Not at all. But she's a very attractive girl, and I sometimes wish that you seemed as happy as she."

"Anne's all right in her way, but she hasn't a thought in her head beyond a game of tennis or a swim. And as for happiness. If it's a sign you're happy when you go yelling about the place, then I'm glad I don't conform to the accepted formula. But surely, father, you're not going to invite that man to our home? He's only one of the clerks after all."

"If his father had not lost his money he would have been a doctor. Then I suppose that would have made him eligible to be a guest at our house? Don't be a snob, Carole, and try and remember that in spite of my money I am only a sweet manufacturer, as was my father, and his father who started making them in a wooden building not much bigger than this room."

"Oh, all right. Ask him if you want to," she said in a resigned tone, "but let me know what night he will be coming so that I can make some arrangements to go out."

The Old Man looked at his daughter calmly, but when he spoke his voice had an edge to it that was not heard often.

"When Byrne comes to my place he will come as my guest. And you, as my elder daughter, will see that you receive him, and give him every courtesy while he is in my house. Please remember that."

Carole felt herself go white with anger and not trusting herself to speak she went quickly to her own room.

At five o'clock on the same day Michael tapped on Carole's door, and walked in without waiting for the usual invitation. She was sitting at her desk looking resentful. She could not remember when her father had ordered her to do anything before, and it was a new and decidedly unpleasant sensation. And the sight of the

cause of her discomfort tended to increase it.

"Haven't you mistaken the room?" she said. "Surely it is my father you wish to see."

"Not this time," said Michael amiably. "I want to talk to you. May I sit down?"

Not waiting for permission he settled himself in the most comfortable chair.

"And smoke?"

He took a cigarette from a packet and lit it.

"Perhaps you would like a drink of something?" said Carole.

"I can think of nothing I'd like more than a long beer. You haven't any, I suppose?"

She kept her temper with an effort.

"I'm sorry I have nothing to offer you. But why not take off your shoes, and put your feet on my desk? I'll try not to notice the holes in your socks."

Michael gave her a cheerful smile.

"It's all right, thanks. I'm quite comfortable. Only I'd like that drink I mentioned."

"Well, now that you've made yourself perfectly at home, will you please tell me what you want? I'm busy, and I don't knock-off on the tick of five like the clerks."

"I WON'T keep you long," said Michael. "I looked in to see if you would have a bite of food with me in town, and go to a show, or do something. What about to-night? You could ring up and say you won't be home to dinner."

Carole was conscious of her face flushing, but she strove hard to keep her balance.

"Do I understand that you are inviting me . . . ME . . . to go out with you?"

"Yes, you . . . you, the boss's daughter . . . to come out with me . . . ME . . . the clerk. What about it?"

"The moment I saw you, Mr. Byrne, I thought you had over-valued yourself. Now I am sure of it. Will you be good enough to go, and leave me to finish my work?"

"Then you will come?"

Carole made a final effort to control her feelings, but failed.

She jumped from her chair, her hands clenched, and her eyes glowed.

"Go out. Your presence is insufferable. You are annoying me."

Michael looked at the enraged girl, her cherished poise gone for the time, and thought what lovely eyes she had.

"Now sit down, and don't upset yourself," he said, "and try not to be so infernally rude. There is nothing to get so upstage about. I simply asked you to have some dinner with me. Is there anything very terrible in that?"

"And I asked you to leave my room."

"Oh, come. Don't be so silly. The trouble with you is that you're so determined to live right inside yourself that you're missing the chance of living at all. If you keep on being the completely efficient business girl who can't be bothered with worldly vanities you'll find that you are an old woman before you're thirty. Your mouth is beginning to harden already, and lines are starting to show," which was anything but true, but the fabrication suited Michael.

Carole stood quivering with anger, not knowing what to say, while Michael surveyed her calmly and critically.

"Why don't you step out of yourself?" he went on. "You've got everything a girl could want. Good looks, a charming figure that only needs dressing to better advantage, a job that seems to suit you, and a father with pots of money. Discard that

mournful expression, and try to get a bit of a kick out of life. I enjoy myself like one thing, and I haven't any of your advantages."

He unwound himself from the chair, and got up.

"I'll leave you to it now," he said. "But think over that dinner. It's a dreadful shame to see an attractive girl like you purposely allowing herself to go to seed. You know more women grow old through the inattention of men than from any other cause."

He went out.

"Committed little pup," muttered Carole as the door closed.

But it was noteworthy that before Michael's footsteps had ceased to resound on the parquet corridor Carole had gone to her handbag, extracted a mirror, and was looking intently for those lines about her mouth. She did not discover any, and wondered why.

After looking at her mouth for some time she transferred her gaze to her eyes, and found them rather nice. She even permitted herself a faint smile, which showed pearly teeth, very even and well-shaped. Then she caught her eyes again, frowned and hastily put away her mirror.

Quite self-possessed again Carole began to wonder what an evening in the company of Michael Byrne would be like. Then she crushed the thought. He would surely not have the impertinence to ask her again.

But there was a vague something inside her which almost made her wish that he would.

It was Saturday night, the night when Michael was due to make his bow before the four members of the Chaytor family, all assembled at the Chaytor mansion, a beautiful home on a quarter of an acre of ground with a frontage to a lovely river.

He had gone by train from the city as far as the tram would take him, and thinking he might lose his way had engaged a taxi for the last stage of the journey, which was about a mile. As he was driven along the wide gravel drive, and between the wonderful lawns and gardens of the Chaytor home he thought of the picturesque living that money could provide. And he thought, also, of the discontented Carole.

As the taxi scattered the brown gravel from beneath its tyres a sense of extreme well-being possessed Michael. For almost a week he had looked forward to this night with increasing keenness, and now that it had arrived he was determined to make the most of it. The Old Man had spoken to him once or twice about his sister, Aunt Jessica, whom Michael had gathered was something in the nature of a feminine replica of the Old Man himself. And about the youthful, exuberant Anne he had also heard, and he was anxious to meet her. But more than anything else he was curious in a mildly amused way to see how Carole behaved.

He rang the bell at the side of a massive door, and in a few moments a man-servant bowed him in and took his hat.

Then Carole appeared. In a black lace dinner frock, totally unrelieved by any jewellery or flowers, Michael was made conscious of her beauty, but he wished that he could dissipate the kind of arctic aura which seemed to envelop her.

However, she greeted him pleasantly enough, and invited him to join them at cocktails.

"What about baby Anne?" he asked.

"Will she be among those present?"

"She'll give you 'baby Anne' if she hears you," said Carole. "She thinks she's very grown-up."

"I'm looking forward to meeting her."
"You should get along very well together. She's the exact opposite to me." Michael laid his hand lightly upon her arm, and stopped.

"Now look here Carole—may I call you Carole to-night?—don't start off by being nasty. I know you could be positively charming if you liked. Why don't you try?"

"I don't like people who pose."
"You prefer to be your natural embittered self?"

"I prefer to be natural."
"Someone once said that that was the hardest pose of any to keep up. And, by gosh! how that applies to you."

"I suppose ordinary courtesy prevents me from smacking your face while you're here," said Carole.

Michael grinned.
"I suppose it does. But think of the opportunities that lie ahead of you. That night that you allow me to take you out to dinner, for instance."

Carole gave him a cold look, and they entered the room where cocktails were served. Old Andrew Chaytor heaved himself out of his chair, and came forward with extended hand.

"Glad to see you, my boy," he said, cordially. "Let me give you a drink. What will you have? Cocktail, sherry or whisky? I never touch those rubbishy cocktails myself. A good Scotch whisky with a little water taken before dinner and another before bed suits me. But you please yourself."

Michael called for a cocktail mainly because he guessed that Carole would be having one.

"My sister and Anne will be down shortly," said the Old Man as he poured his whisky. When the whisky and water had been balanced to his taste he raised his glass, and said:

"Well, here's a welcome to our home. And I hope you will make yourself entirely at your ease."

"Could you imagine Mr. Byrne being otherwise?" said Carole, but the bitterness had been squeezed from her voice.

Michael laughed. How right Carole was. He had never felt more at home in his life, which was not surprising since he possessed that even, adaptable temperament which enabled him to fit nicely, even if a little obtrusively, into any company.

"You have a very beautiful home, Mr. Chaytor," said Michael, "that is from the little I've seen of it."

"Yes, it's a fine old home," said the Old Man, and there was no mistaking the touch of pride in his voice. "I must get the girls to show you the grounds after dinner."

"How splendid," said Michael, casting a swift glance at Carole. She stared back at him—blue eyes clashing with dark.

"Anne would be a better guide by herself," she said. "They could climb the trees together."

"Well, I'd give a lot to see you climb a tree, Carole," said her father.

"I don't know how you can be so ridiculous, father."

"He isn't ridiculous," said Michael. "And I'll bet a pound that I'll have you climbing a tree within six months."

"Is that a bet, Carole?" asked her father, who was centring great hopes in Michael's ability to stir up his daughter to a better appreciation of living.

"You are both too absurd for words," she said. She was fortunately saved further embarrassment by the entrance of her aunt and sister.

Michael turned a beaming face towards Aunt Jessica and Anne as they entered, and waited to be presented. This formality over he gazed at Anne with frank, appraising eyes.

She was not as tall as Carole, and as fair as her sister was dark. She had grey eyes, as well as Michael could tell in the diffused light, with heavy dark lashes, and they were lit up with an intense joy of being alive. Health and happiness shone from Anne's eyes. Her features were regular with her mouth rather wide and ever ready to break into a grin. Her skin was fine and lovely, and so was her hair which was low on her neck. She wore a formal dinner gown of cornflower-blue sheer, and around her slender peck was a string of splendid pearls.

"When you've finished looking at Anne with adoring eyes we might have another cocktail," said Carole.

Many men might have blushed, but not Michael. He gave Carole an expansive smile, and then looked again at Anne, whose color had risen noticeably.

"Well, you must admit that she's pretty good to look at," he said.

Anne gave vent to a ringing laugh, a boisterous laugh no doubt to hide her embarrassment.

The Old Man decided it was time to intervene.

"Well, youngster, I haven't seen you since I came home. What have you been doing with yourself all day?"

Anne went over to her father, and in a totally unaffected way, put her hands on his shoulders.

"To begin with, my darling, Aunt and I did some gardening"—the fact that there were three gardeners employed did not deter Aunt Jessica and Anne from doing what they were pleased to call their share—"Then we had lunch here, and four of the girls came over this afternoon for some tennis, which I am sorry to say was only fair. We had afternoon tea, more tennis, and then a dip in the pool."

Michael pricked his ears at the mention of the tennis, for he was a good player, but had he seen the Chaytor's magnificent turf court, with their twenty-five yard private pool close by he would have been even more interested.

"Anne leads an ideal existence," said Aunt Jessica. It was the first time she had spoken other than to murmur a formal "How d'you do" to Michael, and he found himself gazing at the elderly lady again.

He guessed that her reputed likeness to the Old Man must be confined entirely to characteristics which were not visible, for they were nothing alike to look at. Aunt Jessica was small and slight, very slight, and she held herself with remarkable erectness. Her nose was rather long, and thin, but it was her eyes that one noticed. They had that penetrating quality which is so disconcerting to people of uneasy conscience. She wore a long-sleeved black frock with a touch of white lace at the throat, and Michael at once marked her down as a likely ally in whatever ambitions he may have been pursuing.

"Of course, Carole could have a similar life," went on Aunt Jessica, "if her tastes were more normal."

"I don't see anything in the least abnormal in my tastes," retorted Carole tartly. "Why should it be considered strange if I don't find pleasure in careering about as Anne does?"

"It is decidedly not normal for a young

girl to keep so much to herself as you do, Carole," said her aunt.

"That's what I've been telling her," put in Michael.

"I'm quite familiar with your views, Mr. Byrne. What I can't understand is why people will not leave me alone. If it's not aunt, it's father, and now Mr. Byrne has joined the chorus. I'm quite happy as I am."

"You are not happy as you are, Carole," said her aunt. "And if you were honest with yourself you would admit it. At any rate, you're going—working at the office all day, burying yourself in a book half the night, not taking any exercise—you'll be an old woman before you're thirty."

"Just what I told her," said Michael with a self-satisfied grin.

"You and aunt should get on amazingly well together," said Carole, "that is if you keep on agreeing with everything she says. She likes people to agree with her."

"Well, I don't," said Anne. "We had a terrible argument this morning about how far apart the asters should be planted."

"Oh, you don't count," said her sister.

"Now, Carole . . ." began her father, but he did not finish whatever remonstrance was on his tongue. The butler appeared announcing dinner.

The Old Man led the way, and when they entered the dining-room Michael gazed about him with curious eyes. Carole watched him, thinking how rude he was, but being totally unconscious of her stare Michael's appraising eye did not waver. He was always tremendously interested in his whereabouts, and his active brain was always absorbing fresh atmosphere.

The Chaytor dining-room was certainly a fine one. It was a large, rectangular room with a bay at one end with deep windows which overlooked the gardens. Along one wall was a buffet wainscot sideboard on which stood a silver punchbowl. The mantelpiece was opposite, and above this hung a still life. At the other end was a smaller buffet sideboard which the butler used as a serving-table, and nearby was a door which led to the butler's pantry.

The long, rectangular table gleamed snowy-white and silver. In the centre was a low bowl of mixed flowers, and at both ends were branched silver candelabra, each holding six candles. The chairs were high-backed, with tapestry seats.

It was neither a pretentious meal, nor an extravagant one, but it was perfectly cooked, and delightfully served.

Once more, thought Michael, this is what money can bring you. And once more he vowed that such luxuries would be his before he was too old to enjoy them. Since the abrupt termination of his University career he had worked for three different firms, including Chaytor's, and until now he had never been satisfied. They had just been jobs holding little or no promise for a person of his spacious ambitions. But the moment he had seen Chaytor's advertisement he had felt that here was the opportunity he had been waiting for.

The other concerns he had worked for had been limited companies, controlled by boards of directors. He had immediately ruled them out as having little scope. But with such a personal business as Chaytor's the chance of a lifetime presented itself. He had sufficient confidence in his own ability to impress people that he had not anticipated much difficulty with the Old Man, and having equal confidence in his own mental powers he had seen the way clear when he first took the job.

Carole had certainly provided rather a

high, but he thought he would be able to win her over. In the meantime he intended to play the Old Man for all he was worth, give Carole a little better than she gave him, and endeavor to cultivate the friendship of the aunt. As his thoughts ran along these lines Michael glanced at Aunt Jessica as she sipped her coffee and reminded himself that she would need tactful handling. If anybody took the Old Man's sister for a fool, he thought, they were making a sad error.

Michael could not see anything wrong in his plans. He was quite determined that he was not going to remain a clerk, and be content with the meagre comforts which a clerk's salary provides.

As he meditated, Carole touched his arm. "Indigestion?" she inquired. "That's what comes of not chewing your food properly."

"Indigestion?" echoed Michael. "What an insult to the cook? Looking at Aunt Jessica he added: 'Your cook must be one in a million. I can't imagine a more delightful dinner.'"

"Well, he ought to be good. He's paid enough. I always tell Mr. Chaytor that he spoils people by paying them too much."

"Then," said Michael, "I'm probably the most unspiced fellow in this city."

Anne clapped her hands. "Did you hear that, Daddy?" she said.

"Yes, I heard it. But Michael's turn will come." Carole looked up suddenly at the use of the "Michael," and her thoughts turned slightly bitter. She did not know exactly why, but she didn't like the idea of Michael gaining too great a foothold in her father's affections. Not that it would mean to the exclusion of herself, because she thought she had no illusions about what her father thought of her.

She had manufactured a job for herself in which she had become indispensable to him, and she knew he admired her efficiency; but as for any genuine affection she was sure her father had none. He had lavished it all upon Jimmy, and from the almost dried well there was perhaps a trickle which, of course, went to Anne. Then a thought cut into her quickly like a knife. Was Michael going to try and supplant her at the office?

Her father's remark, "But Michael's turn will come," repeated itself in her mind.

"Didn't you know, aunt," she said, "that we have with us the white-headed boy of the office?"

"And what precisely does that mean?" asked Aunt Jessica.

"She means that Mr. Byrne is Daddy's pet," explained Anne.

"I wasn't aware that your father was in the habit of keeping pets, and furthermore, that if he likes anybody he usually has very sound reasons for doing so."

"Perfectly right, Jessie," said the Old Man.

Anne poked the tip of her tongue at her sister, who frowned back. Michael smiled blandly, feeling very pleased with himself.

"Do you like being at the factory, Mr. Byrne?" asked Aunt Jessica.

"Oh, I like it immensely," said Michael. "I find the work very interesting."

"I should have thought that clerical work much the same anywhere—exact and extremely dull."

"But I don't only do clerical work. Mr. Chaytor has been good enough to give me the opportunity of looking around the factory, and thanks to this I've been able to make one or two suggestions which I think have been rather helpful."

"He certainly has," said the Old Man. "I haven't had time to tell you before, Jessie, but Mr. Byrne was responsible for saving the good name of the firm." He then related the incident of the penny chocolates, the "magic eye," and the advertising campaign as suggested by Michael.

"My congratulations, Mr. Byrne," said Aunt Jessica, and turning to her brother, "I hope Mr. Byrne and the other young man were suitably rewarded."

"You ought to know me better than to ask, Jessie. I have always recognised brains, and paid for them. The only trouble is that I haven't had the need to pay very often."

Carole bit her lip. She had not been aware of the bonus made to Headley and Michael.

"I hope you put your reward safely away in your money box," she said.

"I put it in the bank, which is the same thing," said Michael, unperturbed. "I have my own idea what to do with money, and part of that idea is not to fling it away."

"Not even on taking a lady to dinner, and a show—or something." There was malice in Carole's voice.

"That would be unalloyed pleasure, and money could not be wasted if spent in such a way."

"Provided the lady was worth it."

"If I didn't think she was I wouldn't be asking her, would I?"

"You mightn't know until you'd flung your money away."

"What on earth are you two talking about?" said Anne.

"About taking a lady out to dinner," said Michael.

"If you're short of one, what about me? I'm always on for anything like that."

"Anne, please don't be so forward," said Aunt Jessica.

Michael smiled politely, and said that one day he hoped to have what he imagined would be a very great pleasure.

"Why don't you girls take Michael outside," interrupted Old Andrew. "He might like to see the grounds. Your aunt and I will be in the music room."

He rose from the table, and the others followed. Anne scrambled around the table, and grabbed Michael by the arm.

"Come on, Michael," she said. "You don't mind if I call you Michael, do you? Mr. seems awfully stiff."

"Certainly. You might be able to persuade your sister to drop the mister, too."

"Anne makes bosom friends of people the first time she meets them," said Carole. "I don't."

"Oh, don't be so snifty, Carole. Anybody'd think you were as old as Aunt."

The three of them went out together.

Andrew Chaytor led his sister to the music room. He sank heavily into a large armchair, which seemed to have been built for him especially, and pulled out his pipe. "Well, Jessie, what do you think of young Byrne?" he asked as he rammed tobacco into a mahogany-stained calabash. "Your first impressions of people are usually pretty sound."

"I like him," she said instantly. "He's honest as the day, honest with himself I mean. If he's hungry he shows it, and goes on to enjoy his food as he did to-night. He's one of the frank, outspoken type, and his entire absence of self-consciousness enables him to say what he feels, or so I imagine. There are not many who can do that. He's as ambitious as they are made. I don't think he's conceited, although Carole, no doubt, would not agree. He strikes me as a young man who knows

what he wants in life, and is determined to get it."

"You know, Jessie . . ." began the Old Man.

"Yes, I know what you're going to say. He reminds you of Jimmy. There is a resemblance. I noticed it immediately. Some expression about the eyes, I think."

She looked at her brother shrewdly.

"You're not trying to make him fill Jimmy's place, are you?"

"Nonsense," he said. "Nobody could do that. But I like the lad. He is full of ideas, and I think he's going to be very useful to the firm. It's a pity Carole seems to have such a set on him."

"Now, has she? I've seen young women behave like that before. To me it seems a pretty obvious way of disguising feelings which are a good deal different."

"I'd like to see them better friends," said the Old Man, "for the sake of the office, if nothing else. I know young Byrne is going to get on, and the more he does, the more he is bound to come into contact with Carole. I'm sorry she is so difficult to understand."

"I see nothing difficult to understand whatever about her," said Aunt Jessica bluntly. "In many ways the girl is a fool, and the sooner somebody makes her realise it the better for herself."

"It's more than a pity she gets so little out of life," said her father. "Heaven knows I've given her everything I could."

"She's one of the brooding type, and it will take a man to drag her out of herself. Then I'm not sure that the result would be satisfactory, either to her or to the man."

"Just between ourselves, Jessie," said the Old Man, "I suggested to young Byrne that he ask Carole to go out to dinner one night with him. I don't know whether he has done so yet."

"Of course he has, and she declined."

Aunt Jessica and her brother talked for an hour or more when at last the girls and Michael came in.

Anne's color was high, and her eyes were dancing with joy. Michael was also flushed, and breathing fast, but Carole was calm, and pale.

"What a marvellous place you have, Mr. Chaytor," Michael exclaimed, bubbling with boyish enthusiasm. "I'd give my both ears to own a court like yours."

"You'd look funny without ears, Michael," said Anne.

"He couldn't look any funnier than he did chasing you about like a newsboy," said Carole with something approaching a snort.

"What an old crab-apple you are, Carole," said her sister. "You'd feel a lot better if you did a bit of running about."

"I did all my running about, as you call it, when I was a child."

"I'll bet you've never run a hundred yards in your life," said Michael, smiling at her.

Carole went a shade paler, and looked as though she was going to say something, but thought better of it.

Anne went over to her and slipping an arm round her waist said:

"Be a pet and play something for us. She plays beautifully, Michael."

"I do nothing of the sort. I play well enough, but a long way from beautifully."

Oh, thought Michael, what I would not give to put this girl in her place.

Instead, he joined with Anne in persuading her to take a seat at the piano.

Carole played really well, with that unruffled efficiency so characteristic of her. She played one of the less difficult of Liszt's

Hungarian Rhapsodies, and saw it through to a dexterous finish.

Michael applauded so boisterously and with such evident appreciation that for a moment a light of pleasure shone in the girl's dark eyes—but only for a moment.

She played several more pieces, and then supper was wheeled in, after which Michael went home, driven to the door of his small flat by the Chaytor chauffeur.

It had been an eventful night for him, an eventful and an eminently successful night so he thought. And with his head swimming with fanciful notions, and others, perhaps, not so fanciful, he went to bed.

Two weeks later the Old Man sent for Michael and informed him that it was his intention to appoint him sub-accountant. If he had expected Michael to be wildly elated he was disappointed. The young man took the promotion calmly.

"Thank you," he said. "I was anticipating something of the sort. I don't think I told you, but since I started here I've been fagging an accountancy course at night. Not that I want to spend my life in a welter of figures, but I thought it would be handy."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," approved the Old Man. "You're an ambitious young man. Do you mind telling me what you are working for? What you hope eventually to become?"

"I have no set plans," said Michael. He had, but he did not think it prudent to mention them. "I am trying to equip myself so that I'll always be able to take on the job ahead of me—if and when I get the chance."

He thought for a moment, and then said: "There's always the possibility that Carole might cry enough . . . get married or something . . . and then you might consider me as your secretary."

The Old Man looked at him keenly, wondering if this wide-awake young chap had divined his thoughts. What a pleasant arrangement it would be if Carole and Michael formed an attachment and married, and Michael carried on in her place.

"One never knows," the Old Man said at length. "By the way, did you ever ask Carole to go out with you?"

Michael grinned. "I did," he said, "and had my face slapped; figuratively, that is. But on the strength of the new job I'm going to ask her again to-night."

The Old Man wished him luck, and he returned to his work.

It was some minutes after five o'clock when Michael went to Carole's office. He tapped on her door, and waited for an invitation to enter. He intended on this occasion to change his technique, to be a little more submissive, or, better still, a little less aggressive.

When hidden he opened the door, and approached the table at which Carole sat. His expression was rather solemn.

"Good-evening, Carole," he said. His voice was quiet and restrained.

She looked at him for a moment before she spoke.

"Good-evening," she said. "Is anything the matter?"

"No . . . No. Why should there be?"

"How should I know? You only look as if some of your past has come up and smacked you."

Michael was tempted to retort in suitable terms, but he refrained.

"Oh, no," he said cheerfully. "Nothing like that. As a matter of fact I'm feeling particularly happy. Your father has just promoted me to sub-accountant."

"Now isn't that nice. And did he tell you what he wants a sub-accountant for?"

"I didn't ask him."

"Well, I will. We've got along here without such a fancy-sounding person for a good many years. Why is one needed now?"

"Your father probably thinks the accountant should be relieved of some of his more tedious work . . ."

"And so he's made a job especially for you. As I said, it's very nice of him."

Michael shrugged his shoulders as though disclaiming any responsibility for his appointment.

"Why do you always want to be so nasty to me Carole?" he said. "Lord knows I've never done you any harm. I've always tried to be nice to you. I came in here on the strength of my rise to ask you once again if you'll have a little dinner with me. Will you?"

"Why should I?"

"Well, there are two reasons. Not why you should, but why you might. In the first place I'm studying every night, and I'd like a bit of company, and in the second it would give me the opportunity of repaying you at least for the hospitality of your home."

Carole was silent for a little while, and then she said: "The fact that you lead a lonely, hard-working existence doesn't impress me in the least. I believe in people doing what they choose, and if it suits you to study at night instead of enjoying yourself in whatever way you are accustomed to that is your affair. But when you speak of reciprocating hospitality that is another matter. We Chaytors are great sticklers for the right thing. We believe in discharging our own obligations, just as we believe in giving others the opportunity of discharging theirs. For this reason I'll accept your invitation. When?"

"Well, why not to-night?" suggested Michael.

Carole consulted a diary, and the suppression of a gasp caused Michael some discomfort.

"Very well," she said. "If you call back in half an hour I'll be ready."

As Michael passed the Old Man's door he thought of putting his head in and announcing the news. But Carole was sure to tell him, and he could have his chuckle then.

Half an hour later Michael was back in Carole's room. She was just about to slip on her wrists two wide gilt bracelets which she had no doubt removed when she had first arrived at the office that morning. She wore her hat, and for a moment Michael allowed his gaze to rest upon her. And what an attractive-looking girl she would be, he thought, if only she would up-end her pose of the stern, hard-headed woman of business. For the first time he became aware of her clothes.

She certainly had clothes sense, he thought, and he felt proud to be taking her out.

"Well, I am in your hands," she said. "And you couldn't be in safer," he answered.

Had she permitted herself a faint smile? He thought so.

They walked down the stairs, and at the front entrance to the office building a taxi was waiting.

"Enter madam," said Michael with a bow as the driver held open the door.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked as they got in.

"To the city."

"All the way by taxi? There's a tram just up the street, you know."

"May I remind you that this was my idea in the first place? Don't begrudge me this little extravagance."

"It's really no concern of mine how you waste your money, only I thought I heard you say something about not flinging it away a little while ago."

"Money is never wasted when spent on a charming woman."

"A charming woman? Now, please don't talk nonsense. You know you don't think me any more charming than I think myself."

"Well, a woman who looks charming, and could be charming if she would only take the bother."

Carole said nothing for five minutes or more. She sat back in the car, her gloved hands clasped lightly on her lap, and gazed out as the neat red-tiled cottages of the suburbs swept past.

"It is not my nature to be inquisitive," she said at last, "but I would like to know why you have wanted me to go out with you. What possible enjoyment you hope to gain is more than I can tell. Why didn't you ask Anne? She's young, but since you seem determined to make yourself a member of the family I am sure father wouldn't have objected."

Michael looked at her, and allowed his face to break out into its natural grin.

"Isn't it possible that I might like you very much?" He held up a protesting hand as she seemed about to speak. "No. No. I can guess what you're going to say. Not the greatest optimist could suggest that you've given me what might be called encouragement. In fact, you have scarcely been polite on the occasions when we have met. But there is something about you, Carole, that attracts me."

She looked at him, her dark eyes calm and her features composed. Carole would have given a good deal to see Michael wriggling in a state of discomfort, but she frankly didn't know how to bring it about.

"Is this leading to a declaration of love?" she asked.

"Not at the moment," said Michael, perfectly at ease. "I am merely telling you why I have wanted you to come out with me. I like you. Isn't that a good enough reason?"

"It seems such a waste of time."

"For you or for me?"

"For both of us."

"Time, I suppose, that you would otherwise be spending poring over the works of . . . of . . . I don't even know who are your favorite authors."

"Why should you? You wouldn't have read them."

"I could make a pretty shrewd guess."

"You don't know what you are talking about," she said.

The taxi had put behind the miles linking the outer suburbs with the city proper, and it was soon in the midst of the heavy home-going traffic; crowded trams, one after another, crawling along, impatient to reach the points from where their own arteries branched, and where they could accelerate and hasten homewards with their tired and hungry freight.

With surpassing skill the driver managed to worm his way through cars and vans, lorries and carts, and twenty-five minutes after leaving the Chaytor factory they had pulled up at the imposing entrance to the Hotel Splendide, the largest and best-appointed hotel in the Southern Hemisphere.

"We are not dining here by any chance, are we?" asked Carole, when Michael had paid off the taxi.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid there is nowhere better."

"You know I didn't mean that," Michael thought he noticed a trace of nervousness in her voice.

They entered the ornate vestibule, and Michael, who seemed to know his way about, took Carole's arm and led her through a crowd of chattering people to the lifts.

They alighted at the fourth floor, where a waiter was immediately at their side, and escorting them to a small recessed table beneath a window.

Michael could see that Carole's nervousness had increased, but he did not draw attention to it. In fact he pretended not to notice that she was other than her usual self-possessed self.

The lounge was crowded. There were scores of fashionably-dressed women, but after glancing at Carole, Michael was satisfied that she looked as well as, if not better than, anybody there. No doubt he was a little biased, but there is this to be said: Andrew Chaytor's daughters know how to wear their clothes, without which no woman can hope to look anything.

Their cocktails arrived, and Michael offered Carole a cigarette.

"Don't you remember, I don't smoke?"

"I heard you say so, but I thought, perhaps, in these surroundings you might care to."

"When I make a decision I keep to it," Michael smiled at her, took a sip of his drink, and said: "Now, look here, Carole, I speak to you in the friendliest way possible. Why not let yourself go, and be your natural self. This artificial exterior you wear is no more like you than this table is."

"If it is all the same to you, I am quite satisfied with myself as I am."

"You're not, and you know you're not."

There had been no smile on Michael's face when he spoke, and his tones were extraordinarily harsh for him.

Carole looked at him for a moment, and said:

"I have half a mind to get up and leave you."

"You wouldn't have the courage. I dare you to get up and walk out before all these people, with my grinning face behind you."

Carole looked as if she would, but not for long. She quickly realised how absurd she would have felt, and sought refuge in the slightly sarcastic utterance which she fancied suited her.

"I wouldn't hesitate only I remember that I am giving you an opportunity to fulfil what you believe to be an obligation, and since you have already wasted money on a taxi it would be a pity not to allow you to waste a little more."

"Spoken like a little politician," said Michael, grinning hugely. "And now, what about another cocktail?"

He saw Carole about to decline, but he disregarded her and beckoned a waiter. He ordered two more drinks.

When they had emptied their glasses Michael suggested they should dine. He escorted her down a heavily-carpeted stairway, and into the hotel's main dining-room. It was comfortably filled, but by no means crowded, the hour being yet a little early for the resident guests.

Once again they were shown to a table for two. Carole's nervousness seemed to have disappeared. Perhaps it was the steady effect of the cocktails, or more likely she was feeling a little less strange in surroundings which were totally foreign to her. Not for worlds would she have let Michael know that this was the first occasion she had ever dined in the city. Strange

as it may seem it was nevertheless true that in the five years she had been at her father's office she had never taken a holiday other than the few days at Christmas and Easter when the factory was closed.

It was a pleasant dinner, though a somewhat silent one. Carole did not seem disposed to talk other than give monosyllabic replies to Michael's casual questions, as he did not have a great deal to say. He was in his usual state of hunger, and believed in satisfying it in the speediest possible way.

"A very nice meal," commented Carole over the coffee.

"Not so bad, but not up to the one I had at your place."

"But you had Anne's eyes to gaze into then."

Michael refused to take the bait.

"A great girl, Anne. I'd like to know more of her."

"As I asked you before, why didn't you invite her out to-night instead of me?"

"And as I indicated before I preferred your company."

Carole smiled, a rather tight-lipped smile.

"All I can say is that you're easily pleased if you're finding any enjoyment in my company. To other people I must seem the dullest person in the world."

"But not to yourself? Is that the idea?"

Carole fiddled with her coffee spoon, and looked as though she were about to make some self-revelation. It did not come, however.

"DON'T you ever feel an urge to talk about yourself, Carole? Haven't you any ambitions? . . . Don't you have any day dreams?"

"I am far too busy attending to the practical things of life to have time for dreaming."

Michael was not going to be put off.

"But at nights when you're sunk deep in your own company. Don't you ever let your fancy wander?"

Carole ignored his remark.

"Shall we go?" she said.

For a moment Michael was nonplussed. He didn't quite know what to make of this lovely dark girl. Surely with a face like hers there must be some hidden charm if she could only be persuaded to reveal it. Or was she one of those perpetually dissatisfied people, who, because they are unable to find any happiness for themselves, hold the world responsible?

He called for his bill and they left.

"I booked seats for a show. I hope you'll like it," he said on the way out.

"I think I'd sooner go home."

He looked at her in amazement, and in a voice that was almost angry said:

"I don't know what you think I am. I'm trying to give you an evening's enjoyment . . ."

"I didn't ask you to."

" . . . and at a quarter to eight you say you want to go home. One would have thought that the Chaytor breeding would have come to your aid and prevented you from being as infernally rude as your natural inclination suggests."

Carole flushed slightly and said:

"Very well then, I'll go to the show with you."

After a fairly amusing movie, Michael addressed Carole.

"I won't suggest supper, because I'm sure you're bursting to get home."

He called a taxi.

"There's really no need for you to go all the way out and back. You live somewhere in the city, don't you?"

"You're not the first woman I've taken out, Carole, not by a long way, and it has been my invariable custom to see them to their homes. But you wouldn't know anything about that, would you?"

He helped her into the cab and followed. They were almost to the Chaytor mansion when Carole remarked:

"I'm afraid your night hasn't been very successful."

"If it hasn't been altogether sparkling, it has certainly been very informative. You see, I am extremely interested in my fellow creatures, and when a new variety pops up I feel that I have added something to my store of knowledge."

"Then you are something of an amateur psychologist. I hope I have provided a profitable study."

They had arrived at the huge iron gates which marked the entrance to the gravel drive. Michael told the driver to stop, and wait. They got out and walked along the drive to the front door. Carole, strangely, offered no comment.

"I suppose I must thank you for giving up your night for me," she said, "and I am sorry that I was not better company. But you must remember that it was entirely your suggestion."

"I am not complaining."

Before Carole could realise what had happened Michael had grabbed her firmly in both his arms, gave a sudden twist until her head was caught in the crook of his right arm, and had kissed her with the utmost decision full on the mouth.

When he at last released her she stood quivering with rage and shame, but a good deal more of the former. Her cheeks were scarlet, and as Michael stood laughing at her he thought how confoundingly attractive she looked. Then with great suddenness her hand shot out, and her palm met flush on his face. It was a clean, resounding smack.

Michael turned abruptly and walked to his taxi.

At the office next morning the Old Man sent for Michael. He thought he looked a little grim, but perhaps it was a rather uneasy conscience that was nagging him. Of course, Michael had no regrets for what had happened the previous night. On the way home in the taxi he had made up his mind that he was going to kiss Carole. Not that he had particularly wanted the kiss for the sake of such. He would have much preferred to have spanked her, but he had decided upon a kiss as the next best thing.

"I believe you and Carole were out last night?"

"Yes. I persuaded her to have some dinner in town, and then we went to a picture show."

"Did Carole appear to enjoy herself? I know she isn't the easiest person to please."

Michael laughed.

"You're right there."

"Did you have a row? She seemed more sullen than usual this morning."

"Not exactly a row. I kissed her good-night, and she smacked my face. I suppose I should go in and apologise?"

The Old Man frowned.

"You took a risk, didn't you, young man? Anybody who kisses Carole without being invited is asking for trouble."

"What she needs is a good deal more of it," said Michael boldly.

"Maybe you're right. She certainly needs something to dig her out of the shell she's crawled into. But don't hold me responsible for any consequences if you intend to persevere."

Michael promised that whatever he did,

if anything at all, would be entirely on his own head.

He then went into Carole's room, walking up to her desk.

"I'm sorry about last night," he said. "Will you accept my apology?"

Carole looked at him, gathering all the scorn in her possession.

"You behaved just as I expected you would. Like a proper . . ."

"Boulder or cad? Which do you prefer?"

"Neither. Like the proper upstart you are."

"Come now, Carole. You don't mean that. And when you say I behaved as you expected I would you're talking plain rot. You never got a bigger shock in your life than when I kissed you. Now did you?"

"I'm not going to discuss it. I think it was a beastly thing to do."

"So do I. Let us forget it. But I promise I'll do the same again if I get the opportunity."

"I'll make sure you don't get this opportunity."

"Look out I don't make it. Now cheer up like a sensible girl, and let me see you smile a little."

For a moment Michael thought she was going to, but her mouth tightened again.

"If you have nothing to do I have," she said.

"Righto. I'll leave you. Then we're good friends again, are we?"

Carole dropped her head, and began burying herself with some papers. Michael smiled, and walked out.

In the subsequent weeks Michael seemed to forget about Carole. He saw her every other day, but only to exchange flippancies, although there was very little exchange about them. Carole was as taciturn as ever, and Michael seemed to have ceased bothering whether she was that way or not.

He appeared to be working very hard, and was continually closeted with the Old Man, making suggestions for the improved running of the factory, and giving the results of his keen-eyed observations.

The Old Man continued to encourage him, realising that in practically every suggestion he made there was money to be made, or money to be saved, which was the same thing.

Then Easter came. At the beginning of the week the Old Man rang for Michael.

"Have you made any plans for the holidays?" he asked. "The factory was to be closed from the Thursday night before Good Friday until the following Tuesday morning."

"Nothing definite," said Michael.

"Good. Then I suppose you'll be free to spend the days at my home. There will be a few young people there, and no doubt you'll find plenty to amuse yourself."

Michael felt like giving a whoop of joy. He had been living in hopes of another invitation to the Chaytor headquarters, but to spend four days there was more than his wildest dreams would have permitted him to envisage.

Visions of tennis, boating, swimming, possibly dancing and excellent food floated before him.

"Free!" he exclaimed. "I should say I would be. It's awfully good of you to invite me, Mr. Chaytor."

"Nonsense. Then we can expect you. Carole knows I'm asking you, but you'd better tell her you'll be coming."

Michael slipped into Carole's room through the door leading from her father's office.

"How do you like the prospect of putting

up with me at the family menage for four days?" he burst out.

"So you are coming."

"Most certainly. Aren't you thrilled?"

"I can't say I am exactly overwhelmed. But you'll have a great chance to work off your animal spirits on Anne, or some of the other girls."

"And leave you to your literary researches—or your knitting?"

"And leave me to amuse myself in ways that I find congenial."

Michael looked at her with simulated compassion in his blue eyes.

"Poor old Carole."

She brought her open hand down on her desk with a smack.

"Look here, Mr. Byrne. It seems that I have to put up with your insults, but I'm certainly not going to put up with your sympathy."

"Never mind, Carole. I'm sure everything will work out all right in the end. But look out I don't kiss you again."

He was gone before she could find a suitable reply.

Anticipation of four days with the Chaytors did not put Michael out of his stride at the office. He had rather remarkable powers of concentration, and he was one of those fortunate people who could eject from his mind everything that did not concern whatever he might have in hand.

But when work had finished on Thursday night he was ready, with suitcase packed from his limited wardrobe, to enjoy to the full the Chaytors' hospitality.

It had been glorious autumn weather, with still plenty of warmth in the sun, and the indications were that it was likely to last.

The family car was waiting at the door when Michael with the Old Man and Carole descended the stairs. And as Michael sank into one corner of the heavily-upholstered seat he felt like a millionaire.

"You don't know how lucky you are," he said to Carole.

"Why? . . . At the prospect of your company for four days, I suppose."

"Of course, but I wasn't thinking of that at the moment. I mean to have a car like this, and a home like you have."

"I can assure you I'd just as soon live in a four-room cottage, and catch a tram to work."

"And throw this in the discard"—he fingered the hem of her heavy silk frock—"and wear dresses that cost a pound or less?"

"I daresay I could accustom myself to that. I think people place too much importance on what they wear."

"There is something wrong with a woman who doesn't place clothes as her first consideration in life. They represent the approved bait for all female anglers, don't they?"

Carole looked cross.

"You men are all the same. You think that women have nothing else to do than dress up to excite their admiration."

"If that isn't why they do it, what is the reason?"

"To gratify their sense of the beautiful."

"Is that why you do it?"

"Yes."

"Then what about those pound dresses that go with the tram to work idea?"

"One can train oneself to put up with anything, even to the company of bumptious young men."

The Old Man leaned across from his corner.

"You two at it again?"

Michael grinned amiably.

"Carole is at her favorite pastime—having a tilt at life. She says she could well do without the comforts of this car and her home."

"Of course she could," said her father. "If she had to. It's surprising the things you can put up with when the need is not present."

"You think I like comfort. I don't."

"Well, why put up with the luxury of your home?" asked the Old Man, good-humoredly. "I'll pay the rent of a small flat if you want to take one. You could cook your own meals, and have a lovely time all by yourself."

"I've seriously thought of trying it," she said.

Michael laughed loudly.

At last they were at the Chaytor home. Michael was shown to his room, a large, airy one looking down upon the sweeping lawns and gardens. As he unpacked his suitcase he sighed deeply, a mixture of anticipatory pleasure and envy. Then he began wondering who would be there, not that it would matter very much to him who the guests were. He had made his plans, and the only thing he could see which would be likely to put a crimp in them would be the presence of someone who had been invited especially for Anne's benefit. For he had determined to devote a good deal of his attention to the Old Man's younger daughter.

Michael hated to admit it, but in his heart he was disappointed at his failure to make Carole unbend on the night she had dinner with him. He began to think that it was not himself so much that she disliked as it was that she had got herself into a rut of discontent, and couldn't get out. He still liked her enormously, and he believed that if only he could humanise her a little it would be an easy matter to fall in love with her.

But in spite of everything he had no intention of ruining the week-end by a series of unprofitable bickerings with Carole. If she didn't want his company he would find somebody who did.

It was in this frame of mind that he showered and put on his well-cut dinner-suit, a small extravagance which he never ceased to feel thankful for. After giving a final twist to his tie, and adjusting the white cambric handkerchief at his breast pocket, he proceeded to walk leisurely down the broad and heavily-carpeted stairway.

He had not taken many steps, however, when a voice called him.

"Hello, Michael, how are you?"

He looked around, and Anne tripped down to greet him.

She looked radiant . . . beautiful . . . and in a second all his thoughts of Carole were driven elsewhere.

"My word it's good to see you," he said, enthusiasm bubbling in his voice. "You look lovely!"

She slipped her arm through his, and they skipped down the stairs together. At the foot they almost collided with Aunt Jessie.

"Good evening, Mr. Byrne," she said. "I see that you have arrived."

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "We must have seemed to be in rather a hurry."

She smiled and passed on.

A small crowd had gathered in the room where cocktails were being served. Carole was there looking cool and efficient. She presented Michael to the other guests, about fifteen of them, as near as Michael could estimate, the sexes about equally divided, and they all seemed to be under thirty. They seemed a cheery lot, with one exception. He

was a tall, dark, pale-faced man, with X-ray eyes, and his name was Dr. Rupert Heinz. He nodded to Michael without bothering to offer his hand. At the first opportunity Michael sidled alongside Anne.

"Who's the doctor come?" he asked. "He's supposed to be a friend of Carole's. I don't know much about him, only he's just back from a trip abroad, so I believe."

"Has he been here before?" "Several times. I don't like him much. He seems a bit queer, don't you think?"

"He's got strange-looking eyes." Carole came over to them. "Well, have you met everybody?" she said to Michael.

"I think so, thanks. Quite a jolly crowd." "Yes. You ought to feel very much at home among them."

"I expect to. All friends of yours?" "Oh, they're mostly gay friends," put in Anne. "Our Carole doesn't believe in making friends. She finds them far too boring."

"What about Dr. Heinz?" said Michael. "He's your friend, isn't he, Carole?"

Carole looked at him with a grin of malice in her dark eyes. "He certainly has a little more in him than most people I meet," she said.

"A thoughtful soul who is always reserving his defence?"

"I don't know what you mean. His defence against what?"

"Against living. I suppose that's what most people would charge him with."

"Don't try to be too smart; not where Dr. Heinz is concerned. He would be more than a match for you."

"We will probably be the best of friends." "He's not an empty-headed fool who tries to live in a forced atmosphere of safety."

Michael reddened slightly, which was most unusual with him.

"If that was intended for me, and I imagine it was, what a reflection on the Chaytor hospitality. If you'll excuse me I think I'll go and talk to your aunt." He left the two girls.

"Why do you always go out of your way to be rude to Michael?" asked Anne. "It's terribly ill-bred."

"You can't be rude to him. His skin's too tough."

"Don't be absurd. He's a guest in your house. I suppose you know that. If I were Michael I'd give you a jolly good spanking. By the way, has he kissed you yet?"

"If the little worm has told you..." "Oh, no. He's told me nothing. But you have." Anne laughed merrily. "How you did put your foot in it, Carole."

Carole, furious with herself, turned on her heel.

She went over to where Dr. Heinz was standing alone, looking disinterestedly from one to another of the guests, and twiddling the stem of his glass.

Then dinner was announced.

Anne tacked herself on to Michael. "You are going to sit with me," she said. "Carole had you between two strange girls, but I made a slight alteration. Wait till you see her face."

And when Carole did see the change it was observable that she had great difficulty in her attempt to look pleasant.

The dinner passed off joyously, particularly for Michael, who found the inconsequential chatter of Anne easy to bear, and a satisfying concomitant to the light-heartedness of the meal. He glanced occasionally at Carole, and noticed her in solemn conversation with Dr. Heinz.

When dinner was over Michael suggested to Anne that they should take a stroll through the gardens. She agreed readily.

"You haven't seen our boatshed yet," she said. "Let's walk down to it."

The heavens were ablaze with stars, and the autumn air was cool and invigorating. They walked along a winding path which curled through ornamental shrubs and past flowering beds, and over a small log bridge which had been built across a tiny creek. Michael had not seen this part of the grounds on his previous visit.

At last they came to the river, and then to the boatshed. Anne had brought the key with her, and she unlocked the door.

"This is the baby here," she said. "It really belongs to me. They've been giving her an overhaul."

Michael gazed at a trim little cedar launch, about an eighteen-footer he took it to be, a combination of power and elegance.

"She looks a beauty," he said. "She is, and all ready to take the water."

Anne opened the doors leading to the river, and they stood on the skids.

"Mind you don't slip," she said, putting her arm through his. "You see out there"—she pointed straight before them—"that is the family yacht, but it's not used as much as it ought to be. Carole doesn't like boating."

"Is there anything that Carole does like?"

"She's a funny girl. She's always been the same, although I think she's been getting worse lately."

"What is the matter with her Anne? Has she got some secret passion in her life, or some secret vice? She has everything in the world, a girl could wish for, and yet I don't think I've ever met a person who is more disgruntled."

"I've given up trying to do anything with her. She says she can't be bothered with people, and wants to be left alone."

"Then how did she come to agree to this week-end party?"

Anne laughed. "She had no say in it. Daddy and Aunt Jessica decided upon it. They both like to have young people about them, particularly aunt, and Carole has just got to fit in."

"I'd like to know what is wrong with Carole," said Michael, who had always found it difficult to understand people who failed to extract every ounce from living. "She's not harboring any fell disease, I suppose?"

"She's as healthy as I am, and that's saying a lot."

Michael looked at the girl beside him.

"Physically perhaps, but I'm afraid she has a mental kink of sorts. Well, let us forget about her for the moment. What's the programme for to-morrow?"

"People who come to our place mostly please themselves what they do. There'll be tennis and swimming, and there's a golf course handy. What would you like?"

"I was thinking it would be great fun if the two of us could sneak away and have a picnic somewhere up the river. I can drive a launch you know. Or will you be expected to look after the guests?"

Anne's eyes lit up. She gave him a most impetuous squeeze.

"It would be lovely," she cried, and after a pause she added. "But you'd be frightfully bored with me all day. And what about Carole. Won't you want to be with her?"

Michael gave a rueful smile.

"I don't think Carole is likely to miss my company. She'll have Dr. Heinz to amuse her; if amuse is the right word."

Anne locked up the boatshed, and they

walked slowly back to the house. The strains of dance music floated out to meet them.

"They'll be dancing inside," said Anne. "I'd love a dance."

"So would I," said Michael. "With you." Hand in hand they walked up the front steps. At the top was Carole.

She eyed them with that distinct displeasure which might be bestowed upon erring children.

"Where on earth have you been, Anne?" she said.

"Just for a stroll. We went down to the boatshed."

"I wanted you a little while ago. Anne, I think you might remember that Mr. Byrne is not the only guest. You might go in and give some attention to the others."

"Well, let us go inside now," said Michael. "Will you have a dance with me Carole?"

He had gambled on a refusal, and was right.

"I am not fond of dancing," she said, "and if I were I should probably decline."

"Then get a book of poems and read to me. I'll listen."

She rewarded him with a glare, and went inside.

"Carole is going to be cross after we get back to-morrow," said Anne.

"Do you mind?"

"Me? Heavens, no. I'm used to Carole. She always frowns on other people's pleasures. We'd better go in now. I won't forget to see about our lunch to-morrow."

As they joined the dancers Michael saw Aunt Jessica give them a curious look. He wondered what she was thinking.

The following day was delightful. A warm sun shone from a clear sky, and there was scarcely a rustle among the leaves. An ideal day for a picnic.

After breakfast, which had been served on one of the wide verandahs, several of the guests made for the tennis court; others lounged about smoking, and chatting. Michael and Anne, with a hamper, had made a discreet getaway for the boatshed.

They had been gone about half an hour when Carole began making inquiries as to where they were. But nobody had seen them.

As a thought struck her, she walked swiftly to the boatshed. The doors were wide open, and the small launch was missing.

She was making her way with quick and impatient strides back to the house when she encountered Dr. Heinz.

"Hello," he said. "Having a morning stroll?"

"No, I'm not."

"A morning swim, then?"

"For Heaven's sake, don't you start being funny. One in the house is enough."

He smiled glacially at her.

"Something appears to have upset little Carole. What is it? Has the boy-friend made off with sister?" He had heard Carole inquiring for Michael and Anne.

"I wish you wouldn't be ridiculous. It's Anne I'm annoyed about. Her place is among her guests."

"Well, isn't the young fellow she's sloped with one of the guests? If you ask me I think she is playing the perfect host. Now if only you would display the same interest in me."

"I won't, then; nor in any man. They're not worth it."

The doctor took her firmly by the arm, his strong fingers digging into her flesh.

"Now look, Carole. What's come over you since I've been away? I'll admit that you were never much of a lass for company,

but last night it seemed to me that you had developed a positive antagonism towards everybody. A girl of your age, with your looks, and your money—or your father's—ought to be having a marvellous time. Come and sit down here a moment."

He led her, slightly resisting, to a bush seat beneath a wattle tree.

"If you don't take a pull on yourself," he went on, "you'll be old before you're young."

"I'm sick to death of hearing that," she said impatiently. "First it's father, then it's aunt, then it's this . . . this Michael Byrne, and now you. They're all at me. Why won't they leave me alone? I don't interfere with other people. I'm quite satisfied with the way I am."

He turned his cold eyes upon her.

"That bluff might go over elsewhere, but not with me. You're a bundle of self-imposed repressions, and the older you get, the worse you'll get. If you won't help yourself you ought to see a psychiatrist. I think I'll talk to your father about it."

"If you say anything to my father about me you will never come here again."

"Oh, yes, I will," said Dr. Heinz calmly. "Your father and I happen to be good friends."

What truth there was in this Carole did not know. Her father did not make friends easily, and she could not imagine his robust temperament mixing very well with that of the cold, analytical Dr. Heinz. However, she did not pursue the subject.

"You're not in love with this chap, Byrne, are you?" said the doctor.

"I'm not in love with him, or anyone else. And I never will be."

The answer had come too swiftly to be altogether convincing, and Dr. Heinz allowed his lip to curl, which fitted admirably to his facial make-up. He had his own ideas about it.

"How are things going at the factory?" he asked.

"Quite well, thank you. Why do you ask?" Carole remembered that he had always displayed more than a usual interest in the business affairs of her family. She had often wondered why. He did not seem to be a particularly curious man in other respects.

Dr. Heinz ignored her question.

"Who exactly is this young fellow Byrne?" he said. "How does he fit into the scheme of things?"

"He is only a clerk at the factory, a clerk who, in my opinion, is allowed far too much latitude by father."

"In what way?"

"Father has given him permission to roam about the works almost whenever he likes. He is always poking his nose into other people's affairs."

Dr. Heinz grunted.

"And I take it your father has gathered him under his wing."

"I know father thinks that there's nobody quite like him, although he doesn't say much."

The doctor meditated for a moment.

"So Mr. Byrne is playing one daughter against the other with the idea of catching whichever falls first. And having become a member of the family he will automatically become second in command at the factory. And when your father dies . . . ? A clever young man is Mr. Byrne."

Carole looked at him, a surprised expression on her face.

"I know he's ambitious, and his head is full of schemes, but I think you exaggerate greatly. What makes you think that either Anne or I would be willing to marry him, if he were the last man on earth?"

"Well, that's how I see it. I fancy he would prefer you, but failing you Anne would do."

"Nonsense," said Carole, but her mind was troubled. "You forget," she went on, "that I'm still at the factory, and I still have a good deal to say."

"My dear Carole," said the doctor smoothly, "don't think for a moment that I doubt your high-powered efficiency. Nobody does. But believe me if Mr. Byrne finds you inconvenient to his progress, I fancy that it will be you, and not he, who is the loser."

"We'll see," said Carole grimly.

"I wouldn't give up without a struggle," pursued Dr. Heinz in his cold, even voice.

"But it doesn't seem to me that there's room for the two of you there."

And having completed his injection the doctor suggested they should go up to the house.

The Old Man and Aunt Jessica were sitting on the verandah enjoying the morning sun as Carole and the doctor strolled up to the house.

"Did you find them, Carole?" asked the Old Man, his eyes twinkling.

"No," she replied shortly. "They've gone up the river somewhere in the launch. I'll have something to say to Anne when they get back."

"And why?" said Aunt Jessica.

"Because she has a right to be here helping to entertain the guests."

"The guests seem to be entertaining themselves pretty well," her aunt said, as a wave of laughter rolled from the direction of the tennis court.

"That has nothing to do with it. Anne's duty is to be here, instead of running away with that . . . that man Byrne."

"Don't be silly, Carole," said her father. "Let the child enjoy herself. It's more than you seem capable of doing."

Carole left abruptly and went indoors.

The doctor pulled up a chair and seated himself beside the Old Man and his sister. It was his intention to try and be pleasant to Aunt Jessica. He had an idea she didn't like him, which, had he known it, was understating that lady's feelings. He felt that Carole called for a little comment to begin with.

"Carole seems to have changed a good deal since I saw her last," he said. "Is this young fellow Byrne in any way responsible?"

"Possibly," said the Old Man. "But you know she's always been a rather unhappy girl. Why, heaven knows, I've given her everything I can."

"I'm afraid Carole is one of the brooding type," said Aunt Jessica. "She has an introspective nature. A little rough handling by some man would do her good."

"What do you think about her, doctor?" asked the Old Man.

Dr. Heinz thought a good deal, but what he thought was not exactly what he said.

"If you don't mind my saying so, I don't think this chap Byrne is having a very good effect upon her. She doesn't seem to have the same interest in her work at the factory as she had."

"That's true," admitted the Old Man.

"I think a tremendous amount of fuss is being made and a great deal of nonsense talked about Carole," pronounced Aunt Jessica with decision. "The whole trouble is that she has always been a sullen girl, and now she's fallen in love with this young fellow and either doesn't know it or won't admit it."

"I believe you're right," said her brother.

"Well, they'll have to work it out for them-

selves. My life's getting too short for worry."

"You look good for a long while yet," said the doctor.

He directed his conversation to the Old Man, and they began to discuss business matters.

"I'd like to have a look over your factory one day, if it could be arranged," said the doctor.

"Certainly," agreed the Old Man. "Let me know whenever you want to come out, and I'll make arrangements for my foreman to show you through."

"Are you interested in industrial concerns?" said Aunt Jessica.

"I am interested in a good many things, particularly in such a money-making business as your brother's."

"Yes, I suppose there's not a great deal of money to be made from medicine," "Very little I am afraid. But I am not looking to my profession to keep me in a state of luxury."

"Are you thinking of entering the business world?" she said.

His mouth developed into a twisted smile.

"I have one or two plans."

A few minutes later he excused himself, and left them, strolling over towards the tennis court.

"Andrew, I do not like that man," said Aunt Jessica.

"Why? what's wrong with him?"

"I don't know. But whatever it is it has a fishy smell to me."

The Old Man laughed.

"You imagine things, Jessie. Dr. Heinz is all right. He seems to have more in him than the usual run of medics."

"Perhaps he has too much in him. I don't altogether like the interest he displays in your affairs."

"What, do you think he might want to buy me out?" asked the Old Man with a guffaw.

"Watch him, that's all," she warned him.

When it was getting on for lunch-time Carole sought her aunt.

"Are we to be expected to wait lunch for Anne and her friend?" she said.

"I don't think it would be advisable. I have an idea they will be having lunch elsewhere."

"What do you mean?"

"I thought I saw them running down the back way, Michael with a hamper under his arm."

Carole looked furious.

"Why didn't you stop them, or tell me?" she cried.

"Carole, you make me tired sometimes," said Aunt Jessica severely. "If Michael and Anne have the capacity to enjoy themselves, why should I interfere? Or you, for that matter?"

"Wait till they get back," said Carole, clenching her teeth.

"Now Carole," said her aunt more kindly, "don't be foolish. Why don't you try and get some fun out of life? It could have been you and not Anne who is on the river today. Why not try and make yourself a little more pleasant to Michael?"

"I hate him, I hate him!"

"Go away into a corner and ask yourself seriously if you really do." With a sympathetic nod Aunt Jessica passed on.

After lunch several of the guests were driven to the golf course, others played more tennis, while the remainder laced about on the verandahs or in the shade of trees. Michael and Anne were obviously not missed, except by Carole, and the party seemed to be enjoying itself thoroughly.

There were few restrictions in the Chaytor household, and guests were always catered for excellently, but in a most unostentatious way; so much so that they seemed unaware that their wants were being attended to. Aunt Jessica, as the power behind a well-trained staff, was chiefly responsible for this.

When the afternoon ended, and the sun was dipping behind the earth's rim the form of Carole could be seen striding with purpose in every step in the direction of the boat-house. She was raging inwardly, and outwardly she appeared to be a young woman with a mission to fulfil. When she reached the boatshed it was as she had seen it earlier in the day. She sat on a rough seat beneath a tree and watched the calm grey river with eyes that burned with anger.

She waited there ten minutes, twenty minutes, an uncontrollable fury surging up within her. At last came the sound of a motor boat, and, looking a little way up the river, Carole knew it was the Chaytors'.

She did not want Anne and Michael to see her waiting, so she walked some distance back along the path towards the home. Then she turned and walked slowly towards the boat-house again. When she reached there Michael was heaving over the stern anchor, and Anne was fastening the nose of the boat. She watched him throw out the empty hamper, and spring on to the jetty while he held out his hand to help her sister. Then she saw him pick up the basket, and slip his arm through Anne's. She felt her face tingling with anger as she saw them trip light-heartedly along the jetty to the shore.

Then she showed herself, but before she could speak Michael had seen her.

"Hello, Carole!" he called out cheerily. "Have you missed us? We've had a wonderful day. Marvellous!"

"It's been just too lovely!" cried Anne.

When they were within a couple of yards of her Michael stopped abruptly. He had seen the expression on her face.

"What's wrong, Carole?" he said quickly. "Something happened?"

"I don't want to talk to you," snapped Carole. "I have something to say to Anne."

Anne looked at Michael, then back at her sister. She appeared bewildered.

"What is it, Carole?" she asked. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Is there anything wrong?" repeated Carole shrilly. "You stand there and ask me is there anything wrong after your behaviour."

Anne was beginning to look dumb-founded.

"My behaviour. But what have I done?"

"If you don't know you're a bigger idiot than I suspected."

"Carole dear, calm yourself and tell me what it is," said Anne peacefully.

Carole glowered at her, quivering with rage.

"Don't you realise what you've done? Left a houseful of guests and gone away with this . . . this . . ."

"But, Carole," said her sister, "everybody knows everybody else, and surely they didn't want me to amuse them?"

"I don't care what you say. You had no right, absolutely no right, to go away. It is the most deplorable exhibition of manners I could imagine."

Michael decided to have a word.

"Well, if this little scene is being staged

for my benefit," he said calmly, "I don't think your own are anything to drop a note home about."

"I'm talking to Anne."

"The sullen child becomes the perfect lady," was Michael's comment.

"Has Daddy been saying anything?" asked Anne.

"Of course he has. And Aunt Jessica, too." Carole lied with the utmost ease, not bothering to think that Anne would be certain to find out from both her father and aunt what they had said.

"Never mind, Anne," said Michael. "If you get it in the neck I'll take the blame."

"I told you before this is between Anne and me. You're the cause of it all."

Michael burst out laughing.

"Aren't you making a frightful fuss about nothing, Carole?"

She turned on him.

"If you think it's nothing to go away all day and leave the guests at your own house to look after themselves, I don't. But no doubt you wouldn't know any better."

He looked at her, and was smiling no longer.

"You're making a complete fool of yourself. Come along, Anne, let's go along and face the music."

The three of them set off for the house. Carole walking in front but with less determined gait than hitherto. When they reached the house Carole broke the uncomfortable silence.

"You'd better go to your room, Anne," she said, "and get ready for dinner."

"I'm going to see Daddy first and find out just how terrible we've been."

"You can see him after you've changed."

"I'm going to see him now."

Michael hesitated a moment before Carole.

"I suppose I ought to say I'm sorry for causing this disturbance," he said, "but I'm not." With which he left her and went to his room.

DURING the pre-dinner cocktails Anne sought out her sister. She told her she had seen both her father and aunt who, quite the reverse from being angry, had asked her if she had had an enjoyable day.

"How could you be so mean, Carole?" she said. "You knew all along that Daddy hadn't said a word."

"He must have calmed down," said Carole, not in the least disconcerted.

"Don't tell lies. It's only you who has been making the fuss. Daddy is only too happy to see me enjoy myself. If it's Michael that you want why don't you go out somewhere with him to-morrow. I won't mind."

"You won't mind," repeated Carole. "Well, that's very good of you. He hasn't asked you to marry him by any chance?"

Anne blushed.

"Don't be ridiculous. We're just very good friends, and I think he's awfully nice."

During this time Michael was putting in what he was wont to describe to himself, as a little good work with Aunt Jessica. She had appeared genuinely interested to hear all about the picnic, and Michael, in all eagerness, had related with unnecessary detail practically everything they had done.

"I gather that Carole was very annoyed with the two of you," said Aunt Jessica. Her voice did not sound as though she was greatly impressed by Carole's annoyances.

"Yes. She met us down at the boatshed, and let off a little steam."

Aunt Jessica looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, and then said:

"You know, Michael, I think you're driving that girl a little too far."

Michael's blue eyes opened in mild surprise.

"Me? . . . I don't think anybody could drive Carole."

"You know what I mean. You planned that little outing with Anne to-day for the sole purpose of trying to make Carole jealous. Now, didn't you?"

Michael looked slightly uncomfortable, but he realised that it would be foolish to attempt to hoodwink Aunt Jessica.

"In a way I suppose I wanted to see how she would take it. But I must confess I had no idea she would get so rusty. Of course, on the other hand Anne is wonderful company. We had a great time."

"Yes, I know all about that. But tell me this: Aren't you just a little bit in love with Carole?"

Michael felt himself getting rather hot about the collar. He was less at home beneath the searching gaze of this frail-looking woman than he could remember.

He wanted to answer her truthfully, but he was honestly not altogether sure in his own mind what to say. He decided to temporise.

"Sometimes I think I am, and then other times I wonder. Carole has given me very little encouragement, you know," he went on hesitatingly. "In fact, I don't think I've spent five minutes in her company when she hasn't seemed to go out of her way to be rude. She's totally unlike anybody I've ever met. Perhaps that's what makes me rather fond of her."

"Would you like to take the advice of an old woman?"

Michael's natural grin came back to him. "I don't know about taking it. But I'd certainly like to hear it."

Aunt Jessica smiled back at him.

"One thing I have always liked about you is your frankness," she said. "Well, my advice to you is to make up your mind whether you're in love with the girl or not. And if you are tell her so, without waiting for any noticeable change in her attitude."

"And probably risk being insulted!"

"No you won't. You ought to know better than that. No girl will insult a man because he tells her that he is in love with her. Providing, of course, that he is sincere about it."

Michael meditated a little while.

"Very well . . . I'll do that. I think I'll be able to make up my mind easy enough when this week-end is over."

Michael saw very little of Carole that night. There was dancing again, and she played the piano, but she seemed intent on avoiding him. He wondered if she were a little ashamed of her exhibition at the boatshed, but on reflection he decided that Carole was not the type to have regrets for anything she had done.

Carole had ceased playing, and he was sitting by himself in a corner of the room when Dr. Heinz came across him.

"Care to join me in a cigarette outside?" he said as pleasantly as his thin, hard voice would permit.

"A good idea," said Michael, jumping to his feet.

Dr. Heinz offered Michael one of his cigarettes, and gave him a light.

"A lovely night," he said. "Shall we take a stroll?"

Michael agreed, and they set off at less than half pace across the green carpeted lawns, and in the direction of the river.

No words were spoken for some time. Michael guessed that the doctor had something on his mind, something that he probably wanted to sound him about. He had decided to play wary, and wait to see what had prompted the unexpected invitation. Michael was not a little interested to observe what methods the doctor was going to employ. He had not much longer to wait.

"Have you been long at the Chaytor works?" Michael was asked.

"Only a few months."

"The Old Man must be making a pretty penny to run a home like this," observed the doctor.

"I imagine he is," said Michael non-committally.

Then Dr. Heins put a question which Michael had been half expecting.

"What would the annual turnover be at the factory? Would you have any idea?"

"I have a very good idea," said Michael promptly.

"But you are not saying?"

Michael looked at him with something approaching distaste.

"Well, it is confidential information, and, after all, it is the Old Man's business, isn't it?"

"Quite so," said Dr. Heins unpleasantly, and added: "Not that it is of any importance, but I was wondering."

He went on to question the younger man about himself, questions which Michael did not in the least mind answering. Dr. Heins seemed greatly surprised to hear that he had been a medical student.

"Do you expect ever to take your degree?" he asked.

"I might one of these days when I have enough money to sit back and do nothing else for a couple of years."

"I wouldn't if I were you. You should have considerable possibilities where you are. You've apparently made a big impression on the Chaytor family; that is, with one exception."

Michael laughed.

"Yes, I suppose you've noticed it. Carole doesn't seem to like me."

"She's a peculiar girl in many ways, but a fine one. I have known her off and on for a good many years. But I'm afraid you and she will never quite hit it. Your temperaments are too totally different."

Michael suggested that perhaps the real Carole had not revealed herself.

"Oh, yes, she has," said the doctor with assurance. "She has always had rather a grouse against things, and I think I know her as well as anyone."

Michael, who was not anxious to discuss Carole with Dr. Heins, switched the conversation into other channels.

They were about to go indoors again when the doctor had a final word.

"If at any time you feel you would like to talk about your work, or anything connected with it, give me a ring."

Michael looked at him in astonishment.

"I'm afraid I don't follow you. Why should I?"

Dr. Heins shrugged his shoulders.

"One never knows," he said cryptically, and left it at that.

Not wishing another flare-up with Carole, Michael did not embark upon any further excursions with Anne. However, they saw a good deal of each other, and played a

lot of tennis together. Michael's play was a little too good for the other guests—he did not mention that he had won his University blue for tennis—and Anne became wildly excited about his skill.

"You ought to see Michael on the court," she said to Carole. "Why, he's a champion."

Michael grinned, pleased at this flattering appreciation, but Carole merely looked bored.

"How interesting," she said. "That should suit you down to the ground, Anne."

"It does, only I wish he could teach me how to play some of his shots."

"You don't need any teaching," put in Michael. "You've got a lovely style, and you only need practice with somebody a bit better than yourself."

"With Michael Byrne, for instance," said Carole sarcastically. "How nicely you do arrange things."

The party had at last run its course, and on the Monday night most of the guests were in their rooms preparing to leave. Three or four who like Anne led work-free lives were waiting until the following morning.

As Michael packed his suitcase he thought over the preceding days, and came to the rather rueful conclusion that in spite of Carole's studied insolence, he was in love with her. He fancied he had a pretty good idea what she would say when he told her, but that could not be helped.

When he went to bid his farewells to Aunt Jessie he acquainted her of the decision which affected his heart.

"I am pleased to hear it," she said, and she looked ill.

Michael began to wonder, quite suddenly, what was behind the aunt's apparent concern in Carole and himself, and suspected that the Old Man had something to do with it.

He said good-bye to Anne, who thanked him with warm eyes for giving her a lovely time. Michael felt that he wanted to kiss her, which was strange since it was her sister that he was in love with.

When all the guests that were going had departed, Carole went to her room. She thought of many things, and they principally concerned Michael.

A week or so following the events at the Chaytor home a disturbance could be heard in the corridor which led to the adjoining offices occupied by Carole and her father at the factory. A junior clerk was endeavoring to abate the turbulence of an aggressive-looking individual who appeared a good deal the worse for liquor. As the noise tended to increase Carole's door opened, and she came out to investigate the disturbance.

"What is all this noise?" she exclaimed.

"Carter, what is this man doing here?"

The ineffectual Carter mumbled something, but the man interrupted him.

"I've come to see a fellow 'ere by the name of Byrne—Michael Byrne. 'E owes my boss money, and we want it. And if 'e don't pay up I want to see his boss. See?"

"You can go, Carter," said Carole. "I'll talk to this man myself."

The junior clerk hurried away, and apparently went straight to Michael; he almost immediately appeared striding along the corridor. He walked up to the noisy visitor who took a step back, seeming to fear bodily harm.

"What's this I hear about owing you money?" said Michael angrily.

"You know what it's all about," said the stranger, breathing hard through his nose. "Why don't you pay your bettin' debts like a man?"

"Betting debts," echoed Michael. "I don't know what you're talking about."

The noise had reached the Old Man, which was not surprising, as they were almost in front of his door. He came out and demanded to know what was the trouble.

"This employee owes me money—or me boss, which is the same thing. And I've come to get it. 'Oo are you, anyway?"

"This is my father," said Carole. "He owns the business."

The Old Man glared at the trio.

"Come inside," he snapped. "Do you want the whole office to know what's going on?"

They went into his office.

"Now, you, whatever your name is, what is the trouble," said the Old Man. There was a dangerous ring in his voice.

The visitor pulled himself together, although he was obviously intimidated by the towering bulk of the Old Man before him.

"I don't want to cause any disturbance," he said. "But this young feller owes me boss twenty-five pounds and some shillin's for bets, an' I've been told to come and collect."

"Is this true, Michael?" asked the Old Man quietly.

"I don't know what he's talking about," said Michael hotly. "I've never seen the man before."

"Praps not, but I've seen you, and you've seen my boss."

"Do you owe this money, Michael?"

"Of course I don't. The whole thing's preposterous."

"You haven't got the wrong name by any chance, have you?" asked Carole.

The visitor grinned.

"Michael Byrne of Chaytor's sweets factory is the name. I don't suppose there are two of 'em 'ere?"

"I don't see what this has to do with you, Carole," said her father.

Carole, her face red, left abruptly.

Andrew Chaytor thought for a moment or two, and, turning to the stranger, he said:

"Well, you'd better go back to your boss, whoever he is, and tell him that I'll talk this matter over with Mr. Byrne. And you can tell him, also, that if this money is owing it will be paid."

The cause of all the disturbance bowed himself out of the room and disappeared with a speed which indicated his anxiety to be gone.

When the door had closed Michael looked as if he didn't know quite what to say.

"Well?" said the Old Man harshly.

"What's your explanation?"

"I've got no explanation, other than to say that a mistake has been made somewhere. I never saw that man in my life before."

"What has that got to do with it? He told you he's only acting for his principal. But what about him? . . . Do you bet?"

Michael hesitated a little. Then he said:

"I have an occasional small bet on the races, but never beyond my means."

"What do you call a small bet?"

"Ten shillings is my limit."

"Do you put your money in beforehand, or book your bets?" Although the Old Man did not gamble himself he knew quite a lot about it.

"I book them," said Michael frankly. "And either pay out or collect my winnings on Saturdays."

"It wouldn't take a great while for small losing bets to amount to twenty-five pounds."

"But I've told you I don't owe the money. I can't understand what it's all about." Michael was giving the impression of a very bewildered young man.

"Well, why should this man come here demanding money which is not owing? I won't have that sort of person hanging about the place. If you owe the money tell me, and I'll have it paid at once. You can return it to me at so much a week."

"But I don't owe the money," said Michael helplessly.

"Think it over, and if you decide that you do, let me know." The Old Man waved his hand as an indication of dismissal. Michael returned to his work with heavy steps.

Two days later Carole went into her father's room. "That bookmaker person who was here the other day," she said, "has just rung to thank you. He says the money has been paid."

The Old Man immediately sent for Michael.

"There's been a telephone message to say that your bookmaker whom you don't owe money to, has been paid. How do you account for it?"

Michael did not try to hide his astonishment.

"All I can say is that I didn't pay it."

The Old Man lost his patience.

"What is the use of going on like this? A man comes here and says you owe money for betting. You deny it. Then he rings up a couple of days afterwards and says the money has been settled. And you say you didn't pay it. What do you expect me to believe?"

"That I'm a liar, I suppose," said Michael, "and a pretty foolish one at that."

"You leave me no option," said the Old Man rather sadly. "The first thing that happened to me about you," he went on slowly, "was what I thought to be your transparent honesty, and now this business turns up. Wouldn't it be better if you told me the truth about the whole affair and got it over? It's nothing so terrible after all."

Michael shook his head stubbornly.

"All I can repeat is that I don't understand it."

"Very well," said the Old Man, hardening his voice. "If that's the way you feel there's nothing more to be said at the moment. But I'll have a good deal more to say if I find any of your bookmaking friends about these premises again."

Friday of the same week came, and with it the collapse of Michael's world.

The Old Man had sent for him and as he walked along the corridor with slow and lifeless steps he had an uneasy feeling that something was wrong. He met Carole coming out of her room. She looked as if she were nursing some secret joy.

"In more trouble?" she asked brightly, that is brightly for her.

"Your father wants me," said Michael listlessly. "I don't know what for."

"You soon will. It's always a great pleasure to me when people who think they know too much come a tumble."

Michael opened the door through which he had stepped so jauntily many times before. The Old Man was sitting at his desk. A ledger was opened before him, and standing by his side was Gregory, the

accountant. Gregory was a middle-aged man with a dome-like head and a taciturn jaw.

"Sit down, Mr. Byrne," said the Old Man. The "Mr. Byrne" added a further touch to the ominous note in his voice. Michael took a seat, and waited for the bombshell to explode, but when it did he was totally unprepared so stunning was it in character.

"This is your ledger I have here," said the Old Man, "and this," he tapped a cash box which was also on the table, "is also yours. Your cash is fifty pounds short, and your figures have been altered in such a way as to account for it. Perhaps this explains how your bookmaker was paid."

For a moment a death-like silence descended upon the office. Michael seemed stuck to his chair. His mouth was half-open, and he stared stupidly at the Old Man. Minutes seemed to pass.

"Well, have you anything to say for yourself?" the Old Man's voice appeared to come from far off.

Michael continued to stare, but not for much longer. He suddenly burst into life, and, bounding to his feet, cried wildly:

"Have I anything to say? I'll have a lot to say before I'm through."

The Old Man brought his fist down on the ledger with a terrific bang.

"You'll have nothing to say in that tone of voice," he roared.

Michael did not heed him.

"Show me those figures," he stormed. "I say, show them to me." He was shaking with rage and mortification.

The Old Man's fist came down on the ledger once more.

"Stop it, will you. This bluster will get you nowhere."

Michael controlled himself with an effort.

"Will you let me see those figures you say have been altered?"

He was now beside his employer. The Old Man pointed with a forefinger that trembled a little to several figures which had been erased and fresh numerals inked in.

"And you accuse me of faking those?" he said shrilly.

"Stop this humbugging," cut in the Old Man. "My duty ought to be to ring up the police."

"Go ahead and do it," said Michael excitedly. "The sooner the better for me."

"Will you be good enough to be quiet for a moment," said the Old Man sternly. "I'm not going to tell you how disappointed . . . how disgusted I am. I'm not given to that type of talk. I am not going to hand you over to the police as I should. The fifty pounds, as far as I am concerned, is gone. Get your hat and get out of my sight."

Michael stood there, swaying slightly. He turned to the accountant.

"How did you come to discover this, Gregory?"

"Will you be good enough," said the accountant superciliously, "to direct your questions to Mr. Chaytor?"

"You poor worm," Michael shot at him. "You were never anything else."

"Get out of my office, Byrne," the Old Man said, "and out of the factory. I am fast reaching the end of my patience."

Michael glowered at the Old Man, fury burning in his blue eyes.

"All right," he said. "I'll go."

He spun on his heel and went out, slamming the door.

"I always thought that Byrne was . . . shall I say . . ." began Gregory, but he got no further.

"You can return to your office, Mr.

Gregory," said the Old Man. "I'm not interested in what you have to say."

He closed the tell-tale ledger, and handed it with the cash box to Gregory. He passed a hand wearily across his brow, and slumped back in his chair. He seemed to have aged greatly.

Michael, with his hat jammed on his head, stamped into Carole's room.

"I'm not wasting more than one minute with you," he said abruptly. "I'm leaving. I'm sacked for theft. Your father, out of the greatness of his heart, isn't having me arrested. Fine fellow, your father," he laughed harshly. "Well, you won't have me to worry you any longer. Good-bye you . . . you . . ."

He went swiftly from the room.

Michael knew quite a fair number of people in the city, and among his acquaintances was a newspaper reporter by the name of Thompson. Thompson was older than Michael, and had been in the Press game for many years. Like most people of his calling Thompson knew a good deal about most things, and Michael decided to have a talk with him. He rang him at his office and made an appointment.

They met at an hotel, and in a secluded corner of the lounge, with tankards of beer before them, Michael unfolded his tale.

"I take it for granted," said Thompson, "that you're telling me the truth. Would be a waste of time talking otherwise, wouldn't it?"

Michael gave a vehement assurance, and Thompson seemed to have no doubt about it.

"Well," said Thompson, "it is pretty obvious that the cards have been stacked against you. The next point is who do you suspect?"

"Nobody," said Michael promptly.

"Bunkum," replied Thompson. "There must be somebody at the factory who has you set. What about this accountant cove . . . what's his name?"

"Gregory. No. You can rule him out."

"Any woman there who has you in the gun?" Thompson chuckled apparently at the recollection of some personal experience.

Michael thought of Carole. It would be idle to suggest that he had not thought of her before in relation to his disastrous eclipse. But he could not bring himself to believe that Carole had anything to do with it. However, he knew there were more worldly people about than himself, and that Thompson was one of them.

Since he had asked Thompson's advice he thought it better to tell him a little about Carole and her attitude of uncompromising antagonism towards him.

"She's your mark," said Thompson emphatically. "You don't need to look any farther."

"But how?" said Michael. "I don't see how she could have done it."

"All very simple, very clumsy and very amateurish," said Thompson, who had a great respect for the expert in crime. "She had only to offer a tramp a fiver to come to the works and pitch the tale about money owing for bets. Imagine the telephone call that the money had been paid, alter your books one night—I suppose she'd have access to the factory at any hour—and swipe the fifty quid. Simple, and, as I said, clumsy."

Michael seemed staggered at the thought of it.

"But Carole would be incapable of think-

ing out anything like this," he said, "even if she were capable of carrying it out."

"Don't you believe it," said Thompson confidently. "It would surprise you what women can think of when they're driven to it."

"Where would she find this fellow who came out to the factory?"

"Find him?" Thompson laughed. "Go to the parks any night, and you will find any number who would murder their grandmothers for a fiver. Your girl-friend, Carole, may have had someone to help her. The family chauffeur would be a likely person."

"I can't believe it," said Michael, after a pause. "She couldn't do such a thing."

"There's no telling what women will do," replied Thompson sagely.

Michael ordered another drink, and he drank it thoughtfully, still reluctant to admit the possibility that Thompson was right. Thompson could see his unwillingness to believe Carole guilty, and he said: "Well, somebody's planted the whole thing on you. What are you going to do about it?"

"That's what I wanted to see you about," said Michael. "What can I do?"

"Tell the police."

"Don't be an ass. That's the last thing I want to do."

"You must be fond of her," said Thompson. "Well, your best plan is to get a private detective to do a bit of snooping. He could find a pretext to get into Chaytor's house, where he'd probably find the fifty quid in the girl friend's bedroom. He would be taking a bit of a risk, but that's what they're paid for. And assuming he found the cash a threat of prosecution would soon close old Chaytor's mouth. The next thing would be to get a handwriting expert to have a look at those altered figures. He could prove in an instant whether you had made the alterations, or somebody else."

"I've told you I didn't touch the things," broke in Michael.

"I know, but it could be proved that you didn't. Figures have their characteristics just the same as letters. It shouldn't be difficult for your expert to get a sample of your girl friend's figures, and from them it wouldn't take him long to tell if she had managed the whole thing on her own. Which is what I believe."

Michael considered the newspaperman for a moment or two before he spoke.

"It seems altogether too fantastic to me," he said at last. "I can't believe that there's not some terrible mistake somewhere."

"Oh, be your age," said Thompson rudely. This girl's at the bottom of it. She's jealous of you at the office. She's probably in love with you and won't admit it. Then she hatches this stupid plot to get rid of you, knowing full well that her father, because he likes you, will not call in the police. And if I know anything about 'em she's now kicking herself and wishing she were dead. And she might have got away with her scheme," added Thompson, "with a fellow who had less sense than you." He puffed out his cheeks slightly. "You were wise enough to come straight to me."

"I know nothing about private detectives and handwriting experts and people like that," said Michael. "Who will I see?"

He had made a swift decision to take Thompson's advice. If Carole were the instigator she would have to put up with it. Serve her right. But he still couldn't bring himself to believe it.

"If you like to leave it to me I'll see you

through," said Thompson. "Rather a friend of mine is in the private inquiry line. A good man. He used to be a detective in the regular force."

"Why did he leave?" asked Michael inquisitively.

"More money to be made on your own. And I also know a first rate man on handwriting."

Michael did not bother to ask why Thompson was prepared to be so helpful. Anyhow, if he had he wouldn't have been told the truth, which was that Thompson supplemented what he considered to be an inadequate salary by small commissions picked up here and there.

"It's very good of you," was all Michael said.

"Not at all. Not at all," said Thompson airily. He paused for a moment, and then added with more diffidence than hitherto:

"I don't like mentioning it, but how are you fixed for dough? All right, I expect?"

"I've got about a hundred pounds in the bank," replied Michael. "I suppose that'll be enough?"

"Good heavens!" said Thompson, apparently staggered at any one person possessing so much money. "It won't cost you anything like that. Twenty at the outside, I should say. Of course, it won't be a loss with you. When you get a clean bill Old Man Chaytor will reimburse you, and add a good bit to it. That's my tip."

"There's just one other thing I'd like to say," said Thompson. "When—or if, since you prefer it—you find your girl-friend is responsible let her down as lightly as you can. I feel more sorry for her than anything else"—Michael permitted himself a smile as he thought how Carole, in normal circumstances, would have received sympathy from such a one as Thompson—"and in her state of mind when she is found out she might do something very, very foolish. Only to herself this time."

Michael said that when the business had been cleaned up it would be time to decide what he would say to Carole. If he decided to say anything.

One evening less than a week later Michael was sitting alone in his small flat reading. He had temporarily abandoned his accountancy study, and he had found the nights hard to fill in. A book, however, helped the long hours to pass. He was just settling into his story when there was a ring at his door. He opened it, half expecting to see the rugged face of Thompson. Instead, he saw before him the massive bulk of Old Man Chaytor.

"Good evening, Michael," he said quietly. "May I come in?"

"Why . . . er . . . certainly," said Michael. He made an effort to pull himself together as he showed the Old Man inside.

"Take a seat, Mr. Chaytor," he said. His self-confidence was quickly returning.

The Old Man slumped into a chair, which, by some strange fortune was able to accommodate him.

Michael shot a swift glance at him, and thought he had never seen him look so old and worried. Of course, Michael knew the object of his visit, and he felt his heart go out to the fine old man in the task he had before him. For a man who embraced the high principles of life with as much fervor as he did it must be galling to be in his position, thought Michael.

"I have no doubt you know why I am here," began the Old Man in a voice from which the vigor seemed to have ebbed. "But

I hardly know what to say to you. I suppose I can only offer you my deepest apology, and ask you if you will consent to come back with us."

"I'd love to," said Michael eagerly. "and I wish you'd forget about the rest."

The Old Man leaned forward, his hands clutching the arms of his chair.

"I'll never forget it . . . never as long as I live," he said. "Is there any need for me to go over what has happened?"

Michael shook his head.

"I wish you wouldn't say any more about it," he said.

Naturally Michael knew all that had taken place at the factory in the preceding days. With Thompson he had engaged a handwriting expert to scrutinise and apply certain tests to the altered figures in the ledger. The expert had been able to prove to the Old Man conclusively that Michael had not been responsible; and, moreover, that his daughter had caused the alterations. Michael had also employed the private detective friend of Thompson, who, by means best known to himself, had obtained entry to Chaytor's home, and had found the fifty pounds in a drawer in Carole's room. The whole thing, as Thompson had suggested, was clumsy and amateurish, and the more Michael thought of it the greater difficulty Michael had had in understanding how Carole had come to do it. He had wondered for a moment whether that rather unpleasant person Dr. Helms had been the motive force. But he had dismissed the thought immediately.

The Old Man cut into his thoughts.

"Needless to say Carole is no longer at the works," he said. "And she will never be there again. More than that she will not be living at home any more . . ."

"Oh, I say," began Michael.

"I haven't thrown her out, if that's what you are thinking, although I'd be perfectly justified in doing so. She has decided to take a flat in town, which suits me. I'll pay the rent and give her a small allowance to carry on with. I imagine she has some money of her own. She has been getting a good salary for the last five years, and from what I know of her she hasn't spent much of it. But that's all her own business. I'm through with her."

"I think that what she did was more foolish than anything else," suggested Michael, mildly.

"Foolish? It was criminal. No other name for it."

The Old Man hesitated a while, and then said:

"Is there any reason I don't know of that Carole should have done this? I have really no right to ask, so don't tell me if you don't wish to. But it has been a terrible blow to me."

Michael thought quickly. He had no intention of telling the Old Man of the conclusion put forward by Thompson, but he sought refuge in the newspaper man's vague summary.

"Women are queer," said Michael. "You can never tell what they'll do."

"Carole is not a woman," countered the Old Man angrily. "She has none of the instincts of a real woman. She's a spell-emittered, sullen girl, and I'm ashamed to be her father. I've given her everything a man can give a daughter, and this is how she's turned out."

Michael made a vain attempt to stem the Old Man's wrath.

"I don't think she's as bad as all that," he said.

The Old Man looked amazed.

"How you can find any excuses for her I can't imagine. If I'd been in your place I would have gone straight to the police."

"I couldn't have done that, not after the way you've treated me."

"I treated you shamefully."

Michael smiled.

"I mean before."

A reflective look passed across the Old Man's face.

"You know, at one time I had great hopes of you and Carole becoming friends. I thought you were just the type of man who would dig her out of herself, and make something human and likeable out of her. But you seemed to have the reverse effect. I can't make it out."

"I think she was a little jealous of me at the office," said Michael, tentatively.

"Why on earth? She had her own work to do, and she could have remained my secretary as long as she liked. By the way, that will be your new job when you return."

"That's awfully good of you, Mr. Chaytor," said Michael, feeling his face get hot. "But won't that upset Carole more?"

"Upset her!" boomed the Old Man, and out rolled a rounded oath. It was a shock to Michael who had never heard him swear before. When he had calmed a little the Old Man went on.

"It's a balmy thought, I know, but don't tell me you're in love with the girl?"

"Sometimes I think I am," said Michael.

"Well, after that there's no understanding human beings," said the Old Man, but his voice had lost its harshness.

Michael asked if Carole had taken her hat yet, or was she still at home. The Old Man said that as far as he knew she was at home, trying to avoid the withering scorn of her Aunt Jessica.

"Could I go out with you and see her?" asked Michael.

The Old Man looked surprised.

"When? . . . now?"

"Yes."

"By all means, if you're set on doing it. I hope you're not going to tell her that I'm forgiven, and all that rot."

"I don't know what I'll say until I've seen her," replied Michael. "But I would like to see her."

"Well, come on," said the Old Man. "No fools like young fools in spite of what they say."

When the car pulled up at the door of the Chaytor home Michael said:

"Would you tell Carole I'm here? I think I'd sooner meet her out here than inside."

"Of course," said Andrew Chaytor. "But if you let her down lightly you're a bigger fool than I thought."

Michael said nothing. He was feeling far from happy. In a situation which he had never remotely experienced. He wondered what sort of face Carole would present. Would she attempt to brazen things out and make him feel that it was really he who was called upon to exhibit self-assertion?

Most likely she would refuse to see him. But he was wrong there, for Carole appeared, making a lovely canvas in the lighted frame of the doorway. He had been standing at the foot of the steps, and he ran up them to meet her.

"Good-evening, Carole," he said, with an attempt to put a little of his habitual gusto into his voice.

She did not return his greeting. Nor did she smile.

"You wanted to see me?" The words came slowly, almost softly.

"I just wanted to have a chat to you for a while," said Michael, feeling extremely embarrassed. "Will we take a stroll?"

They walked down the steps and over the cool lawns until they came to a seat beneath the giant branches of an old silver skin gum tree. Carole sat, her hands folded across her lap, waiting for Michael to open the conversation. It was an uncomfortable moment for both of them. Carole seemed subdued rather than pensive, for there were fires of rebellion in her dark eyes.

Michael broke the silence at last.

"I've been wanting to see you," he said, "and now that I'm here I don't know what to say. Except, that is, that I wish you'd forget about the whole affair, and let us be friends."

"That is very noble of you," she said. He wished that she had chosen some other word than "noble." If she had meant what she had implied, why not "decent," or "generous," anything but "noble." It carried a strong flavor of a sarcasm which he considered was rather out of place at the moment.

I DON'T know that I'm any shining example of nobility," he said, "but I hate to be the cause of trouble. I want you, if you will, to wipe this unfortunate business from my mind."

Carole looked into the starry night for a minute or more before she spoke.

"I suppose I should say I'm sorry for everything," she certainly did not sound it. "But I'm not. What I am really sorry about is that I was found out."

Michael might have expected as much, but it hurt him.

"Well, what did you expect," he said. He felt himself getting a little angry. "It was about the crudest attempt at juvenile crime I could imagine. Whatever put the idea into your head?"

When he had asked the question Michael felt that this was scarcely "forgetting about the whole affair," but Carole's attitude was not very helpful.

"If it is of any interest to you I'll tell you," she said. "I had read of something similar being done, which only goes to prove that things which happen in fiction don't apply to real life."

"Is that the type of stuff you spend your spare time reading?" said Michael. "No wonder you haven't had time to live normally."

Carole's eyes flashed in the dark.

"My life suits me," she said.

"Even now?"

"Why not? I suppose father has told you I am taking a flat in town? At least there I will not be told day and night that my mode of living is quite utterly wrong."

"What will you do with yourself all day?" asked Michael.

"Amuse myself in my own way. I was getting a little tired of the office anyway, and the . . ."

"People in it?" suggested Michael.

She turned her dark eyes upon him.

"One of them, at least."

Michael returned her gaze, but his own eyes were troubled.

"I have asked you, Carole, but you would

never tell me. I'm asking you again. Why do you hate me? What have I ever done that you should hate me as you do?"

Carole remained silent for a moment, twitching her fingers.

Then she burst out with a ring of passion in her voice which startled him.

"Well, I'll tell you, Michael Byrne, why I hate you. Why I've hated you from the moment I saw you. You represent everything in life that I don't. You have everything that I haven't. You are more like my brother than even my father realises, although I suppose there are thousands of your type in the world. . . . And I hated my brother. I was glad when he was killed. In a lesser way I hate Anne. You're all the same."

"You are all bubbling over with an insane joy of living. What is there to feel so happy about because you're alive? What is there in life to be so madly excited about? Her voice was rising to an almost hysterical pitch. "We are placed on this earth without any say in the matter, and have to carry on a routine imposed by someone else until we die."

"Well, we have to do it, but what is there to make people rush about, yelling their heads off, and giving a stupid imitation of being happy?" She went on recklessly. "The moment I set eyes on you I knew you were one of those boisterously happy-at-any-price men, and from that moment I hated you. I suffered you as long as I could, and then I evolved my idea of getting rid of you. I have no doubt that if I'd given it more thought I would have succeeded. But I didn't much care which way it went. It was either you went, or I went."

Michael had sat through the outburst without moving a muscle. He felt numb, and for a while his brain had refused to grasp the girl's revelation of her twisted mind.

"I suppose you realise what you are saying," he said quietly.

"Of course I do. Haven't I said it over and over to myself as long as I can remember?"

"Well, if you're so dissatisfied with the human race, and you have such an inborn hatred of people who get some joy out of living, why do you keep on living yourself? There are plenty of easy ways out, so I believe." He spoke rather brutally.

Carole looked at him, surprised.

"Do I understand that you are inviting me to commit suicide?"

"Don't take it as an invitation from me. But it would be a solution to all your worries, wouldn't it?"

Her lip curled.

"A point that you hearty livers persistently overlook is that I am quite satisfied to live my own life. I get a tremendous amount of pleasure watching you fools making yourselves more foolish, behaving like children on the slightest excuse, or without any excuse whatever. But what drives me to despair is to have to live with you, and work with you. But now that is all changed, thank Heaven."

"Has your father, or your aunt any idea you feel this way?" asked Michael.

"Not as far as I know," she said. "They think I'm sullen, or spoiled, or something. Difficult, I believe, is the word."

"And what about Anne?"

Carole gave a contemptuous snort.

"Oh, she! She's so busy lavishing her own sweet, generous disposition on people

so have time to find how they react. 'The little fool.'

Michael looked at her, a puzzled expression on his face. He could not believe that this good-looking girl, with the fine dark eyes could mean what she said; that she could be the type of person she had revealed.

"The picture you've painted of yourself," he said, "is not a very healthy one, but let me have a say for a moment. In the first place I don't believe that you mean what you have said, not honestly, although you have apparently dragged yourself with these idiotic thoughts for so long that you wouldn't know whether you were speaking honestly or not. Why don't you go away for a holiday somewhere and try and purge yourself of the fanciful notions of hating everyone. As you are, you're not normal."

She answered him quite calmly, having apparently recovered from her emotional outburst.

"There you go again," she said. "You think that yours is the only normal mode of life—being perpetually bright, and grinning like a movie actor. But there's some excuse for them. They're paid to do it. To me you represent one of the vast horde of abnormal people who infect the earth. I regard myself as quite normal."

"Oh, Carole, be reasonable," said Michael, irritated. "You're either mad, or you're trying to pull my leg."

"I can assure you that I'm neither, but you're so completely wrapped up in your own ways, your senseless grinning, eternally amiable ways, that you think that everybody who is unlike you is mad. It only goes to prove what I've been saying. You and your kind are all so smug, and so self-satisfied, that you can't possibly understand people who are not."

"I shouldn't imagine that there were many with your warped outlook," said Michael.

"What is there that's warped in being irritated by people who behave like grinning apes on all occasions? Those boisterous good-fellowship-of-the-race people. How I hate them!"

Michael looked her full in the face, and laughed.

"Supposing I tone down some of my exuberance, put a curb on my animal spirits, do you think we could be friends?"

"You have no more hope of toning yourself down, than I have of brightening myself up; moreover, I'd sooner be dead than be one of you bright so-called happy people. You go your way—grinning, I'll go mine..."

"Sulking," suggested Michael.

"I don't care how you put it."

"Nursing an imaginary grudge against the world would be better."

"Whatever you like," she continued. "But in any case our paths are never likely to cross, and it is most unlikely that we should see each other."

Michael decided that the time had come.

"But there is one thing that you've overlooked, Carole. You see, I love you. I want you to marry me."

She turned her gaze slowly upon him, her eyes searching his in the starlight, looking for some hint of mockery. Then she smiled, imperceptibly at first, but the smile widening until finally she threw her head back and gave vent to a ringing peal of laughter.

Recovering from his first astonishment—he had thought her incapable of laughter—he said, slightly nettled:

"You have apparently a brand of humor that is also not common to both of us."

"It is all too priceless," she said, drying her eyes. "For a person who has such a poor opinion of others as I have... and to get two proposals of marriage in the one day. And all in spite of my banishment from home and office for what my father terms moral depravity."

"Two proposals!" exclaimed Michael. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Of course, you don't know," she said, still dabbing her eyes. "In my excitement I forgot to tell you. Rupert Heins—you remember Dr. Heins?—asked me only this afternoon to marry him."

"And you promised him you would," put in Michael savagely. "Well, since you both have a pretty jaundiced view of things you ought to get along mighty well together."

"I said nothing whatever about promising him, any more than I'm promising you. Only I think it's uproariously funny."

"I fail to see anything funny about it at all," said Michael coldly. "Many another girl would give a great deal to have half of what you've got."

"But, my dear man, the simple joys of many another girl don't affect me in the least."

"Will you marry me, Carole, and stop talking so much nonsense?"

Carole did not answer immediately, and when she did it was a little more soberly.

"If you're serious about it—and I imagine that even irrepresable people like you have their serious moments—you can't expect an answer at once. Remember I have also another invitation on my hands, and from a very clever man, a man I admire a good deal. I must have time to think. I will probably finish up by rejecting both of you."

"Well, think it over," said Michael. "You make it difficult for me to say more than that I love you, and that I would do my utmost to make you happy in whatever way your happiness lies."

Carole stood up.

"I can assure you," she said, "that when I came out here I had no idea such excitement was in store for me. I don't like excitement. It interferes with the balance of one's judgment. I think I will go inside now."

He fell into step beside her, feeling vaguely annoyed with himself.

When they had reached the front door Carole said:

"Come in and have some supper. You'll probably need something to restore your emotional tissues." And when Michael hesitated she added: "Oh, don't worry about me. What they think of me is a matter of no concern. Anyway, I'm going to bed."

Before he had a chance to reply she called out in a firm, clear voice: "Anne! Michael is here."

Anne came out looking as Michael had always seen her—fresh, and young, and wholesome. She extended both her hands to him, and said in a voice that was warm and honest.

"Oh, Michael, I am glad to see you."

"You might see that Michael has some supper," said Carole, "and then you can go over each other for the rest of the night," which was rather strange coming from a girl who had just received a proposal of marriage—if the girl had been anyone other than Carole. This is what Michael thought.

"Good-night," she said casually, and

walked towards the stairs leading to her room.

"Come and have a drink," said Anne, "while I see about the supper. Daddy and aunt are in there." She squeezed his arm lightly. "It is good to see you again. It is a long time since you were out."

Michael grinned at her. What a relief it was to permit one's face to behave as it wanted to!

After Michael had been greeted with unusual warmth Anne went off to get him a drink.

"It is very good of you to come and see us," said Aunt Jessica. "Had I been in your place I fancy I would have struck out the name of Chaytor from my visiting list for all time."

Michael grinned a little nervously.

"I wish you would allow me to forget all about what has happened," he said. "It's all over now, isn't it?"

The Old Man made a noise in his throat, something half-way between a grunt and a snort.

"You're young," he said. "You might, in time, be able to overlook Carole's conduct. But my sister and I never will."

"I do wish you would try to put it out of your mind," Michael pleaded.

"Well, let us talk of something else," said the Old Man.

"What did Carole have to say for herself?"

Michael smiled at the "change" of topic. Then he shivered a little inside. He would have to tell the Old Man some time about his proposal to Carole, and he supposed that he and Aunt Jessica might as well hear it together.

"I'm afraid I've got a bit of a surprise for you." His voice shook a little, much to his disgust. "I have asked Carole to marry me."

Before he had completed the sentence Anne was coming through the door with a glass on a tray.

"What did you say, Michael?" she cried. He felt embarrassed, and extremely foolish.

"I've asked Carole to marry me," he repeated.

"Oh!" said Anne. An uncomfortable silence followed.

"But she hasn't said yes, or no," he went on, helplessly. "I believe she's also had a proposal from Dr. Heins... only this afternoon."

A further period of silence, broken at last by the Old Man.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" he exploded.

Aunt Jessica looked down her nose, with a suspicion of a smile about her mouth. Anne stared at the three of them in turn, her eyes wide with astonishment, and something else that was hard to determine.

When the Old Man had recovered a little from the initial shock he said:

"I hardly know what to say. I suppose you know what you're doing, but I must say it's the most extraordinary thing I've ever heard of."

"And what is so extraordinary about it, Andrew?" asked Aunt Jessica mildly.

He looked at his sister in blank surprise.

"You don't mean to say you approve?"

"And why not? Carole's a very fortunate girl to have two proposals of marriage... and in one day. If she has any sense at all she will accept Michael. If anybody can make anything of her I think he can."

"Here's your drink, Michael," said Anne. He took the glass and somehow found it difficult to meet Anne's eyes.

"I suppose I ought to give you my blessing and wish you good luck. But I'm hanged if I feel like doing it," the Old Man's voice rumbled out. "Before Carole did this dastardly thing to you I would have thought differently. I would have welcomed it. But now it seems to me that you want to throw yourself away on a thoroughly worthless girl."

"Oh, daddy, you mustn't say that," said Anne.

Her father looked at her with softening eyes.

"It's a pity there are not a few more like you, youngster," was what he said.

Michael did not dally over supper longer than good manners dictated. He was finding the atmosphere slightly oppressive, and his mind was in a perplexing jumble. He wanted to go back to his own flat, where he could arrange his shredded thoughts.

When he had finished a second cup of coffee the Old Man gave orders for the car to be brought round. Michael began to protest, but he was waved aside. "It's little enough for me to do," said the Old Man.

Michael's rehabilitation at the factory was swift and complete. Gregory, the accountant, had been almost grovelling in his welcome, and Michael, who hated harboring grudges against anybody, accepted his apologies. He knew him to be a mean-souled individual, but all the same he was a good man in his place.

Michael took over Carole's work and her office, the latter with a decidedly uncomfortable feeling. Carole seemed to have stamped her very definite personality on everything in the room, and he had the sensation that she was watching him continually. When her father had asked her to explain her routine to Michael she had refused point-blank. But such an extremely efficient person had she been, and a fool-proof were her methods of office management, that the Old Man and Michael had little difficulty in being able to place their hands on whatever was needed.

"She certainly knew her job," commented the Old Man when they had finished going through the records. Michael thought there was a touch of sadness in his voice.

"I'm afraid she was a better secretary than I'll ever make," said Michael.

"Utter nonsense," was the reply. "As a rubber stamp she was ideal, and in many ways she saved me a great deal of time and trouble, but Carole sadly lacked the human touch. She was often rude to clients, giving as an excuse that she couldn't be bothered with them. That is no good for business. And she had no constructive thoughts such as you have given evidence of possessing. I am sorry she has gone in the way she has," he went on, "but I know you'll be a great help to me. Now, in the matter of salary . . ."

The Old Man had not mentioned this before, nor had he said anything of compensating Michael for the expense he had been put to in the unmasking of Carole's little plot.

"I'm going to give you a thousand a year," he said, trying to sound off-handed, "and a cheque for a couple of hundred to recompense you for the trouble and expense you must have been put to in this late—er—unpleasant episode. What do you say to that?"

Michael had felt a thrill run through him when the Old Man had mentioned his salary. A thousand a year was a nice income. Carole and he would be able to

. . . He immediately applied the brakes to his tumbling thoughts.

"There's not much I can say, Mr. Chaytor," He smiled joyfully. "Only you're being wonderfully good to me. I know I'm not worth anything like that, really."

"You know nothing about it. Your discovery about the pictures and the chocolate packets, and your ideas on how to retrieve ourselves were worth more than five years' salary in themselves."

Michael thought that the Old Man had placed an absurd value upon the incident, but naturally he didn't say so.

"I'm almost beginning to think that I'll need all the help you can give me," continued the Old Man. "Competition in the business is becoming pretty fierce, and I'm not feeling quite as well as I used to."

Michael looked concerned. Personally he thought the Old Man looked well enough, although his complexion was rather more florid, and he was showing the signs of the worry he had been through.

He was about to go out of the room, then hesitated and came back.

"Have you heard from Carole yet?"

Michael knew only too well what he meant.

He smiled somewhat feebly.

"No, I haven't. But I have an idea I'll be turned down."

"Can't say I'll be sorry if you are," grunted the Old Man as he trudged out.

Michael settled himself to work, a delightful feeling of joy coursing through him. He was a thousand-a-year-man now, and still some years from thirty. That was something to be distinctly proud of. Not many fellows reached that eminence before they were forty; not many reached it ever.

Several days later Michael's office telephone rang. It was Carole.

"Is that you Michael?" she asked, her voice sounded fresh, and rather chirpy.

"Yes," said Michael, kicking himself out of his surprise.

"How is the new job going?"

He kicked himself again, only harder.

"It will take a bit of getting used to," he said guardedly.

"Oh, you'll manage it all right. It's really a man's job after all, isn't it?"

Michael detached a pin from a letter and stuck it into his leg.

"Are you quite right Carole?" he said.

"You haven't been drinking, or anything, have you?"

He heard something that sounded suspiciously like a laugh.

"No, I'm perfectly all right. I just rang to ask if your offer of marriage still holds."

"Of course it does," he said. Strange noises were humming in his head.

"In that case I'll accept you."

"You'll what?" Michael shouted into the transmitter.

"Don't yell. You know how I hate people who yell. I said I would accept you . . . become your wife . . . do you understand what I mean?"

Michael gave a yelp of joy.

"Oh, Carole, this is wonderful. You don't know how happy . . ."

"There you go shouting again. You'll have to tone down a lot before I do marry you."

"I'll do anything you say. When can I see you?"

"Is that necessary?"

"Is it necessary?" Michael echoed. "Of

course it is. I want to see you. Don't you want to see me?"

A slight pause, and then Carole answered, "Yes, of course. Whenever you like."

"To-night?" asked Michael eagerly.

"Where is your flat?" He had heard that she had moved into one somewhere near the city, but that was all he knew.

She gave her address, and told him to call after dinner. After an endearing good-bye he hung up. He tilted back in his chair with his arms folded, and a rapturous expression in his blue eyes. Then with one spring he shot out of the chair, and rushed in to tell the news to the Old Man.

"Carole," he said. "She's just rung. She's accepted me; she's promised to marry me."

The Old Man looked at him long and hard.

"Are you sure she means it? I'm sorry to say that I don't trust my own daughter any longer."

But Michael was a little too excited to pay much heed to what he said. He answered more or less automatically.

"Of course. She sounded a changed person over the phone. Different. There was quite a lift in her voice."

The Old Man looked suspicious. The daughter who bore the name of which he was so tremendously proud had failed him once, and once was enough.

"She seems to have changed in a remarkably short time," he said.

"That's what love will do," said Michael, and he felt a trifle idiotic when he said it.

But the Old Man looked more suspicious.

Back in his own office Michael found the afternoon dragging along on leaden feet. He, who had always prided himself on his powers of concentration, found that for once they failed him. He could think of nothing other than Carole.

The day passed at last and he found himself at the address Carole had given him. It was a large block of flats about two miles from the heart of the city. He walked briskly up a flight of white marble steps which led to a porch. Here were displayed the names of the tenants, and Michael soon discovered a visiting-card bearing the name "Miss Carole Chaytor" in artistic script. He went inside, and took an automatic lift to the fourth floor on which he located Carole's flat without trouble. He rang the bell, and in a moment the door was opened by Carole. Different, that's what she is, was Michael's immediate thought. He felt his heart leap with pleasure.

"Welcome to my new home," she said, giving a mock bow.

"I have a visitor," she went on, "but that shouldn't matter."

Michael felt himself jump inwardly. Before he had a chance to say anything his eyes alighted upon the form of Dr. Heinz sprawling negligently at one end of a chesterfield. What on earth was he doing there, Michael wondered savagely. But annoyed as he was he realised that no doubt the doctor was there to accept his dismissal just as he was there to claim his reward.

Dr. Heinz did not bother to get to his feet, but nodded languidly, and said:

"Here comes the victor. Carole has already told me, and although I deplore the foolishness of her decision I suppose I must congratulate you."

"Thanks," said Michael, not knowing what else to say.

"Carole and I have been talking things over," he went on. "Quite dispassionately, you understand, and I've been trying to

point out that you and she will find it none too easy to rub along on a clerk's salary. That is, unless her father gives her a substantial allowance, which, in view of recent happenings, doesn't seem likely, does it?"

Michael felt himself getting angry. "I don't know so much about a clerk's salary," he said. "I'm getting a thousand a year now. In case you don't know it."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Carole. "Is father that mad?"

"What?" said Michael sharply.

"I mean, is he that mad about me that he's started giving everybody more money?"

"I didn't say anything about everybody. I said he was giving me a thousand a year, which is a lot more than a good many doctors are earning."

"Quite, quite!" said Dr. Heinz. "A nice little income. You'll be able to raise a substantial family on that. My only hope is that they won't all turn out like Carole. She has a little too much iron in her soul."

Carole's laugh had not a great deal of mirth in it.

"I think, Rupert, that you are becoming jealous. And you, Michael, appear to be losing your temper. Perhaps a drink would do both of you good."

When she had left the room Dr. Heinz spoke.

"Don't take any notice of me," he said; "it's just my way."

Michael felt like retorting that he didn't approve of either his way, or his presence. But he said nothing.

"Your plans seem to be working out very nicely," he observed.

"What do you mean?" said Michael, ready to snap.

"Oh, come now, Byrne. Anybody who takes you for a fool is making a big mistake. Wasn't it you who got somebody to put it up to Carole to fake the books and carry out the rest of the little comedy?"

Michael's eyes flashed anger. He clenched his hands.

"I've half a mind to . . ."

Dr. Heinz waved his hand. His eyes became hard, and even colder.

"When you've finished with the heroes what about answering my question," he said.

Michael took a step towards him with a half-thought of dragging him out of the couch, and beginning swift assault. He realised, however, that the place for physical argument was hardly appropriate. He resorted to words.

"I'd like to know," he said, "what's at the back of your slimy mind. I'd also like to know what was your reason for proposing to Carole. You wouldn't try to tell me that you're in love with her, would you?"

The doctor smiled a little complacently. He had been somewhat afraid that Michael would have had recourse to violence, and although not of a timid disposition he viewed Michael's muscular figure with some misgiving.

"We, all of us, have reasons for what we do. You had yours; I had mine. You were successful. I, for the time being, have not been."

Michael did not like his tone, nor the rather sinister implication of his words.

"I don't know what you're getting at," he said, "but, if you wouldn't mind my saying so, I wouldn't trust you."

Quite unperturbed Dr. Heinz showed his teeth in something that went for a smile. Then Carole reappeared carrying a tray, on which were a decanter of whisky and a number of bottles. Michael glanced at

the assortment of drinks in some surprise. They seemed to indicate that she was contemplating entertaining in a way that he imagined would be foreign to her.

"Expecting other guests?" asked Michael, looking at the bottles.

"Not to-night, but some other time no doubt," she said. "Now that I'm on my way towards being a married woman I think it only right that I should enlarge my circle of acquaintances."

"It has been pretty restricted in the past, hasn't it, Carole," said the doctor.

"Too much so. But all that will have to be changed now," she replied gaily.

Michael looked at her, and embarked upon a futile attempt to read her mind. He began to wonder if Carole's transformation had not come about a little too suddenly, and the unpleasant thought crept into his head that this might be still another pose. He crushed it promptly as unworthy of a man in love with a girl who was really very sweet.

An hour dragged by, and to Michael's increasing chagrin Dr. Heinz had made no gesture indicative of an intended departure. Confound the fellow! It was like his nerve sitting there drinking Carole's whisky when it must have been apparent that he and Carole had a good deal to say to each other.

The doctor had been making most of the conversation, talking chiefly of hospitals he had seen through during his trip abroad. Ordinarily Michael would have been very interested, for Dr. Heinz was a keen observer and a fluent talker, but in the circumstances Michael wished he would go home.

The conversation started to flag, and at long last the doctor took a thin gold watch from his pocket.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "It's almost ten o'clock."

"What did you think it was?" said Michael. "Middle of the afternoon?"

Dr. Heinz bared his teeth once more.

"I really must apologise," he said, dragging himself from his cave in the corner of the lounge. "I had no idea it was so late. I also seem to have forgotten that you recently-engaged young people probably desire to be by yourselves. Though what recently-engaged young people do when they're by themselves I haven't the remotest idea."

"Nor," said Michael, "do you seem to have any idea what a third person does when he's with them."

"Come, come," said the doctor. "Don't tell me my presence has been an intrusion?"

"Not in the least, Rupert," Carole interrupted. "Michael only said that because he thought it sounded well."

"I said it because I meant it," said Michael bluntly.

With a shrug of his shoulders Dr. Heinz bestowed an oily benediction on Carole, nodded briefly to Michael, and left.

"Thank heaven he's gone," said Michael, breathing heavily.

"Now, Michael, you must learn to restrain yourself, and be a little more pleasant to my guests."

"I dislike the fellow. There's something shabby about him."

An old familiar light appeared in Carole's eyes, flickered a moment, and went out.

"Look on the bright side of things. You pride yourself on always being so merry and bright. The doctor's proposal has been turned down; yours has been accepted. That should be enough to make you overlook everything."

"You're right," he said with a smile. "I'm sorry."

She smiled back at him, and although there was little warmth in it, it was such a change to see her smile that Michael did not notice the absence.

A wave of embarrassment suddenly swept over him. He was not certain what to do or to say. The situation was entirely new to him. He imagined that according to the rules Carole should have flung herself into his arms, but as she had apparently no intention of doing so it was up to him to make a move.

"Since we're engaged," he said, stepping to her, "may I kiss you?"

"If you want to." She gave him her cheek.

Michael remembered that on the previous occasion he had kissed her he had possessed infinitely more courage than now. He had kissed her on the mouth with great determination—and had got a smacked face for it. But he felt different now; awkward and ill at ease. He was baffled by her attitude which, for a newly-engaged girl, was not that according to the best theories. He pecked the proffered cheek.

"I hope we are going to be sensible," she said. "There is really no need for all this love-making that is supposed to go on between engaged people. Now, is there?"

"As this is the first time I've been engaged," said Michael, with a little laugh. "I don't know much about it. But I was always under the impression that when people were in love they had a natural urge to show it."

"Be a little patient with me," she said. "and everything will be all right. Have you told Anne?"

"No. I haven't seen her since I was out at your place last."

"She'll be upset."

"Upset? Why should she?"

Carole looked at him, her dark eyes half closing.

"Don't you know that she's in love with you?"

Michael laughed.

"You're being ridiculous. She's just a . . ."

"Good pal. Please don't say it. It's a loathsome word in its modern meaning. At the same I know what you mean, and you're wrong. Anne is in love with you."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know there's whisky in that decanter? I can see it, and my eyes inform my brain, and it becomes a fact."

Michael was thoughtful a moment, then he said:

"I can only hope you're wrong. I'd hate to see Anne made unhappy." In his heart he was not altogether certain that Carole was wrong.

"Why not switch over to her? It's not too late. You haven't wanted your substance on a ring yet. I suppose you will insist on buying one?"

"It's usual, isn't it?" he said. "A sort of emblem . . . an emblem of . . ."

"Our plighted troth? Is that what you were going to say? I hope it wasn't. But about Anne. If you are going to feel her unhappiness keenly you have it in your own hands to alter it. Don't mind me."

Michael was feeling slightly irritated. He was not sure if Carole was trying to make fun of him.

"For heaven's sake, Carole, don't be silly," he said. "If Anne is in love with

me, which I think is absurd, and is unhappy over our engagement, I'm sorry for her. That is all."

"Then you don't think you ought to go and comfort her?"

"Don't be an ass," said Michael.

"Well, let us forget my beloved sister for a moment. I suppose you told father, I can see you just bursting until you got into his office. What did he say?"

Michael hesitated a little.

"He offered his congratulations."

She made an impatient gesture.

"Don't be so infernally prosaic. What did he say?"

Michael was getting a little fed-up with the behaviour of his so newly-affianced.

"He told me to watch you pretty closely, and that he didn't trust you," said Michael.

He saw the color mount to her cheeks which would have made her look very lovely, if the cause had been otherwise.

"You know, you're a very beautiful girl, Carole dear. And you're going to make a still more beautiful woman."

"That is nice of you to think so, and say so," she said. "I have never had many compliments, and they sound a little strange."

"You haven't only because you told people pretty clearly that you didn't want them."

"I don't know that I do now. Only from you I suppose it's different."

He made an unemotional farewell, and returned to his own flat. It had been rather a curious evening for a man just engaged, he reflected. He had visioned something so vastly different that it would not bear grouping in the same thought.

The following morning Michael had a ring from Anne offering her congratulations. It was a formal call, and her tone was formal in keeping, although she made an attempt to sound gay. He could not tell whether she was pleased or not; and if not he did not know whether it was because she fancied she were in love with him, or because she felt a little sorry for anyone who intended marrying her sister.

She wanted to know when he was coming out to their home again. He said he would as soon as he had a free night, but he reminded her that as well as being the dubious fortunate possessor of a fiancée he still had his accountancy studies which he was pursuing with more vigor than ever. But when she asked him to make it soon, he resolved to go out earlier than he had first intended.

How much earlier, and how unexpectedly, he had no idea until he arrived at the office the next morning. A message was waiting for him to go to the Chaytors' immediately; the Old Man was ill. He rang for a taxi, and was there within half an hour.

Anne met him at the door. She looked grave, and her eyes were red from weeping. "Daddy's very ill," she whispered. "Come in."

She led him into a lounge-room, and closed the door.

"Now, buck up," said Michael, as he saw her eyes starting to fill with tears. "Tell me what is it?"

"Oh, it's terrible, Michael," she said. "He collapsed getting up from the breakfast-table this morning. He fell all of a heap on the floor. The doctor and a nurse and aunt are up with him now. Oh, it's awful. He may be—be—dead for all I know."

She burst out crying. Michael put his arm around her shoulders, feeling himself strangely moved.

"Now, now, Anne," he said, trying to comfort her. "It's probably nothing like as bad

as you imagine. Plenty of people collapse and get over it very quickly." But his four years of medical study and his deductions of the Old Man told him differently.

"Oh, Michael," she cried suddenly. "How stupid of me to forget. Have you Carole's phone number? Nobody here knows it, and aunt told me to get her at once."

He gave the number, and Anne hurried off to ring. In the short while she was away his thoughts made a swift and wild survey. What would happen at the factory? What would happen at home? How would Carole and Anne be affected? And what about Aunt Jessica? Then back to the factory. Who would take the Old Man's place? Who could take his place?

When Anne returned she told him that Carole would be out at once, "although," she added, "she thinks we're making a lot of fuss about nothing."

"Who is your doctor?" asked Michael, thinking that Dr. Heinz may have been summoned.

"Dr. Percival. He's known Daddy for years."

They went out into the hall, and a few minutes later Aunt Jessica came down the stairs. She greeted Michael calmly, but deep anxiety showed in her eyes.

"He's not regained consciousness," she said. "The doctor will be down in a minute. He wants to ring for a specialist."

ALMOST as she spoke Dr. Percival appeared. Michael made the opportunity to have a word with him alone. He introduced himself, explained his position in the household, and mentioned that he had had some medical training.

The doctor, an alert, middle-aged man, told him that the Old Man's condition was extremely grave. He had had, what Michael suspected, a "stroke."

"One side is completely paralysed," he said, "and I am doubtful if he will pull through this attack. No need, of course, to tell you that this is for your information alone."

Michael thanked him, and he went off to ring the specialist, not, as Michael knew, that a specialist would be much use.

Carole did not waste any time in getting to her home in spite of her expressed disbeliefs in the seriousness of her father's state. Ignoring Michael and Anne she went straight to her aunt, and demanded to see the doctor at once.

"But he's up with your father," said Aunt Jessica.

"Well, I wouldn't expect him to be out on the tennis court," she replied rudely.

She brushed past her aunt and went upstairs to her father's room.

"Carole's manners don't seem to have improved to any extent," commented Aunt Jessica acidly. "I'm afraid you're going to have your hands full with that young woman, Michael."

He sought to find an excuse. "I suppose she's more worried than she cares to show," he said.

Aunt Jessica sniffed audibly. "That doesn't permit her speaking to me as though I were one of the servants."

She followed Carole up the stairs.

"I hope Carole isn't going to be awkward," said Anne. "It's awful enough to have Daddy sick."

"Oh, she'll be all right," said Michael with a confidence he did not feel. "She's had a bit of a shock. Are you fond of her, Anne?" he asked suddenly.

"Of course I am. She's my sister." As though that explained everything. "I don't think she means half she says," she went on.

Michael looked surprised.

"I hope she meant it when she said she'd marry me."

"Do you? I sometimes wonder."

"What do you mean, Anne?" said Michael in astonishment.

"Oh, I don't know. Only you two don't seem very suited to one another."

"But Carole's changed a good deal since we've become engaged."

"Has she? I haven't noticed it."

"No, thought Michael. I don't suppose you would. That entrance of Carole's a moment ago was just typical of the Carole they had all known.

The lady in question appeared again, coming down the stairs with determined steps, and an angry flush on her cheeks.

"That man Percival is a fool," she said in an unnecessarily loud voice. "I don't know why we ever had him in the house. He doesn't seem to know what is the matter with father."

"Or is it that he isn't disposed to tell as much as he knows?" suggested Michael unwisely.

"Well, you were by way of being a half-baked doctor at one time, I believe. What do you know about it?"

"Nothing, only that your father is very ill."

"Any fool knows that. Anyhow, I'm going to get Dr. Heinz to come out. He's got more brains than all your Percivals and specialists put together."

"I don't think Aunt would like that," Anne put in quietly.

Carole turned on her.

"Now you keep quiet, and remember that I'm still the elder daughter in the house. And if I want another medical opinion I'm going to have it."

With shoulders squared she went off to the telephone.

"Did you say that Carole had changed?" said Anne.

"She's upset," said Michael unhappily. "Your father's much worse than she thought."

Anne took a step closer towards him, and looked up into his face. Tears began to brim in her large, soft grey eyes.

"Tell me, Michael, how bad is Daddy? Will he ever . . . ever get better? I can stand the truth."

He looked at her wishing that her expression was not quite so appealing.

"If he recovers, Anne, I don't think he will be much good for work again. His side is paralysed."

A sob escaped her.

"Does aunt know?"

"I expect so."

Carole returned from the telephone.

"Dr. Heinz will be out almost immediately. Then perhaps something will be done."

Suddenly noticing Anne's face she said:

"Have you been crying?"

"Have some sense, Carole, and let the child alone," said Michael tersely.

Carole gave a shrug. "Take her under your protective wing, and mother her if you want to."

She left them abruptly, and went out of the house no doubt to wait the arrival of Dr. Heinz.

Shortly afterwards the specialist arrived, followed a little later by Dr. Heinz. The three medical men were closeted with the Old Man for an hour or more. At the

conclusion of their consultation they called the family together, which included Michael. Dr. Percival acted as spokesman.

"Mr. Chaytor's condition is extremely grave," he said. "He has had a cerebral haemorrhage, and we think it is doubtful that he will regain consciousness. Everything possible is being done for him."

The reaction of the listeners varied considerably. Aunt Jessica compressed her lips in an effort to control her emotions; Anne looked pitifully at Michael; Carole's glance rested upon the pallid face of Dr. Heinz, and her eyes were hard.

Old Andrew Chaytor died several hours later. The specialist had gone long before, realising that the case was hopeless, but Dr. Heinz had remained and Dr. Percival. It was the family doctor who broke the news to Aunt Jessica, who in turn told the girls and Michael.

Anne was a tragic figure. She threw herself onto a couch and sobbed broken-heartedly. She felt dreadfully alone in the world. Aunt Jessica looked shrunken from the blow, but Carole appeared unmoved. Michael looked at this hard, bitter girl and wondered if she had any emotional depths at all. Aunt Jessica went to comfort Anne, and Carole came over to Michael.

"I suppose I should burst into a flood of tears," she said. "But I can't and that's all there is about it. I was never fond of father any more than anyone else, and," she snapped the words out—"that goes for you."

Michael felt his senses reeling.

"Do you know what you're saying, Carole?" he asked.

"Only too well, I know," she said. "If you care to come outside I will tell you exactly what I mean. This is no place for what I have to say . . . not with that hysterical child."

Michael clenched his fists. If she had been a man he would have struck her.

As it was he followed her out into the grounds.

"Now that my father is dead," she began, "there is no need to prolong this farce between us any longer." She tried to speak quietly, but her voice shook with suppressed hatred.

"Am I to understand that you don't intend marrying me?" asked Michael.

She laughed harshly.

"That is just what I want you to understand. Oh, you poor fool! Did you think for a moment that I said I would marry you because I was fond of you . . .?"

"Perhaps I was vain enough to think so," said Michael.

"Then you never made a greater mistake in your life. Have you ever done anything since you first forced yourself into my life to cause me to be fond of you? From that first morning when you pushed your bumptious, grinning presence into the office I've hated you. As I told you once before I hated your smug behaviour, your school-boy bolsterousness, your everlasting amiability, that perpetual smile on your face that seemed to say: 'Isn't it wonderful to be happy? ha, ha, ha!' I believe I would have killed you if I wouldn't have had to suffer myself."

"Your one experiment in crime wasn't altogether a success, was it?" asked Michael dryly.

She looked at him as though he were something poisonous. Before she could reply he went on.

"And your charming friend, Heinz, suggested that I . . . mind you, I . . . got somebody to put you up to it."

"He's wrong," she said. "I thought it out myself, and take the entire discredit for it. And I hate you all the more because it was such a clumsy failure. I didn't know as much as I thought I knew about certain things. But I'm going to forget about that . . ."

"Good of you," he murmured.

"And tell you a few more things that you might, or might not like to hear. First of all, did it ever occur to you to ask yourself why I should have suddenly agreed to marry you?"

"I foolishly thought that you had dropped the idiotic pose of appearing to have a grudge against the world and everyone in it. I am beginning to wonder now whether it is a pose or not, and whether you are not just one of those unfortunate, mentally-twisted misfits who try to make everybody else as unhappy as they themselves are."

She started to shake with anger.

"How I loathe your smugness," she said. "Because I did not come from the same fatuous mould as you I am wrong, am I? Well, we'll see what happens. Wait until you're out of a job. You and your thousand a year." She began to laugh. "I never heard anything more ridiculous. My father must have been ill when he promised it to you. But it won't take me two minutes to change all that."

"I'm afraid I don't follow you," said Michael quietly.

She looked at him, surprise and contempt in her eyes.

"You're not fool enough to imagine that you'll still be at the factory, are you?" She hit an open palm with her clenched fist. "You're going out . . . out, do you understand? . . . right away, and I'm taking charge. I am my father's eldest child. I am still a Chaytor in spite of your preposterous proposal, and my rightful place is at the head of the Chaytor firm. What have you got to say about that?"

"Nothing much, only I am beginning to have serious doubts about your sanity."

"Oh, I'm sane enough. You just try and put your nose inside that office tomorrow and see what happens."

Michael paused for a moment, and then said, as calmly as he could:

"Now, listen to me just a minute, Carole. I am not going from the office, nor are you putting your foot in it. Quite apart from me the others wouldn't have you about the place. You are thoroughly discredited there, just as you are with your sister and aunt. And if you had any sense whatever you'd realise it. The works will go on as usual until your father's wishes are made known."

Her hard laugh jarred his ears.

"And what do you think his wishes will be? To leave everything to you, you conceited pup. Obviously he will leave all he possessed to his children with some provision made, I suppose, for the old woman. And this child will take charge. Understand?"

Michael was still surprisingly calm.

"I am not given to making threats," he said. "But I warn you that if you come to the office to-morrow, or any other day with the idea of creating a disturbance I'll call a policeman and have you put out."

She caught her breath.

"You wouldn't dare."

"You see if I wouldn't. You'd look well, wouldn't you, listening to the story of the faked books being told in court."

She thought for a moment, and then said:

"All right. You win the first round." He was glad in a way that she had abandoned a reckless intention. "But that's all you will win. My time will come as soon as I've seen our solicitors."

She turned, and was about to return to the house when he called her:

"There is just one thing I'd like to know before you go," he said. "You've forgotten to tell me just why you said you'd marry me. I am anxious to hear it."

She turned on her heel, her eyes blazing afresh.

"Yes, I'll tell you. And you can thank my father's death for what it saved you. I said I would marry you with one intention, and one only in my mind. I was going to stifle my natural feelings and suffer you until we were married. And then I was going to make your life miserable—and make no mistake about it. When I had succeeded—and I wouldn't find it hard—I was going to leave you. Now the need doesn't exist. I have other plans. I will be a wealthy woman with a great deal of power . . . power over others, and you can watch how I'm going to use it. If you'll be able to watch while you're hunting for another clerk's job."

Michael looked at her in blank amazement. The only conclusion he could come to was that her mind was diseased. He began to feel sorry for her.

"And you would have gone to all this trouble to ruin me because . . ."

"Because I hate and detest you. Because you represent everything I hate and detest in this foul world. You . . . you . . ."

She left him abruptly.

Michael walked slowly and thoughtfully back to the house. His ears were burning.

So that was the end of Carole. He had been a fool, he told himself, to have believed that Carole had changed; to have believed that they could be happy together. The girl, unquestionably, had some mental kink. What did she want from life? He wondered. Then he began asking himself if he had ever really loved her.

He had been walking along, his fingers locked behind his back and his head down, when he suddenly became aware that Anne was standing before him. He gave her what might have passed for a weak grin.

"You've had a row with Carole," she said. "I know . . . She came in looking furious and said something rude about you. She has no right to quarrel . . . not at a time like this."

"I'm afraid it is what you might call all off between us," said Michael, looking into her red-rimmed eyes, and her grief-marked face. What a contrast there was between the two girls.

"Oh, don't take any notice of her," said Anne. "She must be terribly upset, only she doesn't show it like I do."

"No; my dear Anne." He patted her arm. "It's something much more than that."

She hung her head shyly.

"Do you want to tell me?"

"Yes," he said. "After all, she's your sister, and you might understand her better than I do."

He gave her the substance of Carole's outburst, but avoided making it a first-person account. He had no desire to heat himself re-utter her biting words, which he could remember only too well.

"Oh, Michael," she must be insane," Anne cried.

"Of course, I know she's never liked me; for what reason I do not know." He added

hastily: "Not that I expect everyone to like me."

"Why shouldn't they? I think you're a—dear."

He looked at her . . . at her eyes smiling bravely, and he put his arm around her shoulders. What else was there to do? She let her head rest on his chest, and his heart beat violently as her soft hair caressed his face.

He gently lifted her chin and kissed her mouth. He felt her arms twine slowly about his neck, his head dragged down, and his kiss returned.

"Oh, Michael, I love you," she murmured. "I've loved you since the first night you came out. And when Daddy told me you were going to marry Carole I cried my heart out."

He drew her closer to him.

"It's all been a terrible mistake, Anne dearest," he said softly. "It was you all along that I wanted, and fool that I am I didn't know it."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. When I look back and think how blind I have been, I could kick myself. I suppose I thought I was in love with Carole when I was really only curious to find why she hated me so much. Do you think that could be the reason?"

She smiled through her tears.

"I don't know, and I don't care as long as you love me now, and will always love me."

The cares of a lifetime seemed to have dropped from his shoulders. He held her tightly.

"Now let Carole try and hurt us," he cried triumphantly.

She sighed.

"I am so wonderfully happy, Michael. I wonder if it's wrong . . . with poor Daddy . . . lying up there?"

He was sobered immediately.

"He did not suffer, dear, and it would have been terrible for him had he lived."

"I suppose we had better go in for a little while," he continued. "We can come out again."

There are hundreds of things I want to say to you, but they will all mean the same thing—that I love you."

She clung to his arm as though he might dissolve into the sweet-smelling air. They found Aunt Jessica sitting alone in the music room. Carole and Dr. Heinz were apparently in some other part of the house.

Michael went over and sat beside her.

"I can't say how deeply sorry I am, Miss Chaytor," he said. "Words aren't much use at a time like this, are they?"

She put a hand, which was strangely soft on his.

"Thank you, Michael. I understand," she said. "You're a nice boy." She paused for awhile and then went on. "I am going to ask you to do something for me."

"Will you attend to the arrangements for the funeral, the notices for the newspapers and the other details? I would prefer you to do it than anyone else."

Michael said he would gladly do whatever he could.

Michael and Anne went out of the house again shortly afterwards, Michael saying that he would have to go into the city to attend to matters relating to the funeral. Aunt Jessica had told him to make use of their car and chauffeur whenever he pleased, and he and Anne were on their way round to order it. Michael had slipped his arm through hers, and was murmuring some soothing phrases when he saw the unwelcome figure of Dr. Heinz approaching.

He gave them an ironical bow, and removed the cigarette from his lips.

"Your affairs of the heart, Byrnes, move with such swiftness that I find it difficult to keep up with them," he said with an unpleasant smile. "Do I commiserate with you now on your broken romance with Carole, or congratulate you for the second time on your . . . successful wooing, shall I say, of her sister?"

"You can do both if you like," said Michael easily, "and that will save you the trouble of trying to work it out."

The doctor laughed his thin, irritating laugh.

"You certainly work very fast. But then you have that buoyant personality which appeals to women."

"It didn't seem to appeal to Carole very much."

"No. No. Of course not. I was forgetting. But then she's a rather curious type. Needs tactful handling."

"Do you mind if I ask if you have renewed your application to her?" asked Michael.

"Not in the least. That is to say, I don't mind telling you in the least since it is your right as an important member of the household to know what is going on."

The voice was heavy with sarcasm. "Once more I have asked Carole to marry me, and once more she has declined. Her reason now is that she prefers to look forward to a single life of affluence and business activity. I have tried to make her see how useful I could be to her, and there is just the possibility that she may yet change her mind."

"I hope for your sake she does," said Anne.

"That is very good of you. Of course, I shall do my best to get her to reconsider her intention of carrying on at the factory without Mr. Byrnes's assistance."

"What do you mean?" said Anne, startled.

"What is he saying, Michael?"

"I didn't tell you," he said, "but it is Carole's idea to throw me out of the works and run the show herself; that is, when your father's affairs are settled."

"But Daddy would never have wanted that to happen," she said, with conviction. "Carole can't do such a thing."

Michael smiled rather ruefully.

"If your father has left everything to you two girls as I suppose he has—and remember Anne, you're not twenty-one yet—I don't see what's going to stop her."

"A very headstrong girl I'm afraid," murmured Dr. Heinz.

Dr. Heinz moved off in the direction of the house, smiling to himself.

Anne looked into Michael's eyes and smiled.

"I don't care what happens. I'll always have you, won't I?"

He did what any man with a young and lovely girl would do.

After the funeral Aunt Jessica approached Carole.

"Are you coming back home with us?" she asked.

"No. I am returning to my flat. I imagine Mr. Byrnes will be installing himself with you, and there's certainly not room for the two of us."

"Carole," said her aunt reprovingly, "this is not the time for talk like that. Your place is at home with your sister until things are straightened out."

Carole smiled in a manner peculiar to herself.

"My place is wherever I choose to make it. I suppose I will be told when my presence is needed . . . with the lawyers, I mean?"

Aunt Jessica knew perfectly what she meant.

"You will be told," she said stiffly.

Without a further word Carole left with Dr. Heinz.

As Michael watched them go bitter thoughts came into his mind. He knew that Carole would not be happy—if one should use the word—until she had him ground down as completely as a man could be ground, and given the power he had not the slightest doubt that she would use it. But he had Anne, and that was something more comforting to think of.

He saw Anne and her aunt to their home, and went immediately to the factory. There could be no interruption in the work of making chocolates. The spirit of the Old Man would have revolted at the thought of it. Customers were waiting; there were huge orders to be fulfilled. Chaytors had the reputation of carrying out contracts to the letter, and even the death of the head of the firm could not stay the machines for a moment.

As Michael walked into the Old Man's office it seemed dreadfully empty. It was as though a massive piece of furniture had suddenly been taken from a room, a piece that could not be replaced. A pile of letters lay on the desk. He opened those which appeared to be business ones, and placed to one side others which he considered to be of a personal character. Aunt Jessica could attend to them.

That night he returned to the Chaytor's, and he and Anne spent hours roaming about the grounds, and sitting in alcoves pouring into each other's ears protestations and promises. At Aunt Jessica's request he agreed to stay there until the Old Man's affairs had been adjusted.

The following day Aunt Jessica said to Michael and Anne:

"I have arranged for our solicitor, Mr. Edwin Goss, to come out this afternoon. He will bring with him my brother's will. It may seem a little early after his death, but I know that he would have wished for no delay. There is the business to be considered above all else."

She paused a moment, and then said: "Michael, I think you might have told me about you and Anne."

Michael felt his face go red.

"Well, really . . . Miss Chaytor." He stumbled.

"I think you may call me Aunt Jessica." He went redder.

"Thank you . . . I was . . . going to say . . . that with Mr. Chaytor's death and everything . . ."

She smiled at the two of them.

"It's all right. I understand. You both ought to be very happy. Now Anne, would you mind ringing Carole, and telling her to be here sharp at three this afternoon? You might tell her, also, that there's no need to bring Dr. Heinz." She turned to Michael. "But I would like you to be present."

At a few minutes to three Mr. Edwin Goss arrived, bearing a traditional black leather portfolio. He was a small, mild-looking man with keen eyes which looked smaller than they were through the thick lenses of his spectacles. Fifteen minutes later Carole drove up.

"You're late, Carole," said her aunt. "We've been waiting for you."

"I thought it would be rather indecent if I arrived on time," she said. "As it is it savors somewhat of a lottery drawing."

a remark which her aunt considered singularly inappropriate.

Carole gave Michael a look which was a mixture of condescension and venom.

"Are you to be a member of the audience?" she asked.

"Your aunt has expressed such a desire. I hope you don't mind—very much?" Her eyes glinted.

"My time is fast approaching," she said in a low voice that vibrated with anger. "Then . . . look out!"

Aunt Jessica led the way into one of the lounge rooms, and Mr. Goss placed his portfolio on a small table and drew up a chair. They all became seated.

Mr. Goss produced a document from his case in the mysterious manner of a conjuror, and, after looking from one to the other of them, he began to read in a clear and deliberate voice.

"This being the last will and testament . . ."

"Excuse me," interrupted Carole. "That is my father's will, is it not?"

Mr. Goss looked surprised.

"It is, Miss Carole."

"Then will you be good enough to read it without any preamble."

Mr. Goss looked more surprised, and a little hurt. He cleared his throat and continued.

"I, Andrew Chaytor, hereby leave and bequeath all my worldly possessions to my sister, Jessica Chaytor, to have and to administer as she thinks best."

There was a stunned silence as the solicitor looked up. It was broken in a moment by Carole, who jumped to her feet.

"What?" she shouted. "Read that again!"

Mr. Goss read the words over with even more deliberation. Then he added: "There are some provisions here which, if you will allow, I will read."

Carole had sunk back into her seat white and quivering. There was an unnatural stare in her eyes.

The solicitor went on:

"Providing that Michael Byrne becomes general manager of the business of Chaytor and Son, that the name of Chaytor and Son remains unchanged, that it remains a private concern unless dire necessity should authorise a change, that Michael Byrne be paid immediately a lump sum of £5000 from my private account."

"Providing that my daughter Anne be paid an annuity of £2000 during her lifetime, irrespective of her marriage."

"And providing that my daughter Carole be paid an annuity of £2000 during her lifetime, but only in the event of her marriage with the aforementioned Michael Byrne. In the event of this not taking place that she be paid an annuity of £250 during her lifetime."

Mr. Goss looked up once more, and said: "That is all. The will has been duly signed, and attested, and is in order in every way."

Carole leapt from her seat again, and strode over to where the solicitor was sitting. "Is this some foul joke that is being perpetrated?" she cried. "Let me see it."

She tore the heavy, sealed paper from Mr. Goss' hands, and read. Then she flung it on the table. She turned on Michael with blazing eyes.

"So this is what it means," she said. Her voice was loud and uncontrolled. "If I agree to marry you I get two thousand a year for life. And if I don't I get two hundred and fifty pounds."

Michael had stood up, and was facing her.

"If you will permit me," he said quietly, "but it doesn't mean that at all, because the

question of you agreeing to marry me doesn't arise. You see I have no intention whatever of marrying you. Anne and I are engaged."

It looked for a moment as though she was going to throw herself at him. Her hand was raised, and her fist clenched.

"Oh, you cheats . . . all of you . . . cheats," she cried. "You've all conspired together to cheat me." She turned to Mr. Goss. "Is there nothing I can do? . . . I've been robbed . . . robbed. I tell you . . . of what is my right . . . Speak, you fool . . . Is there nothing I can do?"

Mr. Goss looked at her with cold distaste.

"There is nothing you can do whatever," he said. "Your father was of perfectly sound mind when he drew up this will, as any number of people can testify, and it is unalterable. If I may be allowed to . . ."

"Be quiet will you. Be quiet! When was this will made?"

"Quite recently," said Mr. Goss. "It is dated as you will see."

Carole glanced savagely at the document. "Was there a will before this? . . . What happened to it?"

"It was destroyed at Mr. Chaytor's direction."

"And what did it say?"

Mr. Goss looked at her with stern and unblinking stare.

"I haven't the slightest recollection," he said. He slowly put the will back in his portfolio, and made a dignified departure.

Aunt Jessica went over to Carole.

"I wish you would try and calm yourself a little, Carole," she said, making an effort to be kind. "None of us is, of course, in the slightest, responsible for what were your father's last wishes . . ."

"How do you know they were his last wishes?" retorted Carole. "He died when he least expected it. If he had known he was going to die do you think he would have left everything to you and nothing to me? He must have made that will when he was in a blinding rage."

"Your father never got in blinding rages," said Aunt Jessica, "and I feel I ought to tell you that he discussed his will with me several times before he made it, and several times afterwards."

Carole's eyes were hard and furious.

"So it is you I have to thank for everything," she said.

"No. It is yourself, and I don't think you owe yourself many thanks, either."

Carole glared from one to the other. "Don't think I've finished yet by a long way, because I haven't," she declared. The threat seemed to contain more of wish fulfilment than statement of fact.

They watched her go without a word.

There were no witnesses at Carole's flat that night when Dr. Heinz answered her summons. She had put in fretful hours waiting for him, and when she answered his ring she was almost ready to explode.

As he entered one might have observed a look of pleased expectancy in his hard eyes, but on seeing Carole's face it changed rapidly to one of surprised concern.

"Something wrong?" he said at once. He knew that Carole had gone to her home that afternoon, and for what purpose.

"Everything," she said, bitterly. "Sit down."

He tossed his hat on to a chair. "Let me get you a whisky," he said. "It will steady your nerves."

"My nerves don't want steadying, and I don't want any whisky."

He shrugged his shoulders, and sat down. "Tell me the worst. I'm all attention."

There was a sardonic smile about his mouth, and his eyes were cold as ice cubes.

Vehemently, and with the words pouring from her, Carole plunged into an account of the afternoon's proceedings, laying emphasis on the harsh treatment her father had meted out to her.

"And to think," she concluded, "that if I married Michael Byrne I would have an income of two thousand a year for life—even if I left him the next day."

"And to think"—he mimicked her—"that he wouldn't have you if you went on your knees to him."

She flushed.

"Don't be too sure about it," she said.

He laughed with a laugh that appeared to come from his stomach.

"Remember, Carole, that you're not talking to a child now, or any other person of your own mental capacity. You're talking to me. And I know that Michael Byrne is going to marry your sister because he's in love with her, and that he was in love with her the first time he saw her. You were never in the hunt, although for a time I believe he did try and delude himself that he was fond of you. Just a case of misplaced altruism, that was all." He looked at her with narrowed eyes. "You've bungled things thoroughly, haven't you?"

"Bungled? . . . What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. That little effort of yours when you tried to get rid of young Byrne at the office was your undoing."

"It was as much your fault as mine."

"My fault?" He seemed astonished.

"Didn't you suggest to me more than once that there wasn't room for both of us at the factory?" Her voice was querulous, and it had lost most of its venom.

"I might easily have said that," he said. "I might even have hinted that you ought to try and get rid of him. But by the methods you employed? . . . I never heard of anything more childish."

"I did not serve an apprenticeship among criminals," she snapped. "It was the only thing I could think of at the moment. I was almost frantic. The man was driving me insane."

"It's a pity you hadn't consulted me, Carole," he said softly. "I might have been able to think of something. But it's too late now." He paused a moment, and went on: "Tell me, really, what was it you had against this fellow Byrne?"

"I hated him because he was of a type that I have always hated," she said. "Full of confidence in himself, perpetually, madly, grinning, always grinning. What in the name of Heaven is there to grin about in life?"

Dr. Heinz shook his head.

"Of course it is not young Byrne who was at fault, but yourself. You're wrong. Your outlook's wrong . . . distorted. Your mind's becoming diseased. I'm a bit like you myself, you know. But I can afford to be. You can't."

She looked at him a full minute as though trying to summon enough courage to say what she wanted to say.

At last it came out.

"Could you make any use of two hundred and fifty a year?"

He looked at her, and his eyes were as near to being soft as they ever would be.

"Sorry, my dear. Nothing doing . . . two thousand a year? . . . possibly . . . even probably. But two-fifty? . . . Dear me, no."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living persons.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.